

# The Poems of Robert Herrick

Herrick, Robert



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poetry





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THE POEMS OF  
ROBERT HERRICK

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ROBERT HERRICK

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# HESPERIDES

TO THE MOST ILLVSTRIOVS, AND MOST HOPEFULL PRINCE,

CHARLES, PRINCE OF WALES

WELL may my Book come forth like Publique Day  
When such a Light as You are leads the way :  
Who are my Works Creator, and alone  
The Flame of it, and the Expansion.  
And look how all those heavenly Lamps acquire  
Light from the Sun, that inexhausted Fire :  
So all my Morne, and Evening Stars from You  
Have their Existence, and their Influence too.  
Full is my Book of Glories ; but all These  
By You become Immortall Substances.

## HESPERIDES

### THE ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK

I SING of Brooks, of Blossomes, Birds, and Bowers :  
Of April, May, of June, and July-Flowers.  
I sing of May-poles, Hock-carts,<sup>1</sup> Wassails, Wakes,  
Of Bride-grooms, Brides, and of their Bridall-cakes.  
I write of Youth, of Love, and have Accesse  
By these, to sing of cleanly-Wantonnesse.  
I sing of Dewes, of Raines, and piece by piece  
Of Balme, of Oyle, of Spice, and Amber-Greece.  
I sing of Times trans-shifting ; and I write  
How Roses first came Red, and Lillies White.  
I write of Groves, of Twilights, and I sing  
The Court of Mab, and of the Fairie-King.  
I write of Hell ; I sing (and ever shall)  
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

### TO HIS MUSE

WHITHER, Mad maiden, wilt thou roame?  
Farre safer 'twere to stay at home :  
Where thou mayst sit, and piping please  
The poore and private Cottages.  
Since Coats,<sup>2</sup> and Hamlets, best agree  
With this thy meaner Minstralsie.  
There with the Reed, thou mayst expresse  
The Shepherds Fleecie happinesse :

<sup>1</sup> Hock-carts, 'Harvest-home carts.'

<sup>2</sup> Coats='cotes' or 'cots.'

## HEARRICK'S POEMS

And with thy Eclogues intermixe  
 Some smooth, and harmlesse Beucolicks.  
 There on a Hillock thou mayst sing  
 Unto a handsome Shepherdling ;  
 Or to a Girle (that keeps the Neat)  
 With breath more sweet than a Violet.  
 There, there, (perhaps) such lines as These  
 May take the simple Villages.  
 But for the Court, the Country will  
 Is despicable unto it.  
 Stay then at home, and doe not goe  
 Or flie abroad to seeke for woe.  
 Contempts in Courts and Cities dwell ;  
 No Critick haunts the Poore man's Cell :  
 Where thou mayst hear thine own lines read  
 By no one tongue, there, censurèd.  
 That man's unwise will search for Ill,  
 And may prevent it, sitting still.

### TO HIS BOOKE

WHILE thou didst keep thy Candor undefil'd,  
 Deerely I lov'd thee ; as my first-borne child :  
 But when I saw thee wantonly to roame  
 From house to house, and never stay at home ;  
 I brake my bonds of Love, and bad thee goe,  
 Regardlesse whether well thou sped'st, or no.  
 On with thy fortunes then, what e're they be ;  
 If good I'll smile, if bad I'll sigh for Thee.

### ANOTHER

To read my Booke the Virgin shie  
 May blush, (while Brutus standeth by ;)  
 But when He's gone, read through what's writ ;  
 And never staine a cheek for it.



TO THE SOURE READER

If thou dislik'st the Piece thou light'st on first ;  
 Thinke that of All, that I have writ, the worst :  
 But if thou read'st my Booke unto the end,  
 And still do'st this, and that verse, reprehend :  
 O Perverse man ! If All disgustfull be,  
 The Extreame Scabbe take thee, and thine, for me.

TO HIS BOOKE

COME thou not neere those men, who are like Bread  
 O're-leven'd ; or like Cheese o're-renetted.

WHEN HE WOULD HAVE HIS VERSES READ

In sober mornings, doe not thou rehearse  
 The holy incantation of a verse ;  
 But when that men have both well drunke, and fed,  
 Let my Enchantments then be sung, or read.  
 When Laurell spirits i' th' fire, and when the Hearth  
 Smiles to it selfe, and guilds the roofe with mirth ;  
 When up the Thyrs<sup>1</sup> is rais'd, and when the sound  
 Of sacred Orgies<sup>2</sup> flyes, A round, A round ;  
 When the Rose raignes, and locks with ointments  
 shine,  
 Let rigid Cato read these Lines of mine.

UPON JULIAS RECOVERY

DROOP, droop no more, or hang the head,  
 Ye Roses almost witherèd ;  
 Now strength, and newer Purple get,  
 Each here declining Violet.  
 O Primroses ! let this day be  
 A Resurrection unto ye ;

<sup>1</sup> ' A javelin twind with Ivy.'—H.

<sup>2</sup> ' Songs to Bacchus.'—H.

## HERRICK'S POEMS

And to all flowers ally'd in blood,  
 Or sworn to that sweet Sister-hood ·  
 For Health on Julia's cheek hath shed  
 Clarret, and Creame commingled.  
 And those her lips doe now appeare  
 As beames of Corrall, but more cleare.

## TO SILVIA TO WED

LET us (though late) at last (my Silvia) wed;  
 And loving lie in one devoted bed.  
 Thy Watch may stand, my minutes fly poste haste;  
 No sound calls back the yeere that once is past.  
 Then sweetest Silvia, let's no longer stay;  
*True love, we know, precipitates delay.*  
 Away with doubts, all scruples hence remove;  
*No man at one time, can be wise, and love.*

## THE PARLIAMENT OF ROSES TO JULIA

I DREAMT the Roses one time went  
 To meet and sit in Parliament:  
 The place for these, and for the rest  
 Of flowers, was thy spotlesse breast:  
 Over the which a State was drawne  
 Of Tiffanie, or Cob-web Lawne;  
 Then in that Parly, all those powers  
 Voted the Rose, the Queen of flowers.  
 But so, as that her self should be  
 The maide of Honour unto thee.

## THE FROZEN HEART

I FREEZE, I freeze, and nothing dwells  
 In me but Snow, and ysicles.  
 For pitties sake, give your advice,  
 To melt this snow, and thaw this ice;

## HESPERIDES

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I'le drink down Flames, but if so be  
Nothing but love can supple me ;  
I'le rather keepe this frost, and snow,  
Then to be thaw'd, or heated so.

### TO PERILLA

AN, my Perilla ! do'st thou grieve to see  
Me, day by day, to steale away from thee ?  
Age cal's me hence, and my gray haire's bid come,  
And haste away to mine eternal home ;  
'Twill not be long (Perilla) after this,  
That I must give thee the supremest kisse :  
Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and bring  
Part of the creame from that Religious Spring ;  
With which (Perilla) wash my hands and feet ;  
That done, then wind me in that very sheet  
Which wrapt thy smooth limbs (when thou didst  
implore  
The Gods protection, but the night before)  
Follow me weeping to my Turfe, and there  
Let fall a Primrose, and with it a teare :  
Then lastly, let some weekly-strewings be  
Devoted to the memory of me :  
Then shall my Ghost not walk about, but keep  
Still in the coole, and silent shades of sleep.

### A SONG TO THE MASKERS

1. COME down, and dance ye in the toyle  
Of pleasures, to a Heate ;  
But if to moisture, Let the oyle  
Of Roses be your sweat.
2. Not only to your selves assume  
These sweets, but let them fly ;  
From this, to that, and so Perfume  
E'ne all the standers by.

3. As Goddess Isis (when she went  
Or glided through the street)  
Made all that touch't her, with her scent,  
And whom she touch't, turne sweet.

#### TO PERENNA

WHEN I thy Parts runne o're, I can't espie  
In any one, the least indecencie :  
But every Line and Limb diffusèd thence,  
A faire, and unfamiliar excellence :  
So, that the more I look, the more I prove,  
Ther's still more cause, why I the more should love.

#### TO HIS MISTRESSES

HELPE me ! helpe me ! now I call  
To my pretty Witchcrafts all ;  
Old I am, and cannot do  
That, I was accustom'd to.  
Bring your Magicks, Spels, and Charmes,  
To enflesh my thighs, and armes :  
Is there no way to beget  
In my limbs their former heat ?  
Æson had (as Poets faine)  
Baths that made him young againe :  
Find that Medicine (if you can)  
For your drie-decrepid man :  
Who would faine his strength renew,  
Were it but to pleasure you.

#### THE WOUNDED HEART

COME bring your sampler, and with Art,  
Draw in't a wounded Heart :  
And dropping here, and there :



Not that I thinke, that any Dart,  
 Can make your's bleed a teare :  
 Or pierce it any where ;  
 Yet doe it to this end, that I,  
     May by  
     This secret see,  
     Though you can make  
 That Heart to bleed, your's ne'r will ake  
     For me.

NO LOATHSOMNESSE IN LOVE

WHAT I fancy, I approve,  
*No Dislike there is in love :*  
 Be my Mistresse short or tall,  
 And distorted there-withall :  
 Be she likewise one of those,  
 That an Acre hath of Nose :  
 Be her forehead, and her eyes  
 Full of incongruities :  
 Be her cheeks so shallow too,  
 As to shew her Tongue wag through :  
 Be her lips ill hung, or set,  
 And her grinders black as jet ;  
 Ha's she thinne haire, hath she none,  
 She's to me a Paragon.

TO ANTHEA

IF, deare Anthea, my hard fate it be  
 To live some few-sad-howers after thee :  
 Thy sacred Corse with Odours I will burne ;  
 And with my Lawrell crown thy Golden Vrne.  
 Then holding up (there) such religious Things,  
 As were (time past) thy holy Filitings :  
 Nere to thy Reverend Pitcher I will fall  
 Down dead for grief, and end my woes withall :  
 So three in one small plat of ground shall ly,  
 Anthea, Herrick, and his Poetry.

## HERRICK'S POEMS

## THE WEEPING CHERRY

I saw a Cherry weep, and why?  
 Why wept it? but for shame,  
 Because my Julia's lip was by,  
 And did out-red the same.

But, pretty Fondling, let not fall  
 A teare at all for that :  
 Which Rubies, Corralls, Scarlets, all  
 For tincture, wonder at.

## SOFT MUSICK

THE mellow touch of musick most doth wound  
 The soule, when it doth rather sigh, then sound.

## HIS ANSWER TO A QUESTION

SOME would know  
 Why I so  
 Long still doe tarry,  
 And ask why  
 Here that I  
 Live, and not marry?  
 Thus I those  
 Doe oppose ;  
 What man would be here,  
 Slave to Thrall,  
 If at all  
 He could live free here ?

## UPON JULIA'S FALL

JULIA was carelesse, and withall,  
 She rather took, then got a fall :  
 The wanton Ambler chanc'd to see  
 Part of her legg's sinceritie :<sup>1</sup>

Sincerity = ' pureness, ' whitencess.

And ravish'd thus, It came to passe,  
The Nagge (like to the Prophets Asse,)  
Began to speak, and would have been  
A telling what rare sights h'ad seen .  
And had told all ; but did refraine,  
Because his Tongue was ty'd againe.

LOVE, WHAT IT IS

Love is a circle that doth restlesse move  
In the same sweet eternity of love.

PRESENCE AND ABSENCE

WHEN what is lov'd is Present, love doth spring ;  
But being absent, Love lies languishing.

NO SPOUSE BUT A SISTER

A BACHELOUR I will  
Live as I have liv'd still,  
And never take a wife  
To crucifie my life :  
But this I'le tell ye too,  
What now I meane to doe ;  
A Sister (in the stead  
Of Wife) about I'le lead ;  
Which I will keep embrac'd,  
And kisse, but yet be chaste.

THE POMANDER<sup>1</sup> BRACELET

To me my Julia lately sent  
A Bracelet richly Redolent :  
The Beads I kist, but most lov'd her  
That did perfume the Pomander.

<sup>1</sup> Pomander, *pomme d'ambre*, a perfume-ball.

## THE SHOOE TYING

ANTHEA bade me tye her shoos;  
 I did; and kist the Instep too:  
 And would have kist unto her knee,  
 Had not her Blush rebukèd me.

## THE KARKANET

INSTEAD of Orient Pearls, of Jet,  
 I sent my Love a Karkanet:  
 About her spotlesse neck she knit  
 The lace, to honour me, or it:  
 Then think how wrapt was I to see  
 My Jet t' enthrall such Ivorie.

## HIS SAILING FROM JULIA

WHEN that day comes, whose evening sayes I'm go  
 Unto that watrie Desolation:  
 Devoutly to thy Closet-gods then pray,  
 That my wing'd Ship may meet no Remora.<sup>1</sup>  
 Those Deities which circum-walk the Seas,  
 And look upon our dreadfull passages,  
 Will from all dangers, re-deliver me,  
 For one drink-offering, pourèd out by thee.  
 Mercie and Truth live with thee! and forbear  
 (In my short absence) to unsluce a teare:  
 But yet for Love's-sake, let thy lips doe this,  
 Give my dead picture one engendring kisse:  
 Work that to life, and let me ever dwell  
 In thy remembrance (Julia). So farewell.

<sup>1</sup> Remora.—A fish having an adhesive disc or sucker on the top of the head, fabled by the ancients to have marvellous powers of delaying ships.

HOW THE WALL-FLOWER CAME FIRST, AND WHY  
SO CALLED

WHY this Flower is now call'd so,  
List' sweet maids, and you shal know.  
Understand, this First-ling was  
Once a brisk and bonny Lasse,  
Kept as close as Danae was :  
Who a sprightly Springall lov'd,  
And to have it fully prov'd,  
Up she got upon a wall,  
'Tempting down to slide withall :  
But the silken twist unty'd,  
So she fell, and bruis'd, she dy'd.  
Love, in pittie of the deed,  
And her loving-lucklesse speed,  
Turn'd her to this Plant, we call  
Now, The Flower of the Wall.

WHY FLOWERS CHANGE COLOUR

THESE fresh beauties (we can prove)  
Once were Virgins sick of love,  
Turn'd to Flowers. Still in some  
Colours goe, and colours come.

TO HIS MISTRESSE OBJECTING TO HIM NEITHER  
TOYING OR TALKING

You say I love not, 'cause I doe not play  
Still with your curles, and kisse the time away.  
You blame me too, because I can't devise  
Some sport, to please those Babies in your eyes :  
By Love's Religion, I must here confesse it,  
The most I love, when I the least expresse it.



*Small griefs find tongues* : Full Casques are ever fou  
 To give, (if any, yet) but little sound  
*Deep waters noyse-lesse are* ; And this we know,  
*That chiding streams betray small depth below.*  
 So when Love speechlesse is, she doth expresse  
 A depth in love, and that depth, bottomlesse.  
 Now since my love is tongue-lesse, know me such,  
 Who speak but little, 'cause I love so much.

#### UPON THE LOSSE OF HIS MISTRESSES

I HAVE lost, and lately, these  
 Many dainty Mistresses :  
 Stately Julia, prime of all ;  
 Sapho next, a principall :  
 Smooth Anthea, for a skin  
 White, and Heaven-like Chrystalline :  
 Sweet Electra, and the choice  
 Myrha, for the Lute, and Voïce.  
 Next, Corinna, for her wit,  
 And the graceful use of it :  
 With Perilla : All are gone ;  
 Onely Herrick's left alone,  
 For to number sorrow by  
 Their departures hence, and die.

#### THE DREAM

Me thought (last night) Love in an anger came,  
 And brought a rod, so whipt me with the same :  
 Mirtle the twigs were, meerly to imply,  
 Love strikes, but 'tis with gentle cruelty.  
 Patient I was : Love pitifull grew then,  
 And stroak'd the stripes, and I was whole agen.  
 Thus like a Bee, Love-gentle stil doth bring  
 Hony to salve, where he before did sting.

TO LOVE

I'm free from thee ; and thou no more shalt heare  
My puling Pipe to beat against thine eare :  
Farewell my shackles, (though of pearle they be)  
Such precious thraldome ne'r shall fetter me.  
He loves his bonds, who when the first are broke,  
Submits his neck unto a second yoke.

ON HIMSELFE

YOUNG I was, but now am old,  
But I am not yet grown cold ;  
I can play, and I can twine  
'Bout a Virgin like a Vine :  
In her lap too I can lye  
Melting, and in fancie die :  
And return to life, if she  
Claps my cheek, or kisseth me ;  
Thus, and thus it now appears  
That our love out-lasts our yeeres.

LOVE'S PLAY AT PUSH-PIN<sup>1</sup>

LOVE and my selfe (beleeve me) on a day  
At childish Push-pin (for our sport) did play :  
I put, he pusht, and heedless of my skin,  
Love prickt my finger with a golden pin ;  
Since which, it festers so, that I can prove  
'Twas but a trick to poyson me with love :  
Little the wound was ; greater was the smart ;  
The finger bled, but burnt was all my heart.

THE ROSARIE

ONE ask'd me where the roses grew ?  
I bade him not goe seek ;  
But forthwith bade my Julia shew  
A bud in either cheek.

<sup>1</sup> Push-pin, a child's game.

## UPON CUPID

OLD wives have often told, how they  
 Saw Cupid bitten by a flea :  
 And thereupon, in tears half drown'd,  
 He cry'd aloud, Help, help the wound :  
 He wept, he sobb'd, he call'd to some  
 To bring him Lint, and Balsamum,  
 To make a Tent,<sup>1</sup> and put it in,  
 Where the Steletto pierc'd the skin  
 Which being done, the fretfull paine  
 Asswag'd, and he was well again.

## THE PARCÆ, OR, THREE DAINTY DESTINIES

## THE ARMILET

THREE lovely Sisters working were  
 (As they were closely set)  
 Of soft and dainty Maiden-haire,  
 A curious Armelet.  
 I smiling, ask'd them what they did ?  
 (Faire Destinies all three)  
 Who told me, they had drawn a thred  
 Of Life, and 'twas for me.  
 They shew'd me then, how fine 'twas spun :  
 And I reply'd thereto,  
 I care not now how soone 'tis done,  
 Or cut, if cut by you.

## CHERRY-PIT

JULIA and I did lately sit  
 Playing for sport, at Cherry-pit :  
 She threw ; I cast ; and having thrown,  
 I got the Pit, and she the Stone.

<sup>1</sup> Tent=a plug.

TO ROBIN RED-BREST

LAI'D out for dead, let thy last kindnesse be  
 With leaves and mosse-work for to cover me :  
 And while the Wood-nimphs my cold corps inter,  
 Sing thou my Dirge, sweet-waibling Chorister !  
 For Epitaph, in Foliage, next write this,  
*Here, here, the tomb of Robin Herrick is.*

DISCONTENTS IN DEVON

MORE discontents I never had  
 Since I was born, then here ;  
 Where I have been, and still am sad,  
 In this dull Devon-shire :  
 Yet justly too I must confesse ;  
 I ne'r invented such  
 Ennobled numbers for the Presse,  
 Then where I loath'd so much.

TO HIS PATERNALL COUNTRY

O EARTH ! Earth ! Earth ! heare thou my voice,  
 and be  
 Loving, and gentle for to cover me :  
 Banish'd from thee I live ; ne'r to return,  
 Unlesse thou giv'st my small Remains an Urne.

CHERRIE-RIPE

CHERRIE-RIPE, Ripe, Ripe, I cry, '  
 Full and faire ones ; come and buy :  
 If so be, you ask me where  
 They doe grow ? I answer, There,  
 Where my Julia's lips doe smile ;  
 There's the Land, or Cherry-Ile:  
 Whose Plantations fully show  
 All the yeere, where Cherries grow.

## TO HIS MISTRESSES

Put on your silks ; and piece by piece  
 Give them the scent of Amber-Greece :  
 And for your breaths too, let them smell  
 Ambrosia-like, or Nectarell ;<sup>1</sup>  
 While other Gums their sweets perspire,  
 By your owne jewels set on fire.

## TO ANTHEA

Now is the time, when all the lights wax dim ;  
 And thou (Anthea) must withdraw from him  
 Who was thy servant. Dearest, bury me  
 Under that Holy-oke, or Gospel-tree :  
 Where (though thou see'st not) thou may think  
     upon  
 Me, when thou yeerly go'st Procession :  
 Or for mine honour, lay me in that Tombe  
 In which thy sacred Reliques shall have roome.  
 For my Embalming (Sweetest) there will be  
 No spices wanting, when I'm laid by thee.

## THE VISION OF ELECTRA

I DREAM'D we both were in a bed  
 Of Roses, almost smotherèd :  
 The warmth and sweetnes had me there  
 Made lovingly familiar ;  
 But that I heard thy sweet breath say,  
 Faults done by night, will blush by day :  
 I kist thee (panting), and I call  
 Night to the Record ! that was all.  
 But ah ! if empty dreames so please,  
 Love, give me more such nights as these.

<sup>1</sup> Nectarell = 'Nectareal.



HIS REQUEST TO JULIA

JULIA, if I chance to die  
Ere I print my Poetry ;  
I most humbly thee desire  
To commit it to the fire :  
Better 'twere my Book were dead,  
Then to live not perfected.

THE SCAR-FIRE

WATER, water I desire,  
Here's a house of flesh on fire :  
Ope' the fountains and the springs,  
And come all to Buckittings :  
What ye cannot quench, pull downe ;  
Spoile a house, to save a towne :  
Better 'tis that one shu'd fall,  
Then by one to hazard all.

UPON SILVIA, A MISTRESSE

WHEN some shall say, Faire once my Silvia was ;  
Thou wilt complaine, False now's thy Looking-glasse :  
Which renders that quite tarnisht, which was green ;  
And Priceless now, what Peerless once had been :  
Upon thy Forme more wrinkles yet will fall,  
And comming downe, shall make no noise at all.

CHEERFULNESSE IN CHARITIE : OR, THE  
SWEET SACRIFICE

'Tis not a thousand Bullocks thies  
Can please those Heav'nly Deities,  
If the Vower don't express  
In his Offering, Cheerfulness.

## HERRICK'S POEMS

## SWEETNESSE IN SACRIFICE

'Tis not greatness they require,  
 To be offer'd up by fire :  
 But 'tis sweetness that doth please  
 Those Eternall Essences.

## STEAME IN SACRIFICE

If meat the Gods give, I the steame  
 High-towring wil devote to them :  
 Whose easie natures like it well,  
 If we the roste have, they the smell.

## UPON JULIA'S VOICE

So smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice,  
 As, could they hear, the Damn'd would make  
     no noise ;  
 But listen to thee, (walking in thy chamber)  
 Melting melodious words to Lutes of Amber.

## AGAINE

WHEN I thy singing next shall heare,  
 Ile wish I might turne all to eare,  
 To drink in Notes, and Numbers ; such  
 As blessed soules cann't heare too much :  
 Then melted down, there let me lye  
 Entranc'd, and lost confusedly ;  
 And by thy Musique stricken mute,  
 Die and be turn'd into a Lute.

## ALL THINGS DECAY AND DIE

*All things decay with Time:* The Forrest sees  
 The growth, and down-fall of her aged trees ;  
 That Timber tall, which three-score lustres stood  
 The proud Dictator of the State-like wood :  
 I meane (the Sovereigne of all Plants) the Oke  
 Droops, dies, and falls without the cleaver's strok

THE SUCCESSION OF THE FOURE SWEET MONTHS

FIRST, April, she with mellow shows  
 Opens the way for early flowers ;  
 Then after her comes smiling May,  
 In a more rich and sweet aray ;  
 Next enters June, and brings us more  
 Jems, then those two, that went before :  
 Then (lastly) July comes, and she  
 More wealth brings in, then all those three.

NO SHIPWRACK OF VERTUE. TO A FRIEND

THOU sail'st with others in this Argus here ;  
 Nor wrack or Bulging thou hast cause to feare :  
 But trust to this, my noble passenger ;  
 Who swims with Vertue, he shall still be sure  
 (Ulysses-like) all tempests to endure ;  
 And 'midst a thousand gulfs to be secure. .

UPON HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, MISTRESSE  
 ELIZAB: HERRICK

FIRST, for Effusions due unto the dead,  
 My solemne Vowes have here accomplished :  
 Next, how I love thee, that my grieve must tell,  
 Wherein thou liv'st for ever. Deare farewell.

OF LOVE. A SONET

How Love came in, I do not know,  
 Whether by th' eye, or eare, or no ;  
 Or whether with the soule it came  
 (At first) infused with the same ;  
 Whether in part 'tis here or there,  
 Or, like the soule, whole every where :  
 This troubles me : but I as well  
 As any other, this can tell ;  
 That when from hence she does depart,  
 The out-let then is from the heart.

## TO ANTHEA

Ah, my Anthea ! Must my heart still break ?  
*(Love makes me write, what shame forbids to speak.)*  
 Give me a kisse, and to that kisse a score ;  
 Then to that twenty, adde an hundred more :-  
 A thousand to that hundred : so kisse on,  
 To make that thousand up a million.  
 Treble that million, and when that is done,  
 Let's kisse afresh, as when we first begun.  
 But yet, though Love likes well such Scenes a  
     these,  
 There is an Act that will more fully please :  
 Kissing and glancing, soothing, all make way  
 But to the acting of this private Play :  
 Name it I would ; but being blushing red,  
 The rest Ile speak, when we meet both in bed.

 THE ROCK OF RUBIES : AND THE QUARRIE  
 OF PEARLS

Some ask'd me where the Rubies grew ?  
     And nothing I did say :  
 But with my finger pointed to  
     The lips of Julia.  
 Some ask'd how Pearls did grow, and where ?  
     Then spoke I to my Girle,  
 To part her lips, and shew'd them there  
     The Quarelets <sup>1</sup> of Pearl.

## CONFORMITIE

CONFORMITY was ever knowne  
 A foe to Dissolution :  
 Nor can we that a ruine call,  
 Whose crack gives crushing unto all.

<sup>1</sup> Quarrelets—'squared pieces.'

TO THE KING, UPON HIS COMMING WITH HIS ARMY  
INTO THE WEST

WELCOME, most welcome to our Vowes and us,  
Most great, and universall Genius !  
The Drooping West, which hitherto has stood  
As one, in long-lamented-widow-hood,  
Looks like a Bride now, or a bed of flowers,  
Newly refresh't, both by the Sun, and showers.  
War, which before was horrid, now appears  
Lovely in you, brave Prince of Cavaliers !  
A deale of courage in each bosome springs  
By your accesse ; (O you the best of Kings !)  
Ride on with all white Omens ; so that where,  
Your Standard's up, we fix a Conquest there.

UPON ROSES

UNDER a Lawne, then skyes more cleare  
Some ruffled Roses nestling were :  
And snugging there, they seem'd to lye  
As in a flowrie Nunnery :  
They blush'd, and look'd more fresh then flowers  
Quickned of late by Pearly showers ;  
And all, because they were possest  
But of the heat of Julia's breast :  
Which as a warme, and moistned spring,  
Gave them their ever flourishing.

TO THE KING AND QUEENE, UPON THEIR UNHAPPY  
DISTANCES

Woe, woe to them, who (by a ball of strife)  
Doe, and have parted here a Man and Wife :  
CHARLS the best Husband, while MARIA strives  
To be, and is, the very best of Wives :  
Like Streams, you are divorc'd ; but 'twill come when,  
These eyes of mine shall see you mix agen.



Thus speaks the Oke, here ; C. and M. shall meet,  
 Treading on Amber, with their silver-feet :  
 Nor wil't be long, ere this accomplish'd be ;  
 The words found true, C. M. remember me.

THE CHEAT OF CUPID : OR, THE UNGENTLE GUEST

ONE silent night of late,  
 When every creature rested,  
 Came one unto my gate,  
 And knocking, me molested.

Who's that (said I) beats there,  
 And troubles thus the Sleepie?  
 Cast off (said he) all feare,  
 And let not Locks thus keep ye.

For I a Boy am, who  
 By Moonlesse nights have swerved ;  
 And all with showrs wet through,  
 And e'en with cold half starved.

I pittifull arose,  
 And soon a Taper lighted ;  
 And did my selfe disclose  
 Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a Bow,  
 And Wings too, which did shiver ;  
 And looking down below,  
 I spy'd he had a Quiver.

I to my Chimney's shine  
 Brought him (as Love professes)  
 And chaf'd his hands with mine,  
 And dry'd his dropping Tresses :

But when he felt him warm'd,  
 Let's try this bow of ours,  
 And string, if they be harm'd,  
 Said he, with these late showrs.

Forthwith his bow he bent,  
And wedded string and arrow,  
And struck me, that it went  
Quite through my heart and marrow

Then laughing loud, he flew  
Away, and thus said flying,  
Adieu, mine Host, Adieu,  
Ile leave thy heart a dying.

TO THE REVEREND SHADE OF HIS RELIGIOUS FATHER

THAT for seven Lusters I did never come  
To doe the Rites to thy Religious Tombe ;  
That neither haire was cut, or true teares shed  
By me, o'r thee (as justments to the dead),  
Forgive, forgive me ; since I did not know  
Whether thy bones had here their Rest, or no.  
But now 'tis known, Behold ; behold, I bring  
Unto thy Ghost th' Effused Offering :  
And look, what Smallage,<sup>1</sup> Night-shade, Cypresse,  
Yew,

Unto the shades have been, or now are due,  
Here I devote ; And something more then so  
I come to pay a Debt of Birth I owe.  
Thou gav'st me life (but Mortall) ; For that one  
Favour, Ile make full satisfaction ;  
For my life mortall, Rise from out thy Herse,  
And take a life immortall from my Verse.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER

A SWEET disorder in the dresse  
Kindles in cloathes a wantonnesse :  
A Lawne about the shoulders thrown  
Into a fine distraction :

<sup>1</sup> Smallage, celery.

## HERRICK'S POEMS

An erring Lace, which here and there  
 Enthralls the Crimson Stomacher :  
 A Cuffe neglectfull, and thereby  
 Ribbands to flow confusedly :  
 A winning wave (deserving Note)  
 In the tempestuous petticoat :  
 A careless shoos-string, in whose tie  
 I see a wilde civility :  
 Doe more bewitch me, then when Art  
 Is too precise in every part.

## TO HIS MUSE

WERE I to give thee Baptime, I wo'd chuse  
 To Christen thee, the Bride, the Bashfull Muse,  
 Or Muse of Roses : since that name does fit  
 Best with those Virgin-verses thou hast writ :  
 Which are so cleane, so chaste, as none may feare  
 Cato the Censor, sho'd he scan each here.

## UPON LOVE

Love scorch'd my finger, but did spare  
 The burning of my heart ;  
 To signifie, in Love my share  
 Sho'd be a little part.

Little I love ; but if that he  
 Wo'd but that heat recall :  
 That joynt to ashes sho'd be burnt,  
 Ere I wo'd love at all.

TO DEAN-BOURN, A RUDE RIVER IN DEVON :  
 BY WHICH SOMETIMES HE LIVED

DEAN-BOURN, farewell ; I never look to see  
 Deane, or thy warty incivility.  
 Thy rockie bottome, that doth teare thy streams,  
 And makes them frantick, ev'n to all extreames ;

To my content, I never sho'd behold,  
 Were thy streames silver, or thy rocks all gold.  
 Rockie thou art; and rockie we discover  
 Thy men; and rockie are thy wayes all over.  
 O men, O manners; There and ever knowne  
 To be A Rockie Generation!  
 A people currish; churlish as the seas;  
 And rude (almost) as rudest Salvages:  
 With whom I did, and may re-sojourne when  
 Rockes turn to Rivers, Rivers turn to Men.

KISSING USURIE

                  BIANCHA, Let  
                   Me pay the debt  
 I owe thee for a kisse  
                   Thou lend'st to me  
                   And I to thee  
 Will render ten for this:

                  If thou wilt say,  
                   Ten will not pay  
 For that so rich a one;  
                   He cleare the summe,  
                   If it will come  
 Unto a Million.

                  By this, I guesse,  
                   Of happinesse  
 Who has a little measure;  
                   He must of right,  
                   To th' utmost mite,  
 Make payment for his pleasure.

TO JULIA

How rich and pleasing thou, my Julia art,  
 In each thy dainty, and peculiar part!  
 First, for thy Queen-ship on thy head is set  
 Of flowers a sweet commingled Coronet:

About thy neck a Carkanet is bound,  
 Made of the Rubie, Pearle, and Diamond :  
 A golden ring, that shines upon thy thumb :  
 About thy wrist, the rich Dardanium.<sup>1</sup>  
 Between thy Breasts (then Doune of Swans more  
     white)

There playes the Saphire with the Chrysolite.  
 No part besides must of thy selfe be known,  
 But by the Topaze, Opal, Calcedon.

#### TO LAURELS

A FUNERALL stone,  
 Or Verse I covet none,  
 But onely crave  
 Of you, that I may have  
 A sacred Laurel springing from my grave :  
     Which being seen,  
     Blest with perpetuall greene,  
     May grow to be  
     Not so much call'd a tree,  
 As the eternall monument of me.

#### HIS CAVALIER

GIVE me that man, that dares bestride  
 The active sea-horse, & with pride,  
 Through that huge field of waters ride :

Who, with his looks too, can appease  
 The ruffling winds and raging Seas,  
 In mid'st of all their outrages.

This, this a virtuous man can doe,  
 Saile against Rocks, and split them too ;  
 I ! and a world of Pikes passe through.

<sup>1</sup> 'A bracelet from Dardanus, so called.'—H.



THE BAG OF THE BEE

ABOUT the sweet bag of a Bee,  
Two Cupids fell at odds;  
And whose the pretty prize shu'd be,  
They vow'd to ask the Gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,  
And for their boldness stript them :  
And taking thence from each his flame ;  
With rods of Mirtle whipt them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries,  
When quiet grown sh'ad seen them,  
She kist, and wip'd thir dove-like eyes ;  
And gave the Bag between them.

LOVE KILL'D BY LACK

LET me be warme ; let me be fully fed :  
*Luxurious Love by Wealth is nourish'd.*  
Let me be leane, and cold, and once grown poore,  
I shall dislike, what once I lov'd before.

TO HIS MISTRESSE

CHOOSE me your Valentine :  
Next, let us marry :  
Love to the death will pine,  
If we long tarry.

Promise, and keep your vows,  
Or vow ye never :  
Love's doctrine disallowes  
Troth-breakers ever.

You have broke promise twice  
(Deare) to undoe me ;  
If you prove faithless thrice,  
None then will woove ye.

## TO THE GENEROUS READER

SEE, and not see ; and if thou chance t' espie  
 Some Aberrations in my Poetry ;  
 Wink at small faults, the greater, ne'rthelesse  
 Hide, and with them, their Father's nakedness.  
 Let's doe our best, our Watch and Ward to keep :  
 Homer himself, in a long work, may sleep.

## TO CRITICKS

ILK write, because Ile give  
 You Criticks means to live :  
 For sho'd I not supply  
 The Cause, th' effect wo'd die.

## BEING ONCE BLIND, HIS REQUEST TO BIANCHA

WHEN age or Chance has made me blind,  
 So that the path I cannot find :  
 And when my falls and stumblings are  
 More than the stones i' th' street by farre :  
 Goe thou afore ; and I shall well  
 Follow thy Perfumes by the smell :  
 Or be my guide ; and I shall be  
 Led by some light that flows from thee.  
 Thus held, or led by thee, I shall  
 In wayes confus'd, nor slip or fall.

## NO WANT WHERE THERE'S LITTLE

To Bread and Water none is poore ;  
 And having these, what need of more ?  
 Though much from out the Cess be spent,  
*Nature with little is content.*

BARLY-BREAK :<sup>1</sup> OR, LAST IN HELL

WE two are last in Hell : what may we feare  
To be tormented, or kept Pris'ners here?  
Alas ! If kissing be of plagues the worst,  
We'll wish, in Hell we had been Last and First.

THE DEFINITION OF BEAUTY

BEAUTY, no other thing is, then a Beame  
Flasht out between the Middle and Extreame.

TO DIANE ME

DEARE, though to part it be a Hell,  
Yet Dianeme, now farewell :  
Thy frown (last night) did bid me goe ;  
But whither, onely Grief do's know.  
I doe beseech thee, ere we part,  
(If mercifull, as faire thou art ;  
Or else desir'st that Maids sho'd tell  
Thy pittie by Love's-Chronicle)  
O Dianeme, rather kill  
Me, then to make me languish stil .  
'Tis cruelty in thee to th' height,  
Thus, thus to wound, not kill out-right :  
Yet there 's a way found (if thou please)  
By sudden death to give me ease :  
And thus devis'd, doe thou but this,  
Bequeath to me one parting kisse :  
So sup'rabundant joy shall be  
The Executioner of me.

<sup>1</sup> A game resembling Prisoner's Base: the forfeits were kisses, and the space marked off for the prisoners was termed 'hell.'

## TO ANTHEA LYING IN BED

So looks Anthea, when in bed she lyes,  
 Orecome, or halfe betray'd by Tiffanies :  
 Like to a Twi-light, or that simpring Dawn,  
 That Roses shew, when misted o're with Lawn.  
 Twilight is yet, till that her Lawnes give way ;  
 Which done, that Dawne, turnes then to perfect day.

## TO ELECTRA

MORE white then whitest Lillies far,  
 Or Snow, or whitest Swans you are :  
 More white then are the whitest Creames,  
 Or Moone-light tinselling the streames :  
 More white then Pearls, or Juno's thigh ;  
 Or Pelops Arme of Yvorie.  
 True, I confesse ; such Whites as these  
 May me delight, not fully please :  
 Till, like Ixion's cloud you be  
 White, warme, and soft to lye with me.

A COUNTRY-LIFE : TO HIS BROTHER,  
M. THO: HERRICK

THRICE, and above, blest (my soule's halfe) art thou,  
 In thy both Last, and Better Vow :  
 Could'st leave the City, for exchange, to see  
 The Countrie's sweet simplicity :  
 And it to know, and practice ; with intent  
 To grow the sooner innocent :  
 By studying to know vertue ; and to aime  
 More at her nature, then her name :  
 The last is but the least ; the first doth tell  
 Wayes lesse to live, then to live well :

And both are knowne to thee, who now can'st live  
 Led by thy conscience; to give  
 Justice to soone-pleas'd nature; and to know,  
 Wisdome and she together goe,  
 And keep one Centre: This with that conspires,  
 To teach Man to confine desires:  
 And know, that Riches have their proper stint,  
 In the contented mind, not mint.  
 And can'st instruct, that those who have the itch  
 Of craving more, are never rich.  
 These things thou know'st to th' height, and dost prevent  
 That plague; because thou art content  
 With that Heav'n gave thee with a warie hand,  
 (More blessed in thy Brasse,<sup>1</sup> then Land)  
 To keep cheap Nature even, and upright;  
 To coole, not cocker Appetite.  
 Thus thou canst tearcely<sup>2</sup> live to satisfie  
 The belly chiefly; not the eye:  
 Keeping the barking stomach wisely quiet,  
 Lesse with a neat, then needfull diet.  
 But that which most makes sweet thy country life,  
 Is, the fruition of a wife:  
 Whom (stars consenting with thy Fate) thou hast  
 Got, not so beautifull, as chaste:  
 By whose warme side thou dost securely sleep;  
 (While Love the Centinell doth keep)  
 With those deeds done by day, which ne'r affright  
 Thy silken slumbers in the night.  
 Nor has the darknesse power to usher in  
 Feare to those sheets, that know no sin.  
 But still thy wife, by chaste intentions led,  
 Gives thee each night a Maidenhead.  
 The Damaskt medowes, and the peebly streames  
 Sweeten, and make soft your dreames:  
 The Purling springs, groves, birds, and well-weav'd  
 Bowsrs,  
 With fields enameled with flowers,

<sup>1</sup> Brass = 'Money'—since become slang.

<sup>2</sup> Tearcely = 'simply.'



Present their shapes ; while fantasie discloses  
 Millions of Lillies mixt with Roses.  
 Then dream, ye heare the Lamb by many a bleat  
 Woo'd to come suck the milkie Teat :  
 While Faunus in the Vision comes to keep,  
 From rav'ning wolves the fleecie sheep.  
 With thousand such enchanting dreams, that meet  
 To make sleep not so sound, as sweet :  
 Nor can these figures so thy rest endear,  
 As not to rise when Chanticleere  
 Warnes the last Watch ; but with the Dawne dost ri  
 To work, but first to sacrifice ;  
 Making thy peace with heav'n, for some late fault,  
 With Holy-meale, and spirting-salt.  
 Which done, thy painfull Thumb this sentence tells u  
*Jove for our labour all things sells us.*  
 Nor are thy daily and devout affaires  
 Attended with those desp'rate cares,  
 The industrious Merchant has ; who for to find  
 Gold, runneth to the Western Inde,  
 And back again (tortur'd with fears) doth fly,  
 Untaught to suffer Poverty.  
 But thou at home, blest with securest ease,  
 Sitt'st, and beleev'st that there be seas,  
 And watrie dangers ; while thy whiter hap,  
 But sees these things within thy Map.  
 And viewing them with a more safe survey,  
 Mak'st easie Feare unto thee say,  
*A heart thrice wall'd with Oke, and brasse, that man*  
*Had, first, durst plow the Ocean.*  
 But thou at home without or tyde or gale,  
 Canst in thy Map securely saile :  
 Seeing those painted Countries ; and so guesse  
 By those fine Shades, their Substances :  
 And from thy Compasse taking small advice,  
 Buy'st Travell at the lowest price.  
 Nor are thine eares so deafe, but thou canst heare,  
 (Far more with wonder, then with feare)  
 Fame tell of States, of Countries, Courts, and King  
 And beleeeve there be such things :

When of these truths, thy happier knowledge lyes,  
 More in thine eares, then in thine eyes.  
 And when thou hear'st by that too-true-Report,  
 Vice rules the Most, or All at Court :  
 Thy pious wishes are, (though thou not there)  
 Vertue had, and mov'd her Sphere.  
 But thou liv'st fearlesse ; and thy face ne'r shewes/  
 Fortune when she comes, or goes.  
 But with thy equall thoughts, prepar'd dost stand,  
 To take her by the either hand :  
 Nor car'st which comes the first, the foule or faire ;  
*A wise man ev'ry way lies square.*  
 And like a surly Oke with storms perplex ;  
 Growes still the stronger, strongly vex.  
 Be so, bold spirit ; Stand Center-like, unmov'd ;  
 And be not onely thought, but prov'd  
 To be what I report thee ; and inure  
 Thy selfe, if want comes to endure :  
 And so thou dost : for thy desires are  
 Confin'd to live with private Larr :  
 Not curious whether Appetite be fed,  
 Or with the first, or second bread.  
 Who keep'st no proud mouth for delicious cates :  
 Hunger makes coorse meats, delicates.  
 Can'st, and unurg'd, forsake that Larded fare,  
 Which Art, not Nature, makes so rare ;  
 To taste boyl'd Nettles, Colworts, Beets, and eate  
 These, and sowre herbs, as dainty meat ?  
 While soft Opinion makes thy Genius say,  
*Content makes all Ambrosia.*  
 Nor is it, that thou keep'st this stricter size<sup>1</sup>  
 So much for want, as exercise :  
 To numb the sence of Dearth, which sho'd sinne haste  
 it,  
 Thou might'st but onely see 't, not taste it.  
 Yet can thy humble rooffe maintaine a Quire  
 Of singing Crickits by thy fire :  
 And the brisk Mouse may feast her selfe with crums,  
 Till that the green-ey'd Kitling comes.

<sup>1</sup> Size=allowance of food.

Then to her Cabbin, blest she can escape  
 The sudden danger of a Rape.  
 And thus thy little-well-kept stock doth prove,  
*Wealth cannot make a life, but Love.*  
 Nor art thou so close-handed, but can'st spend  
 (Counsell concurring with the end)  
 As well as spare : still conning o'r this Theame,  
 To shun the first, and last extreame.  
 Ordaining that thy small stock find no breach,  
 Or to exceed thy Tether's reach :  
 Bût to live round, and close, and wisely true  
 To thine owne selfe ; and knowne to few.  
 Thus let thy Rurall Sanctuary be  
 Elizium to thy wife and thee ;  
 There to disport your selves with golden measure :  
*For seldome<sup>1</sup> use commends the pleasure.*  
 Live, and live blest ; thrice happy Paire ; Let Breat  
 But lost to one, be th' others death.  
 And as there is one Love, one Faith, one Troth,  
 Be so one Death, one Grave to both.  
 Till when, in such assurance live, ye may  
 Nor feare, or wish your dying day.

#### DIVINATION BY A DAFFADILL

WHEN a Daffadill I see,  
 Hanging down his head t'wards me  
 Guesse I may, what I must be :  
 First, I shall decline my head ;  
 Secondly, I shall be dead ;  
 Lastly, safely buried.

#### TO THE PAINTER, TO DRAW HIM A PICTURE

COME, skilfull Lupo, now, and take  
 Thy Bice,<sup>2</sup> thy Vmber, Pink, and Lake ;  
 And let it be thy Pensils strife,  
 To paint a Bridgeman to the life :

<sup>1</sup> Seldome—used here as an adjective.

<sup>2</sup> Bice—a greenish blue.

Draw him as like too, as you can,  
 An old, poore, lying, flatt'ring man :  
 His cheeks be-pimpled, red and blue ;  
 His nose and lips of mulbrie hiew.  
 Then for an easie fansie ; place  
 A Burling iron for his face :  
 Next, make his cheeks with breath to swell,  
 And for to speak, if possible :  
 But do not so ; for feare, lest he  
 Sho'd by his breathing, poyson thee.

A LYRICK TO MIRTH

WHILE the milder Fates consent,  
 Let's enjoy our merriment :  
 Drink, and dance, and pipe, and play ;  
 Kisse our Dollies night and day :  
 Crown'd with clusters of the Vine ;  
 Let us sit, and quaffe our wine.  
 Call on Bacchus ; chaunt his praise ;  
 Shake the Thyrses, and bite the Bayes :  
 Rouze Anacreon from the dead ;  
 And return him drunk to bed :  
 Sing o're Horace ; for ere long  
 Death will come and mar the song :  
 Then shall Wilson and Gotiere  
 Never sing, or play more here.

TO THE EARLE OF WESTMERLAND

WHEN my date's done, and my gray age must die ;  
 Nurse up, great Lord, this my posterity  
 Weak though it be ; long may it grow, and stand,  
 Shor'd up by you (Brave Earle of Westmerland).

AGAINST LOVE

WHEN ere my heart, Love's warmth, but entertaines,  
 O Frost ! O Snow ! O Haile ! forbid the Banes.

One drop now deads a spark ; but if the same  
 Once gets a force, Floods cannot quench the flam  
 Rather then love, let me be ever lost ;  
 Or let me 'gender with eternall frost.

UPON JULIA'S RIBAND

As shews the Aire, when with a Rain-bow grac'd  
 So smiles that Riband 'bout my Julia's waste ;  
 Or like—Nay 'tis that Zonulet of love,  
 Wherein all pleasures of the world are wove.

THE FROZEN ZONE : OR, JULIA DISDAINFULL

WHITHER? Say, whither shall I fly,  
 To slack these flames wherein I frie?  
 To the Treasures, shall I goe,  
 Of the Raine, Frost, Haile, and Snow?  
 Shall I search the under-ground,  
 Where all Damps and Mists are found?  
 Shall I seek (for speedy ease)  
 All the floods, and frozen seas?  
 Or descend into the deep,  
 Where eternall cold does keep?  
 These may coole ; but there's a Zone  
 Colder yet then any one:  
     That's my Julia's breast : where dwells  
     Such destructive Ysicles ;  
 As that the Congelation will  
 Me sooner starve, then those can kill.

AN EPITAPH UPON A SOBER MATRON

WITH blamelesse carriage, I liv'd here,  
 To th' (almost) sev'n and fortieth yeare.  
 Stout sons I had, and those twice three ;  
 One onely daughter lent to me :  
 The which was made a happy Bride,  
 But thrice three Moones before she dy'd.  
 My modest wedlock, that was known  
 Contented with the bed of one.



TO THE PATRON OF POETS, M. END: PORTER

LET there be Patrons ; Patrons like to thee,  
 Brave Porter ! Poets ne'r will wanting be :  
 Fabius, and Cotta, Lentulus all live  
 In thee, thou Man of Men ! who here do'st give  
 Not onely subject-matter for our wit,  
 But likewise Oyle of Maintenance to it :  
 For which, before thy Threshold, we'll lay downe  
 Our Thyrs, for Scepter ; and our Baies for Crown.  
 For to say truth, all Garlands are thy due ;  
 The Laurell, Mirtle, Oke, and Ivie too.

THE SADNESSE OF THINGS FOR SAPHO'S SICKNESSE

LILLIES will languish ; Violets look ill ;  
 Sickly the Prim-rose ; Pale the Daffadill ;  
 That gallant Tulip will hang down his head,  
 Like to a Virgin newly ravished.  
 Pansies will weep ; and Marygolde will wither ;  
 And keep a Fast, and Funerall together,  
 If Sapho droop ; Daisies will open never,  
 But bid Good-night, and close their lids for ever.

LEANDERS OBSEQUIES

WHEN as Leander young was drown'd,  
 No heart by love receiv'd a wound ;  
 But on a Rock himselfe sate by,  
 There weeping sup'rabundantly.  
 Sighs numberlesse he cast about,  
 And all his Tapers thus put out :  
 His head upon his hand he laid ;  
 And sobbing deeply, thus he said,  
 Ah, cruell Sea ! and looking on't,  
 Wept as he'd drowne the Hellespont.  
 And sure his tongue had more exprest,  
 But that his teares forbad the rest.

## FOURE THINGS MAKE US HAPPY HERE

HEALTH is the first good lent to men ;  
 A gentle disposition then :  
 Next, to be rich by no by-wayses ;  
 Lastly, with friends t' enjoy our dayes.

## HIS PARTING FROM MRS. DOROTHY KENEDAY

WHEN I did goe from thee, I felt that smart,  
 Which Bodies do, when Souls from them depart.  
 Thou did'st not mind it ; though thou then might  
 see

Me turn'd to tears ; yet did'st not weep for me.  
 'Tis true, I kist thee ; but I co'd not heare  
 Thee spend a sigh, t' accompany my teare.  
 Me thought 'twas strange, that thou so hard sho'  
 prove,

Whose heart, whose hand, whose ev'ry part spa  
 love.

Prethee (lest Maids sho'd censure thee) but say  
 Thou shed'st one teare, whenas I went away ;  
 And that will please me somewhat : though I know  
 And Love will swear 't, my Dearest did not so.

## THE TEARE SENT TO HER FROM STANES

1. GLIDE, gentle streams, and beare  
 Along with you my teare  
     To that coy Girle ;  
     Who smiles, yet slayes  
     Me with delayes ;  
 And strings my tears as Pearle.

2. See ! see, she's yonder set,  
 Making a Carkanet  
     Of Maiden-flowers !  
     There, there present  
     This Orient,  
 And Pendant Pearle of ours.

3. Then say, I've sent one more  
Jem to enrich her store ;  
And that is all  
Which I can send,  
Or vainly spend,  
For tears no more will fall.
4. Nor will I seek supply  
Of them, the spring's once drie  
But Ile devise,  
(Among the rest)  
A way that's best  
How I may save mine eyes.
5. Yet say ; sho'd she condemne  
Me to surrender them ;  
Then say ; my part  
Must be to weep  
Out them, to keep  
A poore, yet loving heart.
6. Say too, She wo'd have this ;  
She shall : Then my hope is,  
That when I'm poore,  
And nothing have  
To send, or save ;  
I'm sure she'll ask no more.

UPON ONE LILLIE, WHO MARRIED WITH A MAID  
CALL'D ROSE

WHAT times of sweetnesse this faire day foreshows,  
Whenas the Lilly marries with the Rose !  
What next is lookt for ? but we all sho'd see  
To spring from these a sweet Posterity.

AN EPITAPH UPON A CHILD

VIRGINS promis'd when I dy'd,  
That they wo'd each Primrose-tide,

Duely, Morne and Ev'ning, come,  
 And with flowers dresse my Tomb.  
 Having promis'd, pay your debts,  
 Maids, and here strew Violets.

#### THE HOURE-GLASSE

THAT Houre-glasse, which there ye see  
 With Water fill'd, (Sirs, credit me)  
 The humour was, (as I have read)  
 But Lovers tears inchristalled.  
 Which, as they drop by drop doe passe  
 From th' upper to the under-glasse  
 Do in a trickling manner tell,  
 (By many a watrie syllable)  
 That Lovers tears in life-time shed,  
 Do restless run when they are dead.

#### HIS FARE-WELL TO SACK

FAREWELL thou Thing, time-past so knowne, so deare  
 To me, as blood to life and spirit : Neare,  
 Nay, thou more neare then kindred, friend, man, wife,  
 Male to the female, soule to body : Life  
 To quick action, or the warme soft side  
 Of the resigning, yet resisting Bride.  
 The kisse of Virgins ; First-fruits of the bed ;  
 Soft speech, smooth touch, the lips, the Maidenhead :  
 These, and a thousand sweets, co'd never be  
 So neare, or deare, as thou wast once to me.  
 O thou the drink of Gods, and Angels ! Wine  
 That scatter'st Spirit and Lust ; whose purest shine,  
 More radiant then the Summers Sun-beams shew ;  
 Each way illustrious, brave ; and like to those  
 Comets we see by night ; whose shagg'd portents  
 Fore-tell the comming of some dire events :  
 Or some full flame, which with a pride aspires,  
 Throwing about his wild, and active fires.

'Tis thou, above Nectar, O Divinest soule !  
 (Eternall in thy self) that canst controule  
 That, which subverts whole nature, grief and care ;  
 Vexation of the mind, and damn'd Despaire.  
 'Tis thou, alone, who with thy Mistick Fan,  
 Work'st more then Wisdome, Art, or Nature can,  
 To rouse the sacred madnesse ; and awake  
 The frost-bound-blood, and spirits ; and to make  
 Them frantick with thy raptures, flashing through  
 The soule, like lightning, and as active too.  
 'Tis not Apollo can, or those thrice three  
 Castalian sisters, sing, if wanting thee.  
 Horace, Anacreon both had lost their fame,  
 Hadst thou not fill'd them with thy fire and flame.  
 Phæbean splendour ! and thou Thespian spring !  
 Of which, sweet Swans must drink, before they sing  
 Their true-pac'd Numbers, and their Holy-Layes,  
 Which makes them worthy Cedar, and the bayes.  
 But why ? why longer doe I gaze upon  
 Thee with the eye of admiration ?  
 Since I must leave thee ; and enforc'd, must say  
 To all thy witching beauties, Goe, Away.  
 But if thy whimpring looks doe ask me why ?  
 Then know, that Nature bids thee goe, not I.  
 'Tis her erroneous self has made a braine  
 Uncapable of such a Sovereigne,  
 As is thy powerfull selfe. Prethee not smile ;  
 Or smile more inly ; lest thy looks beguile  
 My vows denounc'd in zeale, which thus much show  
 thee,  
 That I have sworn, but by thy looks to know thee.  
 Let others drink thee freely ; and desire  
 Thee and their lips espous'd ; while I admire,  
 And love thee ; but not taste thee. Let my Muse  
 Faile of thy former helps : and onely use  
 Her inadult'rate strength : what's done by me  
 Hereafter, shall smell of the Lamp, not thee.



UPON MRS. ELIZ: WHEELER, UNDER THE NAME  
OF AMARILLIS

SWEET Amarillis, by a Spring's  
Soft and soule-melting murmurings,  
Slept; and thus sleeping, thither flew  
A Robin-red-brest; who at view,  
Not seeing her at all to stir,  
Brought leaves and mosse to cover her:  
But while he, perking, there did prie  
About the Arch of either eye;  
The lid began to let out day;  
At which poore Robin flew away:  
And seeing her not dead, but all disleav'd;  
He chirpt for joy, to see himself disceav'd.

TO MYRRHA HARD-HEARTED

FOLD now thine armes; and hang the head,  
Like to a Lillie withered:  
Next, look thou like a sickly Moone;  
Or like Jocasta in a swoone.  
Then weep, and sigh, and softly goe,  
Like to a widdow drown'd in woe:  
Or like a Virgin full of ruth,  
For the lost sweet-heart of her youth:  
And all because, Faire Maid, thou art  
Insensible of all my smart;  
And of those evill dayes that be  
Now posting on to punish thee.  
The Gods are easie, and condemne  
All such as are not soft like them.

THE EYE

MAKE me a heaven; and make me there  
Many a lesse and greater spheare.  
Make me the straight, and oblique lines;  
The Motions, Latians, and the Signes.

Make me a Chariot, and a Sun ;  
 And let them through a Zodiac run :  
 Next, place me Zones, and Tropicks there ;  
 With all the Seasons of the Yeare.  
 Make me a Sun-set ; and a Night :  
 And then present the Mornings-light  
 Cloath'd in her Chamlets of Delight.  
 To these, make Clouds to poure downe raine ;  
 With weather foule, then faire againe.  
 And when, wise Artist, that thou hast,  
 With all that can be, this heaven grac't ;  
 Ah ! what is then this curious skie,  
 But onely my Corinna's eye ?

UPON THE MUCH LAMENTED, MR. J. WARR

• WHAT Wisdome, Learning, Wit, or Worth,  
 Youth, or sweet Nature, co'd bring forth,  
 Rests here with him ; who was the Fame,  
 The Volumne of himselfe, and Name.  
 If, Reader, then thou wilt draw neere,  
 And doe an honour to thy teare ;  
 Weep then for him, for whom laments  
 Not one, but many Monuments.

THE SUSPITION UPON HIS OVER-MUCH FAMILIARITY  
 WITH A GENTLEWOMAN

AND must we part, because some say,  
 Loud is our love, and loose our play,  
 • And more then well becomes the day ?  
 Alas for pittty ! and for us  
 Most innocent, and injur'd thus  
 Had we kept close, or play'd within,  
 Suspition now had been the sinne,  
 And shame had follow'd long ere this,  
 T'ave plagu'd, what now unpunisht is.  
 But we as fearlesse of the Sunne,  
 As faultlesse ; will not wish undone,  
 What now is done : since *where no sin*  
*Unbolts the doore, no shame comes in.*

Then, comely and most fragrant Maid,  
 Be you more warie, then afraid  
 Of these Reports ; because you see  
 The fairest most suspected be.  
 The common formes have no one eye,  
 Or eare of burning jealousie  
 To follow them : but chiefly, where  
 Love makes the cheek, and chin a sphere  
 To dance and play in : (Trust me) there  
 Suspicion questions every haire.  
 Come, you are faire ; and sho'd be seen  
 While you are in your sprightfull green :  
 And what though you had been embrac't  
 By me,—were you for that unchast ?  
 No, no, no more then is yond' Moone,  
 Which shining in her perfect Noone ;  
 In all that great and glorious light,  
 Continues cold, as is the night.  
 Then, beauteous Maid, you may retire ;  
 And as for me, my chaste desire  
 Shall move t'wards you ; although I see  
 Your face no more : So live you free  
 From Fames black lips, as you from me.

#### SINGLE LIFE MOST SECURE

SUSPICION, Discontent, and Strife,  
 Come in for Dowrie with a Wife.

#### THE CURSE. A SONG

Goz, perjur'd man ; and if thou ere return  
 To see the small remainders in mine Urne :  
 When thou shalt laugh at my Religious dust ;  
 And ask, Where's now the colour, forme and trust  
 Of Womans beauty ? and with hand more rude  
 Rife the Flowers which the Virgins strew'd :  
 Know, I have pray'd to Furie, that some wind  
 May blow my ashes up, and strike thee blind.

THE WOUNDED CUPID. SONG

CUPID as he lay among  
 Roses, by a Bee was stung.  
 Whereupon in anger flying  
 To his Mother, said thus crying ;  
 Help ! O help ! your Boy 's a dying.  
 And why, my pretty Lad, said she ?  
 Then blubbering, replied he,  
 A winged Snake has bitten me,  
 Which Country people call a Bee.  
 At which she smil'd ; then with her hairs  
 And kisses drying up his tears :  
 Alas ! said she, my Wag ! if this  
 Such a pernicious torment is :  
 Come tel me then, how great 's the smart  
 Of those, thou woundest with thy Dart !

TO DEWES. A SONG

I BURN, I burn ; and beg of you  
 To quench, or coole me with your Dew.  
 I frie in fire, and so consume,  
 Although the Pile be all perfume.  
 Alas ! the heat and death 's the same ;  
 Whether by choice, or common flame :  
 To be in Oyle of Roses drown'd,  
 Or water ; where 's the comfort found ?  
 Both bring one death ; and I die here,  
 Unlesse you coole me with a Teare :  
 Alas ! I call ; but ah ! I see  
 Ye coole, and comfort all, but me.

THE VISION

SITTING alone (as one forsook)  
 Close by a Silver-shedding Brook ;  
 With hands held up to Love, I wept ;  
 And after sorrowes spent, I slept :

Then in a Vision I did see  
 A glorious forme appeare to me :  
 A Virgins face she had ; her dresse  
 Was like a sprightly Spartanesse.  
 A silver bow with green silk strung,  
 Down from her comely shoulders hung :  
 And as she stood, the wanton Aire  
 Dangled the ringlets of her haire.  
 Her legs were such Diana shows,  
 When tuckt up she a-hunting goes ;  
 With Buskins shortned to descrie  
 The happy dawning of her thigh ;  
 Which when I saw, I made accesse  
 To kisse that tempting nakednesse :  
 But she forbad me, with a wand  
 Of Mirtle she had in her hand :  
 And chiding me, said, Hence, Remove,  
 Herrick, thou art too coorse to love.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG

You say, to me-wards your affection's strong ;  
 Pray love me little, so you love me long.  
 Slowly goes farre : the meane is best : Desire  
 Grown violent, do's either die, or tire.

UPON A VIRGIN KISSING A ROSE

'Twas but a single Rose,  
 Till you on it did breathe ;  
 But since (me thinks) it shows  
 Not so much Rose, as Wreathe.

UPON A WIFE THAT DYED MAD WITH JEALOUSIE

In this little Vault she lyes,  
 Here, with all her jealousies :  
 Quiet yet ; but if ye make  
 Any noise, they both will wake,  
 And such spirits raise, 'twill then  
 Trouble Death to lay agen.



UPON THE BISHOP OF LINCOLNE'S IMPRISONMENT

NEVER was Day so over-sick with showres,  
 But that it had some intermitting houres.  
 Never was night so tedious, but it knew  
 The Last Watch out, and saw the Dawning too.  
 Never was Dungeon so obscurely deep,  
 Wherein or Light, or Day, did never peep.  
 Never did Moone so ebbe, or seas so wane,  
 But they left Hope-seed to fill up againe.  
 So you, my Lord, though you have now your stay,  
 Your Night, your Prison, and your Ebbe; you may  
 Spring up afresh; when all these mists are spent,  
 And Star-like, once more, guild our Firmament.  
 Let but That Mighty Cesar speak, and then,  
 All bolts, all barres, all gates shall cleave; as when  
 That Earth-quake shook the house, and gave the  
 stout  
 Apostles, way (unshackled) to goe out.  
 This, as I wish for, so I hope to see;  
 Though you (my Lord) have been unkind to me:  
 To wound my heart, and never to apply,  
 (When you had power) the meanest remedy:  
 Well; though my grieffe by you was gall'd, the  
 more;  
 Yet I bring Balme and Oile to heal your sore.

DISSWASIONS FROM IDLENESSE

CYNTHIUS pluck ye by the eare,  
 That ye may good doctrine heare.  
 Play not with the maiden-haire;  
 For each Ringlet there's a snare.  
 Cheek, and eye, and lip, and chin;  
 These are traps to take fooles in.  
 Armes, and hands, and all parts else,  
 Are but Toiles, or Manicles  
 Set on purpose to enthrall  
 Men, but Slothfulls most of all.



Live employ'd, and so live free  
 From these fetters ; like to me  
 Who have found, and still can prove,  
*The lazie man the most doth love.*

AN EPITHALAMIE TO SIR THOMAS SOUTHWELL  
 AND HIS LADIE

I

Now, now's the time ; so oft by truth  
 Promis'd sho'd come to crown your youth.  
     Then Faire ones, doe not wrong  
     Your joyes, by staying long :  
     Or let Love's fire goe out,  
     By lingring thus in doubt :  
     But learn, that Time once lost,  
     Is ne'r redeem'd by cost.  
 Then away ; come, Hymen guide  
 To the bed, the bashfull Bride.

II

Is it (sweet maid) your fault, these holy  
 Bridall-Rites goe on so slowly ?  
     Deare, is it this you dread,  
     The losse of Maiden-head ?  
     Beleeve me ; you will most  
     Esteeme it when 'tis lost :  
     Then it no longer keep,  
     Lest Issue lye asleep.  
 Then away ; come, Hymen guide  
 To the bed, the bashfull Bride.

III

These Precious-Pearly-Purling teares,  
 But spring from ceremonious feares.  
     And 'tis but Native shame,  
     That hides the loving flame :  
     And may a while controule  
     The soft and am'rous soule :

But yet, Loves fire will wast  
Such bashfulnesse at last.  
Then away ; come, Hymen guide  
To the bed, the bashfull Bride.

IV

Night now hath watch'd her self half blind  
Yet not a Maiden-head resign'd !  
'Tis strange, ye will not flie  
To Love's sweet mysterie.  
Might yon Full-Moon the sweets  
Have, promis'd to your sheets ;  
She soon wo'd leave her spheare,  
To be admitted there.  
Then away ; come, Hymen guide  
To the bed, the bashfull Bride.

V

On, on devoutly, make no stay ;  
While Domiduca leads the way :  
And Genius who attends  
The bed for luckie ends :  
With Juno goes the houres,  
And Graces strewing flowers.  
And the boyes with sweet tune sing,  
Hymen, O Hymen bring  
Home the Turtles ; Hymen guide  
To the bed, the bashfull Bride.

VI

Behold ! how Hymens Taper-light  
Shews you how much is spent of night.  
See, see the Bride-grooms Torch  
Halfe wasted in the porch.  
And now those Tapers five,  
That shew the womb shall thrive :  
Their silv'rie flames advance,  
To tell all prosp'rous chance  
Still shall crown the happy life  
Of the good man and the wife.

## VII

Move forward then your Rosie feet,  
 And make, what ere they touch, turn sweet  
     May all, like flowrie Meads  
     Smell, where your soft foot treads ;  
     And every thing assume  
     To it, the like perfume :  
     As Zephyrus when he 'spires  
     Through Woodbine, and Sweet-bryers.  
 Then away ; come Hymen, guide  
 To the bed, the bashfull Bride.

## VIII

And now the yellow Vaile, at last,  
 Over her fragrant cheek is cast.  
     Now seems she to expresse  
     A bashfull willingnesse :  
     Shewing a heart consenting ;  
     As with a will repenting.  
     Then gently lead her on  
     With wise suspicion :  
 For that, Matrons say, a measure  
 Of that Passion sweetens Pleasure.

## IX

You, you that be of her neerest kin,  
 Now o're the threshold force her in.  
     But to avert the worst ;  
     Let her, her fillets first  
     Knit to the posts : this point  
     Remembring, to auoint  
     The sides : for 'tis a charme  
     Strong against future harme :  
 And the evil deads, the which  
 There was hidden by the Witch.

## X

O Venus ! thou, to whom is known  
 The best way how to loose the Zone

Of Virgins ! Tell the Maid,  
 She need not be afraid :  
 And bid the Youth apply  
 Close kisses, if she cry :  
 And charge, he not forbears  
 Her, though she woove with teares.  
 Tel them, now they must adven-ter,  
 Since that Love and Night bid enter.

XI

No Fatal Owle the Bedsted keeps,  
 With direful notes to fright your sleeps :  
 No Furies, here about,  
 To put the Tapers out,  
 Watch, or did make the bed :  
 'Tis Omen full of dread :  
 But all faire signs appeare  
 Within the Chamber here.  
 Juno here, far off, doth stand  
 Cooling sleep with charming wand.

XII

Virgins, weep not ; 'twill come, when,  
 As she, so you 'l be ripe for men.  
 Then grieve her not, with saying  
 She must no more a Maying :  
 Or by Rose-buds devine,  
 Who 'l be her Valentine.  
 Nor name those wanton reaks<sup>1</sup>  
 Y've had at Barly-breaks.  
 But now kisse her, and thus say,  
 Take time Lady while ye may.

XIII

Now barre the doors, the Bride-groom puts  
 The eager Boyes to gather Nuts.  
 And now, both Love and Time  
 To their full height doe clime :

<sup>1</sup> = 'freaks,' 'pranks.'

O ! give them active heat  
 And moisture, both compleat :  
 Fit Organs for encrease,  
 To keep, and to release  
 That, which may the honour'd Stem  
 Circle with a Diadem.

## XIV

And now, Behold ! the Bed or Couch  
 That ne'r knew Brides, or Bride-grooms touch,  
 Feels in it selfe a fire ;  
 And tickled with Desire,  
 Pants with a Downie brest,  
 As with a heart possest :  
 Shrugging as it did move,  
 Ev'n with the soule of love.  
 And (oh !) had it but a tongue,  
 Doves, 'two'd say, yee bill too long.

## XV

O enter then ! but see ye shun  
 A sleep, untill the act be done.  
 Let kisses, in their close,  
 Breathe as the Damask Rose :  
 Or sweet, as is that gumme  
 Doth from Panchaia come.  
 Teach Nature now to know,  
 Lips can make Cherries grow  
 Sooner, then she, ever yet,  
 In her wisdome co'd beget.

## XVI

On your minutes, hours, dayes, months, years,  
 Drop the fat blessing of the sphears.  
 That good, which Heav'n can give  
 To make you bravely live ;  
 Fall, like a spangling dew,  
 By day, and night on you.



May Fortunes Lilly-hand  
Open at your command ;  
With all luckie Birds to side  
With the Bride-groom, and the Bride.

XVII

Let bounteous Fate your spindles full  
Fill, and winde up with whitest wooll.  
Let them not cut the thred  
Of life, untill ye bid.  
May Death yet come at last ;  
And not with desp'rate hast :  
But when ye both can say,  
Come, Let us now away.  
Be ye to the Barn then born,  
Two, like two ripe shocks of corn.

TEARES ARE TONGUES

WHEN Julia chid, I stood as mute the while,  
As is the fish, or tonguelesse Crocodile.  
Aire coyn'd to words, my Julia co'd not heare ;  
But she co'd see each eye to stamp a teare :  
By which, mine angry Mistresse might descry,  
Teares are the noble language of the eye.  
And when true love of words is destitute,  
The Eyes by tears speak, while the Tongue is mute.

UPON A YOUNG MOTHER OF MANY CHILDREN

LET all chaste Matrons, when they chance to see  
My num'rous issue : Praise, and pittie me.  
Praise me, for having such a fruitfull wombe :  
Pity me too, who found so soone a Tomb.

TO ELECTRA

ILlE come to thee in all those shapes  
As Jove did, when he made his rapes :  
Onely, Ile not appeare to thee,  
As he did once to Semele.

Thunder and Lightning Ile lay by,  
 To talk with thee familiarly.  
 Which done, then quickly we'll undresse  
 To one and th' others nakednesse.  
 And ravisht, plunge into the bed,  
 (Bodies and souls comminglèd)  
 And kissing, so as none may heare,  
 We'll weary all the Fables there.

## HIS WISH

It is sufficient if we pray  
 To Jove, who gives, and takes away :  
 Let him the Land and Living finde ;  
 Let me alone to fit the mind.

## HIS PROTESTATION TO PERILLA

NOONE-DAY and Midnight shall at once be seene ;  
 Trees, at one time, shall be both sere and greene :  
 Fire and water shall together lye  
 In one-self-sweet-conspiring sympathie :  
 Summer and Winter shall at one time show  
 Ripe eares of corne, and up to th'eares in snow :  
 Seas shall be sandlesse ; Fields devoid of grasse ;  
 Shapelesse the world (as when all Chaos was)  
 Before my deare Perilla, I will be  
 False to my vow, or fall away from thee.

## LOVE PERFUMES ALL PARTS

If I kisse Anthea's brest,  
 There I smell the Phenix nest :  
 If her lip, the most sincere  
 Altar of Incense, I smell there.  
 Hands, and thighs, and legs, are all  
 Richly Aromaticall.

Goddesse Isis cann't transfer  
 Musks and Ambers more from her :  
 Nor can Juno sweeter be,  
 When she lyes with Jove, then she.

TO JULIA

PERMIT me, Julia, now to goe away ;  
 Or, by thy love, decree me here to stay.  
 If thou wilt say, that I shall live with thee  
 Here shall my endless Tabernacle be :  
 If not, (as banisht) I will live alone  
 There, where no language ever yet was known.

ON HIMSELFE

LOVE-SICK I am, and must endure  
 A desp'rate grief, that finds no cure.  
 Ah me ! I try ; and trying, prove,  
*No Herbs have power to cure Love.*  
 Only one Sovereign salve, I know,  
 And that is Death, the end of Woe.

THE CRUELL MAID

AND Cruell Maid, because I see  
 You scornfull of my love, and me :  
 Ile trouble you no more ; but goe  
 My way, where you shall never know  
 What is become of me : there I  
 Will find me out a path to die ;  
 Or learne some way how to forget  
 You, and your name, for ever : yet  
 Ere I go hence ; know this from me,  
 What will, in time, your Fortune be :  
 This to your coyennesse I will tell ;  
 And having spoke it once, Farewell.

The Lillie will not long endure ;  
 Nor the Snow continue pure :  
 The Rose, the Violet, one day  
 See, both these Lady-flowers decay :  
 And you must fade, as well as they.  
 And it may chance that Love may turn,  
 And (like to mine) make your heart burn  
 And weep to see 't ; yet this thing doe,  
 That my last Vow commends to you :  
 When you shall see that I am dead,  
 For pittie let a teare be shed ;  
 And (with your Mantle o're me cast)  
 Give my cold lips a kisse at last :  
 If twice you kisse, you need not feare,  
 That I shall stir, or live more here.  
 Next, hollow out a Tombe to cover  
 Me ; me, the most despised Lover :  
 And write thereon, *This, Reader, know,*  
*Love kill'd this man.* No more but so.

#### TO DIANE

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes,  
 Which Star-like sparkle in their skies :  
 Nor be you proud, that you can see  
 All hearts your captives ; yours, yet free :  
 Be you not proud of that rich haire,  
 Which wantons with the Love-sick aire :  
 Whenas that Rubie, which you weare,  
 Sunk from the tip of your soft eare,  
 Will last to be a precious Stone,  
 When all your world of Beautie's gone.

#### TO THE KING, TO CURE THE EVILL

To find that Tree of Life, whose Fruits did feed,  
 And Leaves did heale, all sicke of humane seed :  
 To finde Bethesda, and an Angel there,  
 Stirring the waters, I am come ; and here,

At last, I find, (after my much to doe)  
 The Tree, Bethesda, and the Angel too :  
 And all in Your Blest Hand, which has the powers  
 Of all those suppling-healing herbs and flowers.  
 To that soft Charm, that Spell, that Magick Bough,  
 That high Enchantment I betake me now :  
 And to that Hand, (the Branch of Heavens faire  
 Tree)

I kneele for help ; O ! lay that hand on me,  
 Adored Cesar ! and my Faith is such,  
 I shall be heal'd, if that my KING but touch.  
 The Evill is not Yours : my sorrow sings,  
 Mine is the Evill, but the Cure, the KINGS.

HIS MISERY IN A MISTRESSE

WATER, Water I espie :  
 Come, and coole ye ; all who frie  
 In your loves ; but none as I.

Though a thousand showres be  
 Still a falling, yet I see  
 Not one drop to light on me.

Happy you, who can have seas  
 For to quench ye, or some ease  
 From your kinder Mistresses.

I have one, and she alone,  
 Of a thousand thousand known,  
 Dead to all compassion.

Such an one, as will repeat  
 Both the cause, and make the heat  
 More by Provocation great.

Gentle friends, though I despaire  
 Of my cure, doe you beware  
 Of those Girles, which cruell are.



TO A GENTLEWOMAN OBJECTING TO HIM HIS  
GRAY HAIRE

Am I despis'd, because you say,  
And I dare sweare, that I am gray?  
Know, Lady, you have but your day :  
And time will come when you shall weare  
Such frost and snow upon your haire ;  
And when (though long, it comes to passe)  
You question with your Looking-glasse ;  
And in that sincere Christall seek,  
But find no Rose-bud in your cheek :  
Nor any bed to give the shew  
Where such a rare Carnation grew.  
Ah ! then too late, close in your chamber keeping,  
It will be told  
That you are old ;  
By those true teares y'are weeping.

TO CEDARS

If 'mongst my many Poems, I can see  
One, onely, worthy to be washt by thee :<sup>1</sup>  
I live for ever ; let the rest all lye  
In dennes of Darkness, or condemn'd to die.

UPON CUPID

Love, like a Gypsie, lately came ;  
And did me much importune  
To see my hand ; that by the same  
He might fore-tell my Fortune.

He saw my Palme ; and then, said he,  
I tell thee, by this score here ;  
That thou, within few months, shalt be  
The youthfull Prince *D'Amour* here.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. in cedar-oil, which was used for preserving manuscripts.

I smil'd ; and bade him once more prove  
 And by some crosse-line show it ;  
 That I co'd ne'r be Prince of Love,  
 Though here the Princely Poet.

HOW PRIMROSES CAME GREEN

VIRGINS, time-past, known were these,  
 Troubled with Green-sicknesses,  
 Turn'd to flowers : Stil the hieu,  
 Sickly Girles, they beare of you.

TO JOS: LO: BISHOP OF EXETER <sup>1</sup>

WHOM sho'd I feare to write to, if I can  
 Stand before you, my learn'd Diocesan ?  
 And never shew blood-guiltinesse, or feare  
 To see my Lines Excathedrated here.  
 Since none so good are, but you may condemne ;  
 Or here so bad, but you may pardon them.  
 If then, (my Lord) to sanctifie my Muse  
 One onely Poem out of all you 'l chuse ;  
 And mark it for a Rapture nobly writ,  
 'Tis Good Confirm'd ; for you have Bishop't it.

UPON A BLACK TWIST, ROUNDING THE ARME OF  
 THE COUNTESSE OF CARLILE

I SAW about her spotlesse wrist,  
 Of blackest silk, a curious twist ;  
 Which, circumvolving gently, there  
 Enthrall'd her Arme, as Prisoner.  
 Dark was the Jayle ; but as if light  
 Had met t'engender with the night ;  
 Or so, as Darknesse made a stay  
 To shew at once, both night and day.  
 I fancie more ! but if there be  
 Such Freedome in Captivity ;  
 I beg of Love, that ever I  
 May in like Chains of Darknesse lie.

<sup>1</sup> Bishop Hall.

## ON HIMSELFE

I FEARE no Earthly Powers ;  
 But care for crowns of flowers :  
 And love to have my Beard  
 With Wine and Oile besmear'd.  
 This day Ile drowne all sorrow ;  
 Who knowes to live to morrow ?

## A RING PRESENTED TO JULIA

JULIA, I bring  
 To thee this Ring,  
 Made for thy finger fit ;  
 To shew by this,  
 That our love is  
 (Or sho'd be) like to it.

Close though it be,  
 The joynt is free :  
 So when Love's yoke is on,  
 It must not gall,  
 Or fret at all  
 With hard oppression.

But it must play  
 Still either way ;  
 And be, too, such a yoke,  
 As not too wide,  
 To over-slide ;  
 Or be so strait to choak.

So we, who beare,  
 This beame, must reare  
 Our selves to such a height :  
 As that the stay  
 Of either may  
 Create the burden light.

And as this round  
Is no where found  
To flaw, or else to sever :  
So let our love  
As endless prove ;  
And pure as Gold for ever.

TO THE DETRACTER

**WHERE** others love, and praise my Verses ; still  
Thy long-black-Thumb-nail marks 'em out for ill :  
A fellow take it, or some Whit-flaw come  
For to unslate, or to untile that thumb !  
But cry thee Mercy : Exercise thy nailes  
To scratch or claw, so that thy tongue not railles :  
Some numbers prurient are, and some of these  
**Are wanton with their itch ; scratch, and 'twill please.**

UPON THE SAME

I **ASK'T** thee oft, what Poets thou hast read,  
And lik'st the best ? Still thou reply'st, The dead.  
I shall, ere long, with green turfs cover'd be ;  
Then sure thou 't like, or thou wilt envie me.

JULIA'S PETTICOAT

7

THY Azure Robe, I did behold,  
As ayrie as the leaves of gold :  
Which erring here, and wandring there,  
Pleas'd with transgression ev'ry where :  
Sometimes 'two'd pant, and sigh, and heave,  
As if to stir it scarce had leave :  
But having got it ; thereupon,  
'Two'd make a brave expansion.  
And pounc't with Stars, it shew'd to me  
Like a Celestiall Canopie.

Sometimes 'two'd blaze, and then abate  
 Like to a flame growne moderate :  
 Sometimes away 'two'd wildly fling ;  
 Then to thy thighs so closely cling,  
 That some conceit did melt me downe,  
 As Lovers fall into a swoone :  
 And all confus'd, I there did lie  
 Drown'd in Delights ; but co'd not die.  
 That Leading Cloud, I follow'd still,  
 Hoping t'ave seene of it my fill ;  
 But ah ! I co'd not : sho'd it move  
 To Life Eternal, I co'd love.

#### TO MUSICK

BEGIN to charme, and as thou stroak'st mine eares  
 With thy enchantment, melt me into tears.  
 Then let thy active hand scud o're thy Lyre :  
 And make my spirits frantick with the fire.  
 That done, sink down into a silv'rie straine ;  
 And make me smooth as Balme, and Oile againe.

#### CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING

GET up, get up for shame, the Blooming Morne  
 Upon her wings presents the god unshorne.  
 See how Aurora throwes her faire  
 Fresh-quilted colours through the aire :  
 Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see  
 The Dew-bespangling Herbe and Tree.  
 Each Flower has wept, and bow'd toward the East,  
 Above an houre since ; yet you not drest,  
 Nay ! not so much as out of bed ?  
 When all the Birds have Mattens seyde,  
 And sung their thankfull Hymnes : 'tis sin,  
 Nay, profanation to keep in,  
 Whenas a thousand Virgins on this day,  
 Spring, sooner then the Lark, to fetch in May.



Rise ; and put on your Foliage, and be seene  
 To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and Greene ;  
 And sweet as Flora. Take no care  
 For Jewels for your Gowne, or Haire :  
 Feare not ; the leaves will strew  
 Gemms in abundance upon you :  
 Besides, the childhood of the Day has kept,  
 Against you come, some Orient Pearls unwept :  
 Come, and receive them while the light  
 Hangs on the Dew-locks of the night :  
 And Titan on the Eastern hill  
 Retires himselfe, or else stands still  
 Till you come forth. Wash, dresse, be briefe in  
 praying :  
 Few Beads are best, when once we goe a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come ; and comming, marke  
 How each field turns a street ; each street a Parke  
 Made green, and trimm'd with trees : see how  
 Devotion gives each House a Bough,  
 Or Branch : Each Porch, each doore, ere this,  
 An Arke a Tabernacle is  
 Made up of white-thorn neatly enterwove ;  
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.  
 Can such delights be in the street,  
 And open fields, and we not see't ?  
 Come, we'll abroad ; and let's obey  
 The Proclamation made for May :  
 And sin no more, as we have done, by staying :  
 But my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

There's not a budding Boy, or Girle, this day,  
 But is got up, and gone to bring in May.  
 A deale of Youth, ere this, is come  
 Back, and with White-thorn laden home.  
 Some have dispatcht their Cakes and Creame,  
 Before that we have left to dreame :  
 And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted Troth.  
 And chose their Priest, ere we can cast off sloth :

Many a green-gown has been given ;  
 Many a kisse, both odde and even :  
 Many a glance too has been sent  
 From out the eye, Love's Firmament:  
 Many a jest told of the Keyes betraying  
 This night, and Locks pickt, yet w'are not a Maying!

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime ;  
 And take the harmlesse follie of the time.  
 We shall grow old apace, and die  
 Before we know our liberty.  
 Our life is short; and our dayes run  
 As fast away as do's the Sunne :  
 And as a vapour, or a drop of raine  
 Once lost, can ne'er be found againe :  
 So when or you or I are made  
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade ;  
 All love, all liking, all delight  
 Lies drown'd with us in endlesse night.  
 Then while time serves, and we are but decaying ;  
 Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

#### ON JULIA'S BREATH

BREATHE, Julia, breathe, and I'll protest,  
 Nay more, I'll deeply sweare,  
 That all the Spices of the East  
 Are circumfused there.

#### UPON A CHILD. AN EPITAPH

BUT borne, and like a short Delight,  
 I glided by my Parents sight.  
 That done, the harder Fates deny'd  
 My longer stay, and so I dy'd.  
 If pittying my sad Parents Teares,  
 You'll spil a tear or two, with theirs :  
 And with some flowrs my grave bestrew,  
 Love and they'll thank you for't. Adieu.

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT HORACE AND LYDIA, TRANSLATED ANNO 1627, AND SET BY MR. RO: RAMSEY

*Hor.* WHILE, Lydia, I was lov'd of thee,  
Nor any was preferr'd 'fore me  
To hug thy whitest neck : Then I,  
The Persian King liv'd not more happily.

*Lyd.* While thou no other didst affect,  
Nor Cloe was of more respect ;  
Then Lydia, far-fam'd Lydia,  
I flourish't more then Roman Ilia.

*Hor.* Now Thracian Cloe governs me,  
Skilfull i' th' Harpe, and Melodie :  
For whose affection, Lydia, I  
(So Fate spares her) am well content to die.

*Lyd.* My heart now set on fire is  
By Ornithes sonne, young Calais ;  
For whose commutuell flames here I  
(To save his life) twice am content to die.

*Hor.* Say our first loves we sho'd revoke,  
And sever'd, joyne in brazen yoke :  
Admit I Cloe put away,  
And love again love-cast-off Lydia :

*Lyd.* Though mine be brighter then the Star ;  
Thou lighter then the Cork by far ;  
Rough as th' Adratick sea, yet I  
Will live with thee, or else for thee will die.

THE CAPTIV'D BEE : OR, THE LITTLE FILCHER

As Julia once a-slumb'ring lay,  
It chanc't a Bee did flie that way,  
(After a dew, or dew-like shower)  
To tipple freely in a flower.



Alas for me! that I have lost  
   E'en all almost :  
 Sunk is my sight ; set is my Sun ;  
 And all the loome of life undone :  
 The staffe, the Elme, the prop, the shelt'ring wall  
   Whereon my Vine did crawle,  
 Now, now, blowne downe ; needs must the old stock  
   fall.

Yet, Porter, while thou keep'st alive,  
   In death I thrive :  
 And like a Phenix re-aspire  
 From out my Narde,<sup>1</sup> and Fun'rall fire :  
 And as I prune my feather'd youth, so I  
   Doe mar'l how I co'd die,  
 When I had Thee, my chiefe Preserver, by.

I'm up, I'm up, and blesse that hand,  
   Which makes me stand  
 Now as I doe ; and but for thee,  
 I must confesse, I co'd not be.  
 The debt is paid : for he who doth resigne  
   Thanks to the gen'rous Vine ;  
 Invites fresh Grapes to fill his Presse with Wine.

TO HIS DYING BROTHER, MASTER WILLIAM HERRICK

LIFE of my life, take not so soone Thy flight,  
 But stay the time till we have bade Good night.  
 Thou hast both Wind and Tide with thee ; Thy way  
 As soone dispatcht is by the Night, as Day.  
 Let us not then so rudely henceforth goe  
 Till we have wept, kist, sigh't, shook hands, or so.  
 There's paine in parting ; and a kind of hell,  
 When once true-lovers take their last Fare-well.

<sup>1</sup> An aromatic herb.



What? shall we two our endlesse leaves take here  
 Without a sad looke, or a solemne teare?  
 He knowes not Love, that hath not this truth proved,  
*Love is most loth to leave the thing beloved.*  
 Pay we our Vowes, and goe; yet when we part  
 Then, even then, I will bequeath my heart  
 Into thy loving hands: For Ile keep none  
 To warme my Breast, when thou my Pulse art gone.  
 No, here Ile last, and walk (a harmless shade)  
 About this Urne, wherein thy Dust is laid,  
 To guard it so, as nothing here shall be  
 Heavy, to hurt those sacred seeds of thee.

#### THE OLIVE BRANCH

SADLY I walk't within the field,  
 To see what comfort it wo'd yeeld:  
 And as I went my private way,  
 An Olive-branch before me lay:  
 And seeing it, I made a stay.  
 And took it up, and view'd it; then  
 Kissing the Omen, said Amen:  
 Be, be it so, and let this be  
 A Divination unto me:  
 That in short time my woes shall cease;  
 And Love shall crown my End with Peace.

#### TO CHERRY-BLOSSOMES

YE may simper, blush, and smile,  
 And perfume the aire a-while:  
 But (sweet things) ye must be gone;  
 Fruit, ye know, is comming on:  
 Then, Ah! Then, where is your grace,  
 When as Cherries come in place?

How LILLIES CAME WHITE

WHITE though ye be ; yet, Lillies, know,  
From the first ye were not so :

But Ile tell ye

What befell ye ;

Cupid and his Mother lay,  
In a Cloud ; while both did play,  
He with his pretty finger prest  
The rubie niplet of her breast ;  
Out of the which, the creame of light,  
Like to a Dew,  
Fell downe on you,  
And made ye white.

To PANSIES

Ah, cruell Love ! must I endure  
Thy many scorns, and find no cure ?  
Say, are thy medicines made to be  
Helps to all others, but to me ?  
Ile leave thee, and to Pansies come ;  
Comforts you'l afford me some :  
You can ease my heart, and doe  
What Love co'd ne'r be brought unto.

ON GELLI-FLOWERS BEGOTTEN

WHAT was't that fell but now  
From that warme kisse of ours ?  
Look, look, by Love I vow  
They were two Gelli-flowers.

Let's kisse, and kisse agen ;  
For if so be our closes  
Make Gelli-flowers, then  
I'm sure they'l fashion Roses.

## THE LILY IN A CRISTAL

You have beheld a smiling Rose  
When Virgins hands have drawn  
O'r it a Cobweb-Lawne :  
And here, you see, this Lilly shows,  
Tomb'd in a Cristal stone,  
More faire in this transparent case,  
Then when it grew alone ;  
And had but single grace. .

You see how Creame but naked is ;  
Nor daunces in the eye  
Without a Strawberrie :  
Or some fine tincture, like to this,  
Which draws the sight thereto,  
More by that wantoning with it ;  
Then when the paler hieu  
No mixture did admit.

You see how Amber through the streams  
More gently stroaks the sight,  
With some conceal'd delight ;  
Then when he darts his radiant beams  
Into the boundlesse aire :  
Where either too much light, his worth  
Doth all at once impaire,  
Or set it little forth.

Put Purple grapes, or Cherries in-  
To Glasse, and they will send  
More beauty to commend  
Them, from that cleane and subtile skin,  
Then if they naked stood,  
And had no other pride at all,  
But their own flesh and blood,  
And tinctures naturall.

Thus Lillie, Rose, Grape, Cherry, Creame,  
 And Straw-berry do stir  
 More love, when they transfer  
 A weak, a soft, a broken beame ;  
 Then if they sho'd discover  
 At full their proper excellence ;  
 Without some Scean cast over,  
 To juggle with the sense.

Thus let this Christal'd Lillie be  
 A Rule, how far to teach,  
 Your nakednesse must reach :  
 And that, no further, then we see  
 Those glaring colours laid  
 By Arts wise hand, but to this end  
 They sho'd obey a shade ;  
 Lest they too far extend.

So though y'are white as Swan, or Snow,  
 And have the power to move  
 A world of men to love :  
 Yet, when your Lawns & Silks shal flow ;  
 And that white cloud divide  
 Into a doubtful Twi-light ; then,  
 Then will your hidden Pride  
 Raise greater fires in men.

TO HIS BOOKE

LIKE to a Bride, come forth, my Booke, at last,  
 With all thy richest jewels over-cast :  
 Say, if there be 'mongst many jems here ; one  
 Deservelesse of the name of Paragon :  
 Blush not at all for that ; since we have set  
 Some Pearls on Queens, that have been counterfet.

## UPON SOME WOMEN

THOU who wilt not love, doe this ;  
 Learne of me what Woman is.  
 Something made of thred and thrumme ;  
 A meere Botch of all and some.  
 Pieces, patches, ropes of haire ;  
 In-laid Garbage ev'ry where.  
 Out-side silk, and out-side Lawne ;  
 Sceanes to cheat us neatly drawne.  
 False in legs, and false in thighs ;  
 False in breast, teeth, haire, and eyes :  
 False in head, and false enough ;  
 Onely true in shreds and stuffe.

## THE WELCOME TO SACK

So soft streams meet, so springs with gladder smiles  
 Meet after long divorcement by the Iles :  
 When Love (the child of likeness) urgeth on  
 Their Christal natures to an union.  
 So meet stolne kisses, when the Moonie nights  
 Call forth fierce Lovers to their wisht Delights :  
 So Kings & Queens meet, when Desire convinces  
 All thoughts, but such as aime at getting Princes,  
 As I meet thee. Soule of my life, and fame !  
 Eternall Lamp of Love ! whose radiant flame  
 Out-glares the Heav'ns Osiris ;<sup>1</sup> and thy gleams  
 Out-shine the splendour of his mid-day beams.  
 Welcome, O welcome my illustrious Spouse ;  
 Welcome as are the ends unto my Vowes :  
 I ! far more welcome then the happy soile,  
 The Sea-scourg'd Merchant, after all his toile,  
 Salutes with tears of joy ; when fires betray  
 The smoakie chimneys of his Ithaca.  
 Where hast thou been so long from my embraces,  
 Poore pittied Exile ? Tell me, did thy Graces  
 Flie discontented hence, and for a time  
 Did rather choose to blesse another clime ?

<sup>1</sup> 'The Sun.'—H.

Or went'st thou to this end, the more to move me,  
By thy short absence, to desire and love thee?  
Why frowns my Sweet? Why won't my Saint confer  
Favours on me, her fierce Idolater?  
Why are Those Looks, Those Looks the which have  
been

Time-past so fragrant, sickly now drawn in  
Like a dull Twi-light? Tell me; and the fault  
Ile expiate with Sulphur, Haire, and Salt:  
And with the Christal humour of the spring,  
Purge hence the guilt, and kill this quarrelling.  
Wo't thou not smile, or tell me what's amisse?  
Have I been cold to hug thee, too remisse,  
Too temp'rate in embracing? Tell me, has desire  
To thee-ward dy'd i' th' embers, and no fire  
Left in this rak't-up Ash-heap, as a mark  
To testifie the glowing of a spark?  
Have I divorc't thee onely to combine  
In hot Adult'ry with another Wine?  
True, I confesse I left thee, and appeale  
'Twas done by me, more to confirme my zeale,  
And double my affection on thee; as doe those,  
Whose love growes more enflam'd, by being Foes.  
But to forsake thee ever, co'd there be  
A thought of such like possibilitie?  
When thou thy selfe dar'st say, thy Iles shall lack  
Grapes, before Herrick leaves Canarie Sack.  
Thou mak'st me ayrie, active to be born,  
Like Iphyclus, upon the tops of Corn.  
Thou mak'st me nimble, as the wingèd howers,  
To dance and caper on the heads of flowers,  
And ride the Sun-beams. Can there be a thing  
Under the heavenly Isis,<sup>1</sup> that can bring  
More love unto my life, or can present  
My Genius with a fuller blandishment?  
Illustrious Idoll! co'd th' Ægyptians seek  
Help from the Garlick, Onyon, and the Leek,  
And pay no vowes to thee? who wast their best  
God, and far more transcendent then the rest?

<sup>1</sup> 'The Moon.'—H.



Had Cassius, that weak Water-drinker, known  
 Thee in thy Vine, or had but tasted one  
 Small Chalice of thy frantick liquor ; He  
 As the wise Cato had approv'd of thee.  
 Had not Joves son,<sup>1</sup> that brave Tyrinthian Swain,  
 (Invited to the Thesbian banquet) ta'ne  
 Full goblets of thy gen'rous blood ; his spright  
 Ne'er had kept heat for fifty Maids that night.  
 Come, come and kisse me ; Love and lust commends  
 Thee, and thy beauties ; kisse, we will be friends  
 Too strong for Fate to break us : Look upon  
 Me, with that full pride of complexion,  
 As Queenes, meet Queenes ; or come thou unto me,  
 As Cleopatra came to Anthonie ;  
 When her high carriage did at once present  
 To the Triumvir, Love and Wonderment.  
 Swell up my nerves with spirit ; let my blood  
 Run through my veines, like to a hasty flood.  
 Fill each part full of fire, active to doe  
 What thy commanding soule shall put it to.  
 And till I turne Apostate to thy love,  
 Which here I vow to serve, doe not remove  
 Thy Fiers from me ; but Apollo's curse  
 Blast these-like actions, or a thing that's worse ;  
 When these Circumstants shall but live to see  
 The time that I prevaricate from thee.  
 Call me *The sonne of Beere*, and then confine  
 Me to the Tap, the Tost, the Turfe : Let Wine  
 Ne'r shine upon me ; May my Numbers all  
 Run to a sudden Death, and Funerall.  
 And last, when thee (deare Spouse) I disavow,  
 Ne'r may Prophetique Daphne crown my Brow.

#### IMPOSSIBILITIES TO HIS FRIEND

MY faithful friend, if you can see  
 The Fruit to grow up, or the Tree :  
 If you can see the colour come  
 Into the blushing Peare, or Plum :

<sup>1</sup> 'Hercules.'—H.

If you can see the water grow  
 To cakes of Ice, or flakes of Snow :  
 If you can see, that drop of raine  
 Lost in the wild sea, once againe :  
 If you can see, how Dreams do creep  
 Into the Brain by easie sleep :  
 Then there is hope that you may see  
 Her love me once, who now hates me.

TO LIVE MERRILY, AND TO TRUST TO GOOD VERSES

Now is the time for mirth,  
 Nor cheek, or tongue be dumbe :  
 For with the flowrie earth,  
 The golden pomp is come.

The golden Pomp is come ;  
 For now each tree do's weare  
 (Made of her Pap and Gum)  
 Rich beads of Amber here.

Now raignes the Rose, and now  
 Th' Arabian Dew besmeares  
 My uncontrolled brow,  
 And my retorted haire.

Homer, this Health to thee,  
 In Sack of such a kind,  
 That it wo'd make thee see,  
 Though thou wert ne'r so blind.

Next, Virgil, Ile call forth,  
 To pledge this second Health  
 In Wine, whose each cup's worth  
 An Indian Common-wealth.

A Goblet next Ile drink  
 To Ovid ; and suppose,  
 Made be the pledge, he'd think  
 The world had all one Nose.

Then this immensive cup  
 Of Aromatike wine,  
 Catullus, I quaffe up  
 To that Terce Muse of thine.

Wild I am now with heat ;  
 O Bacchus ! coole thy Raies !  
 Or frantick I shall eate  
 Thy Thyrses, and bite the Bayes.

Round, round, the roof do's run ;  
 And being ravisht thus,  
 Come, I will drink a Tun  
 To my Propertius.

Now, to Tibullus, next,  
 This flood I drink to thee :  
 But stay ; I see a Text,  
 That this presents to me.

Behold, Tibullus lies  
 Here burnt, whose smal return  
 Of ashes, scarce suffice  
 To fill a little Urne.

Trust to good Verses then ;  
 They onely will aspire,  
 When Pyramids, as men,  
 Are lost, i' th' funerall fire.

And when all Bodies meet  
 In Lethe to be drown'd ;  
 Then onely Numbers sweet,  
 With endless life are crown'd.

#### FAIRE DAYES : OR, DAWNES DECEITFULL

FAIRE was the Dawne ; and but e'ne now the Skies  
 Shew'd like to Creame, enspir'd with Strawberries :  
 But on a sudden, all was chang'd and gone  
 That smil'd in that first sweet complexion.

Then Thunder-claps and Lightning did conspire  
To teare the world, or set it all on fire.  
What trust to things below, whenas we see,  
As Mèn, the Heavens have their Hypocrisie?

LIPS TONGUELESSE

For my part I never care  
For those lips, that tongue-ty'd are :  
Tell-tales I wo'd have them be  
Of my Mistresse, and of me.  
Let them prattle how that I  
Sometimes freeze, and sometimes frie .  
Let them tell how she doth move  
Fore or backward in her love :  
Let them speak by gentle tones,  
One and th' others passions :  
How we watch, and seldome sleep ;  
How by Willowes we doe weep :  
How by stealth we meet, and then  
Kisse, and sigh, so part agen.  
This the lips we will permit  
For to tell, not publish it.

TO THE FEVER, NOT TO TROUBLE JULIA

Th'AST dar'd too farre ; but Furie now forbear  
To give the least disturbance to her haire :  
But lesse presume to lay a Plait upon  
Her skins most smooth, and cleare expansion.  
'Tis like a Lawrie-Firmament as yet  
Quite dispossess of either fray, or fret.  
Come thou not neere that Filme so finely spred,  
Where no one piece is yet unlevell'd.  
This if thou dost, woe to thee Furie, woe,  
Ile send such Frost, such Haile, such Sleet, and  
Snow,

Such fears, quakes, Palsies, and such Heates as shall  
 Dead thee to th' most, if not destroy thee all.  
 And thou a thousand thousand times shalt be  
 More shak't thy selfe, then she is scorch't by thee.

#### TO VIOLETS

1. WELCOME, Maids of Honour,  
 You doe bring  
 In the Spring;  
 And wait upon her.
2. She has Virgins many,  
 Fresh and faire;  
 Yet you are  
 More sweet then any.
3. Y'are the Maiden Posies,  
 And so grac't,  
 To be plac't,  
 'Fore Damask Roses.
4. Yet though thus respected,  
 By and by  
 Ye doe lie,  
 Poore Girles, neglected.

#### TO CARNATIONS. A SONG

1. STAY while ye will, or goe;  
 And leave no scent behind ye:  
 Yet trust me, I shall know  
 The place, where I may find ye
2. Within my Lucia's cheek,  
 (Whose Livery ye weare)  
 Play ye at Hide or Seek,  
 I'm sure to find ye there.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

1. GATHER ye Rose-buds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a flying :  
And this same flower that smiles to day,  
To morrow will be dying.
2. The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,  
The higher he's a getting ;  
The sooner will his Race be run,  
And neerer he's to Setting.
3. That Age is best, which is the first,  
When Youth and Blood are warmer ;  
But being spent, the worse, and worst  
Times, still succeed the former.
4. Then be not coy, but use your time ;  
And while ye may, goe marry :  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

SAFETY TO LOOK TO ONES SELFE

For my neighbour Ile not know,  
Whether high he builds or no :  
Onely this Ile look upon,  
Firm be my foundation.  
Sound, or unsound, let it be ;  
'Tis the lot ordain'd for me.  
He who to the ground do's fall,  
*Has not whence to sink at all.*

TO HIS FRIEND, ON THE UNTUNEABLE TIMES

PLAY I co'd once ; but (gentle friend) you see  
My Harp hung up, here on the Willow tree.  
Sing I co'd once ; and bravely too enspire,  
(With luscious Numbers) my melodious Lyre.



Draw I co'd once (although not stocks or stones,  
 Amphion-like) men made of flesh and bones,  
 Whether I wo'd ; but (ah !) I know not how,  
 I feele in me, this transmutation now.  
 Griefe, (my deare friend) has first my Harp  
     unstrung ;  
 Wither'd my hand, and palsie-struck my tongue.

#### HIS POETRIE HIS PILLAR

1. ONELY a little more  
     I have to write,  
     Then Ile give o're,  
     And bid the world Good-night.
2. 'Tis but a flying minute,  
     That I must stay,  
     Or linger in it ;  
     And then I must away.
3. O time that cut'st down all !  
     And scarce leav'st here  
     Memoriall  
     Of any men that were.
4. How many lye forgot  
     In Vaults beneath ?  
     And piece-meale rot  
     Without a fame in death ?
5. Behold this living stone,  
     I reare for me,  
     Ne'r to be thrown  
     Downe, envious Time by thee.
6. Pillars let some set up,  
     (If so they please)  
     Here is my hope,  
     And my Pyramides.

SAFETY ON THE SHORE

WHAT though the sea be calme? Trust to the  
shore:

Ships have been drown'd, where late they danc't  
before.

A PASTORALL UPON THE BIRTH OF PRINCE CHARLES,  
PRESENTED TO THE KING, AND SET BY MR. NIC:  
LANIERE.

The Speakers, *Mirtillo*, *Amintas*, and *Amarillis*.

*Amin.* Good day, *Mirtillo*. *Mirt.* And to you no  
lesse:

And all faire Signs lead on our Shepardesse.

*Amar.* With all white luck to you. *Mirt.* But  
say, what news

Stirs in our Sheep-walk? *Amin.* None, save that  
my Ewes,

My Weathers, Lambes, and wanton Kids are well,

Smooth, faire, and fat; none better I can tell:

Or that this day Menalchas keeps a feast

For his Sheep-shearers. *Mir.* True, these are the  
least.

But, dear *Amintas*, and, sweet *Amarillis*,  
Rest but a while here, by this bank of Lillies.

And lend a gentle eare to one report

The Country has. *Amint.* From whence? *Amar.* From  
whence? *Mir.* The Court.

Three dayes before the Shutting in of May,  
(With whitest Wool be ever crown'd that day!)

To all our joy, a sweet-fac't child was borne,  
More tender then the childhood of the Morne.

*Chor.* Pan pipe to him, and bleats of lambs and  
sheep,

Let Lullaby the pretty Prince asleep!

*Mirt.* And that his birth sho'd be more singular,  
At Noone of Day, was seene a Silver Star,

Bright as the Wise-men's Torch, which guided them  
To God's sweet Babe, when borne at Bethlehem ;  
While Golden Angels (some have told to me)  
Sung out his Birth with Heav'nly Minstralsie.

*Amint.* O rare ! But is't a trespassee if we three  
Sho'd wend along his Baby-ship to see ?

*Mir.* Not so, not so. *Chor.* But if it chance to  
prove  
At most a fault, 'tis but a fault of love.

*Amar.* But, deare Mirtillo, I have heard it told,  
Those learned men brought Incense, Myrrhe, and  
Gold,

From Countries far, with store of Spices, (sweet)  
And laid them downe for Offerings at his feet.

*Mirt.* 'Tis true indeed ; and each of us will bring  
Unto our smiling, and our blooming King,  
A neat, though not so great an Offering.

*Amar.* A Garland for my Gift shall be  
Of flowers, ne'r suckt by th' theeving Bee :  
And all most sweet ; yet all lesse sweet then he.

*Amint.* And I will beare along with you  
Leaves dropping downe the honyed dew,  
With oaten pipes, as sweet, as new.

*Mirt.* And I a Sheep-hook will bestow,  
To have his little King-ship know,  
As he is Prince, he's Shepherd too.

*Chor.* Come let's away, and quickly let's be drest,  
And quickly give, *The swiftest Grace is best.*

And when before him we have laid our treasures,  
We'll blesse the Babe, Then back to Countrie  
pleasures.

#### TO THE LARK

Good speed, for I this day  
Betimes my Mattens say :  
Because I doe  
Begin to wooe :  
Sweet singing Lark,  
Be thou the Clark,

And know thy when  
 To say, Amen.  
 And if I prove  
 Blest in my love ;  
 Then thou shalt be  
 High-Priest to me,  
 At my returne,  
 To Incense burne ;  
 And so to solemnize  
 Love's and my Sacrifice.

THE BUBBLE. A SONG

To my revenge, and to her desp'rate feares,  
 Flie, thou made Bubble of my sighs, and tear<sup>s</sup>.  
 In the wild aire, when thou hast rowl'd about,  
 And (like a blasting Planet) found her out ;  
 Stoop, mount, passe by to take her eye, then glare  
 Like to a dreadfull Comet in the Aire :  
 Next, when thou dost perceive her fixèd sight,  
 For thy revenge to be most opposite ;  
 Then like a Globe, or Ball of Wild-fire, flie,  
 And break thy self in shivers on her eye.

A MEDITATION FOR HIS MISTRESS

1. You are a Tulip seen to day,  
 But (Dearest) of so short a stay ;  
 That where you grew, scarce man can say.
2. You are a lovely July-flower,  
 Yet one rude wind, or ruffling shower,  
 Will force you hence, (and in an houre.)
3. You are a sparkling Rose i' th' bud,  
 Yet lost, ere that chaste flesh and blood  
 Can shew where you or grew, or stood.

4. You are a full-spread faire-set Vine,  
And can with Tendrills love intwine,  
Yet dry'd, ere you distill your Wine.
5. You are like Balme inclosed (well)  
In Amber, or some Chrystall shell,  
Yet lost ere you transfuse your smell.
6. You are a dainty Violet,  
Yet wither'd, ere you can be set  
Within the Virgins Coronet.
7. You are the Queen all flowers among,  
But die you must (faire Maide) ere long,  
As He, the maker of this Song.

THE BLEEDING HAND : OR, THE SPRIG OF EGLANTINE  
GIVEN TO A MAID

FROM this bleeding hand of mine,  
Take this sprig of Eglantine.  
Which (though sweet unto your smell)  
Yet the fretfull bryar will tell,  
He who plucks the sweets shall prove  
Many thorns to be in Love.

LYRICK FOR LEGACIES

GOLD I've none, for use or show,  
Neither Silver to bestow  
At my death ; but thus much know,  
That each Lyrick here shall be  
Of my love a Legacie,  
Left to all posterity.  
Gentle friends, then doe but please,  
To accept such coynes as these ;  
As my last Remembrances.

A DIRGE UPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT VALIANT  
LORD, BERNARD STUART

1. HENCE, hence, profane ; soft silence let us have ;  
While we this Trentall<sup>1</sup> sing about thy Grave.

Had Wolves or Tigers seen but thee,  
They wo'd have shew'd civility ;  
And, in compassion of thy yeeres,  
Washt those thy purple wounds with tears.  
But since th'art slaine ; and in thy fall,  
The drooping Kingdome suffers all.

*Chor.* This we will doe ; we'll daily come  
And offer Tears upon thy Tomb :  
And if that they will not suffice,  
Thou shalt have soules for sacrifice.

Sleepe in thy peace, while we with spice perfume  
thee,  
And Cedar wash thee, that no times consume thee.

2. Live, live thou dost, and shalt ; for why ?  
*Soules doe not with their bodies die :*  
Ignoble off-springs, they may fall  
Into the flames of Funerall :  
Whenas the chosen seed shall spring  
Fresh, and for ever flourishing.

*Chor.* And times to come shall, weeping, read thy  
glory.  
Lesse in these Marble stones, then in thy  
story.

TO PERENNA, A MISTRESSE

DEARE Perenna, prethee come,  
And with Smallage dresse my Tomb .  
Adde a Cypresse-sprig thereto,  
With a teare ; and so Adieu.

<sup>1</sup> Dirge.



THE FAIRIE TEMPLE : OR, OBERON'S CHAPPELL.  
 DEDICATED TO MR. JOHN MERRIFIELD,  
 COUNSELLOR AT LAW

RARE Temples thou hast seen, I know,  
 And rich for in and outward show :  
 Survey this Chappell, built, alone,  
 Without or Lime, or Wood, or Stone :  
 Then say, if one th'ast seene more fine  
 Then this, the Fairies once, now Thine.

THE TEMPLE

AWAY enchac't with glasse & beads  
 There is, that to the Chappel leads :  
 Whose structure (for his holy rest)  
 Is here the Halcion's curious nest :  
 Into the which who looks shall see  
 His Temple of Idolatry :  
 Where he of God-heads has such store,  
 As Rome's Pantheon had not more.  
 His house of Rimmon this he calls,  
 Girt with small bones, instead of walls.  
 First, in a Neech, more black than jet  
 His Idol-Cricket there is set :  
 Then in a Polisht Ovall by  
 There stands his Idol-Beetle-flie :  
 Next in an Arch, akin to this,  
 His Idol-Canker seated is :  
 Then in a Round, is plac't by these,  
 His golden god, Cantharides.  
 So that where ere ye look, ye see,  
 No Capitoll, no Cornish free,  
 Or Freeze, from this fine Fripperie.  
 Now this the Fairies wo'd have known,  
 Theirs is a mixt Religion.  
 And some have heard the Elves it call  
 Part Pagan, part Papisticall.

If unto me all Tongues were granted,  
 I co'd not speak the Saints here painted.  
 Saint Tit, Saint Nit, Saint Is, Saint Itis,  
 Who 'gainst Mabs-state plac'd here right is.  
 Saint Will o' th' Wispe (of no great bignes)  
 But *alias* call'd here *Fatuus ignis*.  
 Saint Frip, Saint Trip, Saint Fill, S. Fillie,  
 Neither those other-Saint-ships will I  
 Here goe about for to recite  
 Their number (almost) infinite,  
 Which one by one here set downe are  
 In this most curious Calendar.  
 First, at the entrance of the gate,  
 A little-Puppet-Priest doth wait,  
 Who squeaks to all the commers there,  
*Favour your tongues, who enter here.*  
*Pure hands bring hither, without staine.*  
 A second pules, *Hence, hence profane.*  
 Hard by, i' th' shell of halfe a nut,  
 The Holy-water there is put :  
 A little brush of Squirrils haire,  
 (Compos'd of odde, not even paires)  
 Stands in the Platter, or close by,  
 To purge the Fairie Family.  
 Neere to the Altar stands the Priest,  
 There off'ring up the Holy-Grist :  
 Ducking in Mood, and perfect Tense,  
 With (much-good-do 't him) reverence.  
 The Altar is not here foure-square,  
 Nor in a forme Triangular ;  
 Not made of glasse, or wood, or stone,  
 But of a little Transverce bone ;  
 Which boyes, and Bruckel'd<sup>1</sup> children call  
 (Playing for Points and Pins) Cockall.<sup>2</sup>  
 Whose Linnen-Drapery is a thin  
 Subtile and ductile Codlin's skin ;  
 Which o're the board is smoothly spred,  
 With little Seale-work Damasked.

<sup>1</sup> 'Dirty.'

<sup>2</sup> 'Knuckle-bone.'

The Fringe that circumbinds it too,  
 Is Spangle-work of trembling dew,  
 Which, gently gleaming, makes a show,  
 Like Frost-work glitt'ring on the Snow.  
 Upon this fetuous<sup>1</sup> board doth stand  
 Something for Shew-bread, and at hand  
 (Just in the middle of the Altar)  
 Upon an end, the Fairie-Psalter,  
 Grac't with the Trout-flies curious wings,  
 Which serve for watched Ribbanings.  
 Now, we must know, the Elves are led  
 Right by the Rubrick, which they read.  
 And if Report of them be true,  
 They have their Text for what they doe;  
 I, and their Book of Canons too.  
 And, as Sir Thomas Parson tells,  
 They have their Book of Articles:  
 And if that Fairie Knight not lies,  
 They have their Book of Homilies:  
 And other Scriptures, that designe  
 A short, but righteous discipline.  
 The Bason stands the board upon  
 To take the Free-Oblation:  
 A little Pin-dust; which they hold  
 More precious, then we prize our gold:  
 Which charity they give to many  
 Poore of the Parish, (if there's any).  
 Upon the ends of these neat Railes  
 (Hatcht, with the Silver-light of snails,)  
 The Elves, in formall manner, fix  
 Two pure, and holy Candlesticks:  
 In either which a small tall bent  
 Burns for the Altars ornament.  
 For sanctity, they have, to these,  
 Their curious Copes and Surplices  
 Of cleanest Cobweb, hanging by  
 In their Religious Vesterie.  
 They have their Ash-pans, & their Brooms

<sup>1</sup> 'Neat.'

To purge the Chappel and the rooms :  
 Their many mumbling Masse-priests here,  
 And many a dapper Chorister.  
 There ush'ring Vergers, here likewise,  
 Their Canons, and their Chaunteries :  
 Of Cloyster-Monks they have enow,  
 I, and their Abby-lubbers too :  
 And if their Legend doe not lye,  
 They much affect the Papacie :  
 And since the last is dead, there's hope,  
 Elve Boniface shall next be Pope.  
 They have their Cups and Chalicees ;  
 Their Pardons and Indulgences :  
 Their Beads of Nits,<sup>1</sup> Bels, Books, & Wax  
 Candles (forsooth) and other knacks ·  
 Their Holy Oyle, their Fasting-Spittle ;  
 Their sacred Salt here, (not a little.)  
 Dry chips, old shooes, rags, grease, &  
     bones ;  
 Beside their Fumigations,  
 To drive the Devill from the Cod-piece  
 Of the Fryar, (of work an odde-piece.)  
 Many a trifle too, and trinket,  
 And for what use, scarce man wo'd think it.  
 Next, then, upon the Chanters side  
 An Apples-core is hung up dry'd,  
 With ratling Kirnils, which is rung  
 To call to Morn, and Even-Song.  
 The Saint, to which the most he prayes  
 And offers Incense Nights and dayes,  
 The Lady of the Lobster is,  
 Whose foot-pace he doth stroak and kisse,  
 And, humbly, chives of Saffron brings,  
 For his most cheerfull offerings.  
 When, after these, h'as paid his vows,  
 He lowly to the Altar bows :  
 And then he dons the Silk-worms shed,  
 (Like a Turks Turbant on his head),

<sup>1</sup> 'Nuts.'

And reverently departeth thence,  
 Hid in a cloud of Frankincense :  
 And by the glow-worms light wel guided,  
 Goes to the Feast that's now provided.

TO MISTRESSE KATHERINE BRADSHAW, THE LOVELY,  
 THAT CROWNED HIM WITH LAUREL

MY Muse in Meads has spent her many houres,  
 Sitting, and sorting severall sorts of flowers,  
 To make for others garlands : and to set  
 On many a head here, many a Coronet :  
 But, amongst All encircled here, not one  
 Gave her a day of Coronation ;  
 Till you (sweet Mistresse) came and enterwove  
 A Laurel for her, (ever young as love),  
 You first of all crown'd her ; she must of due,  
 Render for that, a crowne of life to you.

THE PLAUDITE, OR END OF LIFE

If after rude and boystrous seas,  
 My wearyed Pinnacle here finds ease :  
 If so it be I've gain'd the shore  
 With safety of a faithful Ore :  
 If having run my Barque on ground,  
 Ye see the agèd Vessell crown'd :  
 What's to be done? but on the Sands  
 Ye dance, and sing, and now clap hands.  
 The first Act's doubtfull, (but we say)  
 It is the last commends the Play.

TO THE MOST VERTUOUS MISTRESSE POT, WHO MANY  
 TIMES ENTERTAINED HIM

WHEN I through all my many Poems look,  
 And see your selfe to beautifie my Book ;  
 Me thinks that onely lustre doth appeare  
 A Light ful-filling all the Region here.



Guild still with flames this Firmament, and be  
 A Lamp Eternall to my Poetrie.  
 Which if it now, or shall hereafter shine,  
 'Twas by your splendour (Lady), not by mine.  
 The Oile was yours ; and that I owe for yet :  
*He payes the halfe, who do's confesse the Debt.*

TO MUSIQUE, TO BECALME HIS FEVER .

1. CHARM me asleep, and melt me so  
 With thy Delicious Numbers ;  
 That being ravisht, hence I goe  
 Away in easie slumbers.  
 Ease my sick head,  
 And make my bed,  
 Thou Power that canst sever  
 From me this ill :  
 And quickly still :  
 Though thou not kill  
 My Fever.
2. Thou sweetly canst convert the same  
 From a consuming fire,  
 Into a gentle-licking flame,  
 And make it thus expire.  
 Then make me weep  
 My paines asleep ;  
 And give me such repose,  
 That I, poore I,  
 May think, thereby,  
 I live and die  
 'Mongst Roses.
3. Fall on me like a silent dew,  
 Or like those Maiden shows,  
 Which, by the peepe of day, doe strew  
 A Baptime o're the flowers.  
 Melt, melt my paines,  
 With thy soft straines ;



That having ease me given,  
 With full delight,  
 I leave this light;  
 And take my flight  
 For Heaven.

UPON A GENTLEWOMAN WITH A SWEET VOICE

So long you did not sing, or touch your Lute,  
 We knew 'twas Flesh and Blood, that there sate mute.  
 But when your Playing, and your Voice came in,  
 'Twas no more you then, but a Cherubin.

UPON CUPID

As lately I a Garland bound,  
 'Mongst Roses, I there Cupid found :  
 I took him, put him in my cup,  
 And drunk with Wine, I drank him up.  
 Hence then it is, that my poore brest  
 Co'd never since find any rest.

UPON JULIA'S BREASTS

DISPLAY thy breasts, my Julia, there let me  
 Behold that circummortall purity :  
 Betweene whose glories, there my lips Ile lay,  
 Ravisht, in that faire *Via Lactea*.

BEST TO BE MERRY

FOOLES are they, who never know  
 How the times away doe goe :  
 But for us, who wisely see  
 Where the bounds of black Death be :  
 Let's live merrily, and thus  
 Gratifie the Genius.

THE CHANGES TO CORINNA

BE not proud, but now encline  
 Your soft care to Discipline.  
 You have changes in your life,  
 Sometimes peace, and sometimes strife :  
 You have ebbes of face and flowes,  
 As your health or comes, or goes ;  
 You have hopes, and doubtts, and feares  
 Numberlesse, as are your hairees.  
 You have Pulses that doe beat  
 High, and passions lesse of heat.  
 You are young, but must be old,  
 And, to these, ye must be told,  
 Time, ere long, will come and plow  
 Loathèd Forrowes in your brow :  
 And the dimnesse of your eye  
 Will no other thing imply,  
     But you must die  
     As well as I.

NEGLECT

*Art quickens Nature ; Care will make a face :  
 Neglected beauty perisheth apace.*

UPON HIMSELFE

MOP-ER'D I am as some have said,  
 Because I've liv'd so long a maid :  
 But grant that I sho'd wedded be,  
 Sho'd I a jot the better see ?  
 No, I sho'd think, that Marriage might,  
 Rather than mend, put out the light.

## UPON A PHYSITIAN

THOU cam'st to cure me (Doctor) of my cold,  
 And caught'st thy selfe the more by twenty fold :  
 Prethee goe home ; and for thy credit be  
 First cur'd thy selfe ; then come and cure me.

## TO THE ROSE SONG

1. Goe, happy Rose, and enterwove  
 With other Flowers, bind my Love.  
 Tell her too, she must not be,  
 Longer flowing, longer free,  
 That so oft has fetter'd me.
2. Say (if she's fretfull) I have bands  
 Of Pearle, and Gold, to bind her hands :  
 Tell her, if she struggle still,  
 I have Mirtle rods, (at will)  
 For to tame, though not to kill.
3. Take thou my blessing, thus, and goe,  
 And tell her this, but doe not so,  
 Lest a handsome anger flye,  
 Like a Lightning, from her eye,  
 And burn thee up, as well as I.

## TO HIS BOOKE

THOU art a plant sprung up to wither never,  
 But like a Laurell, to grow green for ever.

## UPON A PAINTED GENTLEWOMAN

MEN say y'are faire ; and faire ye are, 'tis true ;  
 But (Hark !) we praise the Painter now, not you.

DRAW GLOVES

At Draw-Gloves we'l play,  
 And prethee, let's lay  
 A wager, and let it be this ;  
 Who first to the Summe  
 Of twenty shall come,  
 Shall have for his winning a kisse.

TO MUSICK, TO BECALME A SWEET-SICK-YOUTH

CHARMS, that call down the moon from out her  
 sphere,  
 On this sick youth work your enchantments  
 here :  
 Bind up his senses with your numbers, so,  
 As to entrance his paine, or cure his woe.  
 Fall gently, gently, and a while him keep  
 Lost in the civill Wildernesse of sleep :  
 That done, then let him, dispossess of paine,  
 Like to a slumbring Bride, awake againe.

TO THE HIGH AND NOBLE PRINCE, GEORGE, DUKE,  
 MARQUESSE, AND EARLE OF BUCKINGHAM

NEVER my Book's perfection did appeare,  
 Til I had got the name of VILLARS here.  
 Now 'tis so full, that when therein I look,  
 I see a Cloud of Glory fills my Book.  
 Here stand it stil to dignifie our Muse,  
 Your sober Hand-maid ; who doth wisely chuse,  
 Your Name to be a Laureat-Wreathe to Hir,  
 Who doth both love and feare you Honour'd Sir.

## HIS RECANTATION

Love, I recant,  
 And pardon crave,  
 That lately I offended,  
 But 'twas,  
 Alas,  
 To make a brave,  
 But no disdaine intended.

No more Ile vaunt,  
 For now I see,  
 Thou onely hast the power,  
 To find,  
 And bind  
 A heart that's free,  
 And slave it in an houre.

## THE COMING OF GOOD LUCK

So Good-luck came, and on my roofo did light,  
 Like noyse-lesse Snow ; or as the dew of night :  
 Not all at once, but gently, as the trees  
 Are, by the Sun-beams, tickel'd by degrees.

## THE PRESENT : OR, THE BAG OF THE BEE

FLY to my Mistresse, pretty pilfring Bec,  
 And say, thou bring'st this Hony-bag from me :  
 When on her lip, thou hast thy sweet dew plac't,  
 Mark, if her tongue, but slily, steale a taste.  
 If so, we live ; if not, with mournfull humme,  
 Tole forth my death ; next, to my buryall come.

## ON LOVE

Love bade me aske a gift,  
 And I no more did move,  
 But this, that I might shift  
 Still with my clothes, my Love :

That favour granted was ;  
 Since which, though I love many,  
 Yet so it comes to passe,  
 That long I love not any.

THE HOCK-CART, OR HARVEST HOME: TO THE RIGHT  
 HONOURABLE, MILDMAY, EARLE OF WESTMORLAND.

COME, Sons of Summer, by whose toile,  
 We are the Lords of Wine and Oile ;  
 By whose tough labours, and rough hands,  
 We rip up first, then reap our lands.  
 Crown'd with the eares of corne, now come,  
 And, to the Pipe, sing Harvest home.  
 Come forth, my Lord, and see the Cart  
 Drest up with all the Country Art.  
 See, here a Maukin,<sup>1</sup> there a sheet,  
 As spotlesse pure, as it is sweet :  
 The Horses, Mares, and frisking Fillies,  
 (Clad, all, in Linnen, white as Lillies.)  
 The Harvest Swaines, and Wenches bound  
 For joy, to see the Hock-cart crown'd.  
 About the Cart, heare, how the Rout  
 Of Rurall Younglings raise the shout ;  
 Pressing before, some coming after,  
 Those with a shout, and these with laughter.  
 Some blesse the Cart ; some kisse the sheaves ;  
 Some prank them up with Oaken leaves :  
 Some crosse the Fill-horse ; some with great  
 Devotion, stroak the home-borne wheat :  
 While other Rusticks, lesse attent  
 To Prayers, then to Merriment,  
 Run after with their breeches rent.  
 Well, on, brave boyes, to your Lord's Hearth,  
 Glitt'ring with fire ; where, for your mirth,  
 Ye shall see first the large and cheefe  
 Foundation of your Feast, Fat Beefe :

A cloth.



With Upper Stories, Mutton, Veale  
 And Bacon, (which makes full the meale)  
 With sev'rall dishes standing by,  
 As here a Custard, there a Pie,  
 And here all-tempting Frumentie.  
 And for to make the merry cheere,  
 If smirking Wine be wanting here,  
 There's that, which drowns all care, stout Beere  
 Which freely drink to your Lords health,  
 Then to the Plough, (the Common-wealth)  
 Next to your Flailes, your Fanes, your Fatts ;  
 Then to the Maids with Wheaten Hats :  
 To the rough Sickle, and crookt Sythe,  
 Drink, frolick, boyes, till all be blythe.  
 Feed, and grow fat ; and as ye eat,  
 Be mindfull, that the lab'ring Neat  
 (As you) may have their fill of meat.  
 And know, besides, ye must revoke  
 The patient Oxe unto the Yoke,  
 And all goe back unto the Plough  
 And Harrow, (though they'r hang'd up now.)  
 And, you must know, your Lords words true,  
 Feed him ye must, whose food fils you.  
 And that this pleasure is like raine,  
 Not sent ye for to drowne your paine,  
 But for to make it spring againe.

#### THE PERFUME

To-morrow, Julia, I betimes must rise,  
 For some small fault, to offer sacrifice :  
 The Altar's ready ; Fire to consume  
 The fat ; breathe thou, and there's the rich  
 perfume.

#### UPON HER VOICE

Let but thy voice engender with the string,  
 And Angels will be borne, while thou dost sing.

NOT TO LOVE

HE that will not love, must be  
 My Scholar, and learn this of me :  
 There be in Love as many feares,  
 As the Summers Corne has eares :  
 Sighs, and sobs, and sorrowes more  
 Then the sand, that makes the shore :  
 Freezing cold, and fire heats,  
 Fainting swoones, and deadly sweats ;  
 Now an Ague, then a Fever,  
 Both tormenting Lovers ever.  
 Wods't thou know, besides all these,  
 How hard a woman 'tis to please ?  
 How crosse, how sullen, and how soone  
 She shifts and changes like the Moone.  
 How false, how hollow she's in heart ;  
 And how she is her owne least part :  
 How high she's priz'd, and worth but small ;  
 Little thou 'lt love, or not at all.

TO MUSICK. A SONG.

MUSICK, thou Queen of Heaven, Care-charming spel,  
 That strik'st a stilnesse into hell :  
 Thou that tam'st Tygers, and fierce storms (that rise)  
 With thy soule-melting Lullabies :  
 Fall down, down, down, from those thy chiming  
 spheres,  
 To charme our soules, as thou enchant'st our eares.

TO THE WESTERN WIND

1. SWEET Western Wind, whose luck it is,  
 (Made rivall with the aire)  
 To give Perenna's lip a kisse,  
 And fan her wanton haire.

2. Bring me but one, Ile promise thee,  
 Instead of common showers,  
 Thy wings shall be embalm'd by me,  
 And all beset with flowers.

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS SPARROW.  
 AN ELEGIE

WHY doe not all fresh maids appeare  
 To work Love's Sampler onely here,  
 Where spring-time smiles throughout the yeare?  
 Are not here Rose-buds, Pinks, all flowers,  
 Nature begets by th' Sun and showers,  
 Met in one Hearce-cloth, to ore-spread  
 The body of the under-dead?  
 Phill, the late dead, the late dead Deare,  
 O! may no eye distill a Teare  
 For you once lost, who weep not here!  
 Had Lesbia (too-too-kind) but known  
 This Sparrow, she had scorn'd her own:  
 And for this dead which under-lies,  
 Wept out her heart, as well as eyes.  
 But endlesse Peace, sit here, and keep  
 My Phill, the time he has to sleep,  
 And thousand Virgins come and weep,  
 To make these flowrie Carpets show  
 Fresh, as their blood; and ever grow,  
 Till passengers shall spend their doome,  
 Not Virgil's Gnat had such a Tomb.

TO PRIMROSES FILL'D WITH MORNING DEW

1. WHY doe ye weep, sweet Babes? can Tears  
 Speak griefe in you,  
 Who were but borne  
 Just as the modest Morne  
 'Teem'd her refreshing dew?

Alas, you have not known that shower,  
 That marres a flower ;  
 Nor felt th' unkind  
 Breath of a blasting wind ;  
 Nor are ye worne with yeares ;  
 Or warpt, as we,  
 Who think it strange to see,  
 Such pretty flowers, (like to Orphans young,)  
 To speak by Teares, before ye have a Tongue.

2. Speak, whimp'ring Younglings, and make known  
 The reason, why  
 Ye droop, and weep ;  
 Is it for want of sleep ?  
 Or childish Lullabie ?  
 Or that ye have not seen as yet  
 The Violet ?  
 Or brought a kisse  
 From that Sweet-heart, to this ?  
 No, no, this sorrow shown  
 By your teares shed,  
 Wo'd have this Lecture read,  
 That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,  
 Conceiv'd with grief are, and with teares brought  
 forth.

HOW ROSES CAME RED

ROSES at first were white,  
 Till they co'd not agree,  
 Whether my Sapho's breast,  
 Or they more white sho'd be.

But being vanquisht quite,  
 A blush their cheeks bespred :  
 Since which (beleieve the rest)  
 The Roses first came red.

COMFORT TO A LADY UPON THE DEATH OF HER  
HUSBAND

DRY your sweet cheek, long drown'd with sorrows  
    raine;  
Since Clouds disperst, Suns guild the Aire again.  
Seas chafe and fret, and beat, and over-boile;  
But turne soon after calme, as Balme, or Oile.  
Winds have their time to rage; but when they cease,  
The leavie-trees nod in a still-born peace.  
Your storme is over; Lady, now appeare  
Like to the peeping spring-time of the yeare.  
Off then with grave clothes; put fresh colours on;  
And flow, and flame, in your Vermillion.  
Upon your cheek sate Ysicles awhile;  
Now let the Rose raigne like a Queene, and smile.

HOW VIOLETS CAME BLEW

LOVE on a day (wise Poets tell)  
    Some time in wrangling spent,  
Whether the Violets sho'd excell,  
    Or she, in sweetest scent.  
But Venus having lost the day,  
    Poore Girles, she fell on you,  
And beat ye so, (as some dare say)  
    Her blowes did make ye blew.

TO THE WILLOW-TREE

1. THOU art to all lost love the best,  
    The onely true plant found,  
Wherewith young men and maids distrest,  
    And left of love, are crown'd.
2. When once the Lovers Rose is dead,  
    Or laid aside forlorne;  
Then Willow-garlands, 'bout the head,  
    'Bedew'd with teares, are worne.

3. When with Neglect, (the Lovers bane)  
Poore Maids rewarded be,  
For their love lost ; their onely gaine  
Is but a Wreathe from thee.
4. And underneath thy cooling shade,  
(When weary of the light)  
The love-spent Youth, and love-sick Maid  
Come to weep out the night.

MRS. ELIZ. WHEELER, UNDER THE NAME OF THE  
LOST SHEPARDASSE.

Among the Mirtles, as I walkt,  
Love and my sighs thus intertalkt :  
Tell me, said I, in deep distresse,  
Where I may find my Shepardesse.  
Thou foole, said Love, know'st thou not this?  
In every thing that's sweet, she is.  
In yond' Carnation goe and seek,  
There thou shalt find her lip and cheek :  
In that ennamel'd Pansie by,  
There thou shalt have her curious eye .  
In bloome of Peach, and Roses bud,  
There waves the Streamer of her blood.  
'Tis true, said I, and thereupon  
I went to pluck them one by one,  
To make of parts an union ;  
But on a sudden all were gone.  
At which I stopt ; Said Love, these be  
The true resemblances of thee ;  
For as these flowers, thy joyes must die,  
And in the turning of an eye ;  
And all thy hopes of her must wither,  
Like those short sweets ere knit together.

TO THE KING

If when these Lyricks (CESAR) You shall heare,  
And that Apollo shall so touch Your eare,



As for to make this, that, or any one  
 Number, Your owne, by free Adoption ;  
 That Verse, of all the Verses here, shall be  
 The Heire to This great Realme of Poetry.

### TO THE QUEENE

*GODDESSE of Youth, and Lady of the Spring,  
 (Most fit to be the Consort to a King)*  
 Be pleas'd to rest you in This Sacred Grove,  
 Beset with Mirtles ; whose each leafe drops Love.  
 Many a sweet-fac't Wood-Nymph here is seene,  
 Of which chast Order You are now the Queene :  
 Witnesse their Homage, when they come and strew  
 Your Walks with Flowers, and give their Crowns to  
 you.  
 Your Leavie-Throne (with Lilly-work) possesse ;  
 And be both Princesse here, and Poetresse.

### THE POETS GOOD WISHES FOR THE MOST HOPEFULL AND HANDSOME PRINCE, THE DUKE OF YORKE

MAY his pretty Duke-ship grow  
 Like t' a Rose of Jericho :  
 Sweeter far, then ever yet  
 Showrs or Sun-shines co'd beget.  
 May the Graces, and the Howers  
 Strew his hopes, and Him with flowers :  
 And so dresse him up with Love,  
 As to be the Chick of Jove.  
 May the thrice-three-Sisters sing  
 Him the Soveraigne of their Spring :  
 And entitle none to be  
 Prince of Hellicon, but He.  
 May his soft foot, where it treads,  
 Gardens thence produce and Meads :  
 And those Meddowes full be set  
 With the Rose, and Violet.

May his ample Name be knowne  
To the last succession :  
And his actions high be told  
Through the world, but writ in gold.

TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANY THING

1. Bid me to live, and I will live  
Thy Protestant to be :  
Or bid me love, and I will give  
A loving heart to thee.
2. A heart as soft, a heart as kind,  
A heart as sound and free,  
As in the whole world thou canst find,  
That heart Ile give to thee.
3. Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,  
To honour thy Decree :  
Or bid it languish quite away,  
And 't shall doe so for thee.
4. Bid me to weep, and I will weep,  
While I have eyes to see :  
And having none, yet I will keep  
A heart to weep for thee.
5. Bid me despaire, and Ile despaire,  
Under that Cypresse tree :  
Or bid me die, and I will dare  
E'en Death, to die for thee
6. Thou art my life, my love, my heart,  
The very eyes of me :  
And hast command of every part,  
To live and die for thee.

## UPON A MAID THAT DYED THE DAY SHE WAS MARRIED

THAT Morne which saw me made a Bride,  
The Ev'ning witnest that I dy'd.  
Those holy lights, wherewith they guide  
Unto the bed the bashfull Bride;  
Serv'd, but as Tapers, for to burne,  
And light my Reliques to their Urne.  
This Epitaph, which here you see,  
Supply'd the Epithalamie.

## TO MEDDOWES

1. YE have been fresh and green,  
Ye have been fill'd with flowers :  
And ye the Walks have been  
Where Maids have spent their houres.
2. You have beheld, how they  
With Wicker Arks did come  
To kisse, and beare away  
The richer Couslips home.
3. Y'ave heard them sweetly sing,  
And seen them in a Round :  
Each Virgin, like a Spring,  
With Hony-succles crown'd.
4. But now, we see, none here,  
Whose silv'rie feet did tread,  
And with dishevell'd Haire,  
Adorn'd this smoother Mead.
5. Like Unthrifths, having spent  
Your stock, and needy grown,  
Y'are left here to lament  
Your poore estates, alone.

TO HIS HOUSEHOLD GODS

RISE, Household-gods, and let us goe ;  
 But whither, I my selfe not know.  
 First, let us dwell on rudest seas ;  
 Next, with severest Salvages ;  
 Last, let us make our best abode,  
 Where humane foot, as yet, n'er trod :  
 Search worlds of Ice ; and rather there  
 Dwell, then in lothed Devonshire.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE, AND ROBIN RED-BREST

WHEN I departed am, ring thou my knell,  
 Thou pittifull, and pretty Philomel :  
 And when I'm laid out for a Corse ; then be  
 Thou Sexton (Red-brest) for to cover me.

TO THE YEW AND CYPRESSE TO GRACE HIS  
 FUNERALL

1.                BOTH you two have  
                  Relation to the grave :  
                  And where  
          The Fun'rall-Trump sounds, you are there.
2.                I shall be made  
                  Ere long a fleeting shade :  
                  Pray come,  
          And doe some honour to my Tomb.
3.                Do not deny  
                  My last request ; for I  
                  Will be  
          Thankfull to you, or friends, for me.

## I CALL AND I CALL

I CALL, I call : who doe ye call?  
 The Maids to catch this Cowslip-ball :  
 But since these Cowslips fading be,  
 Troth, leave the flowers, and Maids, take me.  
 Yet, if that neither you will doe,  
 Speak but the word, and Ile take you.

## ON A PERFUM'D LADY

You say y' are sweet ; how sho'd we know  
 Whether that you be sweet or no?  
 From Powders and Perfumes keep free ;  
 Then we shall smell how sweet you be.

A NUPTIAL SONG, OR EPITHALAMIE, ON SIR  
CLIPESBY CREW AND HIS LADY

1. WHAT 's that we see from far? the spring of Day  
 Bloom'd from the East, or faire Injewel'd May  
     Blowne out of April ; or some New-  
     Star fill'd with glory to our view,  
         Reaching at heaven,  
 To adde a nobler Planet to the seven?  
     Say, or doe we not descrie  
 Some Goddesses, in a cloud of Tiffanie  
         To move, or rather the  
     Emergent Venus from the Sea?
2. 'Tis she ! 'tis she ! or else some more Divine  
 Enlightned substance ; mark how from the Shrine  
     Of holy Saints she paces on,  
     Treading upon Vermilion  
         And Amber ; Spice-  
 ing the Chaf't-Aire with fumes of Paradise.  
     Then come on, come on, and yeeld  
 A savour like unto a blessed field,  
         When the bedabled Morne  
     Washes the golden eares of corne.

3. See where she comes ; and smell how all the street  
Breathes Vine-yards and Pomgranates: O how sweet!  
As a fir'd Altar, is each stone,  
Perspiring pounded Cynamon.  
The Phenix nest,  
Built up of odours, burneth in her breast.  
Who therein wo'd not consume  
His soule to Ash-heaps in that rich perfume?  
Bestroaking Fate the while  
He burns to Embers on the Pile.
4. Himen, O Himen ! tread the sacred ground ;  
Shew thy white feet, and head with Marjoram  
crown'd :  
Mount up thy flames, and let thy Torch  
Display the Bridegroom in the porch,  
In his desires  
More trowing, more disparkling then thy fires :  
Shew her how his eyes do turne  
And roule about, and in their motions burne  
Their balls to Cindars : haste,  
Or else to ashes he will waste.
5. Glide by the banks of Virgins then, and passe  
The Shewers of Roses, lucky four-leav'd grasse :  
The while the cloud of younglings sing,  
And drown yee with a flowrie Spring :  
While some repeat  
Your praise, and bless you, sprinkling you with  
Wheat :  
While that others doe divine ;  
*Blest is the Bride on whom the Sun doth shine ;*  
And thousands gladly wish  
You multiply, as doth a Fish.
6. And beautious Bride we do confess y' are wise,  
In dealing forth these bashfull jealousies :  
In Lov's name do so ; and a price  
Set on your selfe, by being nice :  
But yet take heed ;  
What now you seem, be not the same indeed,



- And turne Apostate : Love will  
 Part of the way be met ; or sit stone-still.  
     On then, and though you slowly  
     go, yet, howsoever, go.
7. And now y'are enter'd ; see the Codled <sup>1</sup> Cook  
 Runs from his Torrid Zone, to prie, and look,  
 And blesse his dainty Mistresse : see,  
 The Aged point out, This is she,  
     Who now must sway  
 The House (Love shield her) with her Yea and Nay :  
 And the smirk Butler thinks it  
 Sin, in's Nap'rie, not to express his wit ;  
     Each striving to devise  
     Some gin, wherewith to catch your eyes.
8. To bed, to bed, kind Turtles, now, and write  
 This the short'st day, and this the longest night ;  
 But yet too short for you : 'tis we,  
 Who count this night as long as three,  
     Lying alone,  
 Telling the Clock strike Ten, Eleven, Twelve, One  
 Quickly, quickly then prepare ;  
 And let the Young-men and the Bride-maids share  
     Your Garters ; and their joynts  
     Encircle with the Bride-grooms Points.
9. By the Brides eyes, and by the teeming life  
 Of her green hopes, we charge ye, that no strife,  
 (Farther then Gentlenes tends) gets place  
 Among ye, striving for her lace :  
     O doe not fall  
 Foule in these noble pastimes, lest ye call  
 Discorde in, and so divide  
 The youthfull Bride-groom, and the fragrant Bride  
     Which Love fore-fend ; but spoken  
     Be't to your praise, no peace was broken.
10. Strip her of Spring-time, tender-whimpring-maids,  
 Now Autumne's come, when all those flowrie aids

<sup>1</sup> 'Scorched.'

- Of her Delays must end ; Dispose  
 That Lady-smock, that Pansie, and that Rose  
                                 Neatly apart ;  
 But for Prick-madam, and for Gentle-heart ;  
     And soft Maidens-blush, the Bride  
 Makes holy these, all others lay aside :  
                                 Then strip her, or unto her  
 Let him come, who dares undo her.
11. And to enchant yee more, see every where  
 About the Roofe a Syren in a Sphere ;  
     (As we think) singing to the dinne  
     Of many a warbling Cherubin :  
                                 O marke yee how  
 The soule of Nature melts in numbers : now  
     See, a thousand Cupids flye,  
 To light their Tapers at the Brides bright eye.  
                                 To Bed ; or her they'l tire,  
     Were she an Element of fire.
12. And to your more bewitching, see, the proud  
 Plumpe Bed beare up, and swelling like a cloud,  
     Tempting the two too modest ; can  
     Yee see it brusle like a Swan,  
                                 And you be cold  
 To meet it, when it woo's and seemes to fold  
     The Armes to hugge it? throw, throw  
 Your selves into the mighty over-flow  
                                 Of that white Pride, and Drowne  
     The night, with you, in floods of Downe.
13. The bed is ready, and the maze of Love  
 Lookes for the treaders ; every where is wove  
     Wit and new misterie ; read, and  
     Put in practise, to understand  
                                 And know each wile,  
 Each hieroglyphick of a kisse or smile ;  
     And do it to the full ; reach  
 High in your own concept, and some way teach  
                                 Nature and Art, one more  
     Play then they ever knew before.

14. If needs we must for Ceremonies-sake,  
 Blesse a Sack-posset ; Luck go with it ; take  
     The Night-Charme quickly ; you have spells,  
     And magicks for to end, and hells,  
         To passe ; but such  
 And of such Torture as no one would grutch  
     To live therein for ever : Frie  
 And consume, and grow again to die,  
     And live, and in that case,  
     Love the confusion of the place.
15. But since It must be done, dispatch, and sowe  
 Up in a sheet your Bride, and what if so  
     It be with Rock, or walles of Brasse,  
     Ye Towre her up, as Danae was ;  
         Thinke you that this,  
 Or hell it selfe a powerfull Bulwarke is ?  
     I tell yee no ; but like a  
 Bold bolt of thunder he will make his way,  
     And rend the cloud, and throw  
     The sheet about, like flakes of snow.
16. All now is husht in silence ; Midwife-moone,  
 With all her Owle-ey'd issue begs a boon  
     Which you must grant ; that's entrance ; with  
     Which extract, all we can call pith  
         And quintiscent  
 Of Planetary bodies ; so commence  
     All faire Constellations  
 Looking upon yee, That two Nations  
     Springing from two such Fires,  
 May blaze the vertue of their Sires.

#### THE SILKEN SNAKE

For sport my Julia threw a Lace  
 Of silke and silver at my face :  
 Watchet<sup>1</sup> the silke was ; and did make  
 A shew, as if 't 'ad been a snake :  
 The suddenness did me affright ;  
 But though it scar'd, it did not bite.

<sup>1</sup> 'Dark blue.'

UPON HIMSELF

I AM Sive-like, and can hold  
 Nothing hot, or nothing cold.  
 Put in Love, and put in too  
 Jealousie, and both will through :  
 Put in Feare, and hope, and doubt ;  
 What comes in, runnes quickly out :  
 Put in secrecies withall,  
 Whatere enters, out it shall :  
 But if you can stop the Sive,  
 For mine own part, I'de as lieve  
 Maides sho'd say, or Virgins sing,  
 Herrick keeps, as holds nothing.

UPON LOVE

LOVE's a thing, (as I do heare)  
 Ever full of pensive feare ;  
 Rather then to which I'le fall,  
 Trust me, I'le not like at all :  
 If to love I should entend,  
 Let my haire then stand an end :  
 And that terrour likewise prove  
 Fatall to me in my love.  
 But if horroure cannot slake  
 Flames, which wo'd an entrance make ;  
 Then the next thing I desire,  
 Is to love, and live i' th' fire.

TO ALL YOUNG MEN THAT LOVE

I COULD wish you all, who love,  
 That ye could your thoughts remove  
 From your Mistresses, and be,  
 Wisely wanton (like to me.)  
 I could wish you dispossess  
 Of that *Fiend that marres your rest* ;  
 And with Tapers comes to fright  
 Your weake senses in the night.

I co'd wish, ye all, who frie  
 Cold as Ice, or coole as I.  
 But if flames best like ye, then  
 Much good do 't ye Gentlemen.  
 I a merry heart will keep,  
 While you wring your hands and weep.

## THE EYES

'Tis a known principle in War,  
 The eies be first, that conquer'd are.

## NO FAULT IN WOMEN

No fault in women to refuse  
 The offer, which they most wo'd chuse.  
 No fault in women, to confesse  
 How tedious they are in their dresse.  
 No fault in women, to lay on  
 The tincture of Vermillion :  
 And there to give the cheek a die  
 Of white, where nature doth deny.  
 No fault in women, to make show  
 Of largeness, when th' are nothing so :  
 (When true it is, the outside swells  
 With inward Buckram, little else.)  
 No fault in women, though they be  
 But seldome from suspition free :  
 No fault in womankind, at all,  
 If they but slip, and never fall.

## OBERONS FEAST

*SHAPCOT! <sup>1</sup> to thee the Fairy State  
 I with discretion, dedicate.  
 Because thou prizest things that are  
 Curious, and un-familiar  
 Take first the feast ; these dishes gone ;  
 Wee 'l see the Fairy-Court anon.*

<sup>1</sup> Shapcot, Thomas, a lawyer, the poet's friend.



A LITTLE mushroome-table spred,  
 After short prayers, they set on bread ;  
 A Moon-parcht grain of purest wheat,  
 With some small glit'ring gritt, to eate  
 His choyce bitts with ; then in a trice  
 They make a feast lesse great then nice.  
 But all this while his eye is serv'd,  
 We must not thinke his eare was sterv'd  
 But that there was in place to stir  
 His Spleen, the chirring Grasshopper ;  
 The merry Cricket, puling Flie,  
 The piping Gnat for minstralcy.  
 And now, we must imagine first,  
 The Elves present to quench his thirst  
 A pure seed-Pearle of Infant dew,  
 Brought and besweetned in a blew  
 And pregnant violet ; which done,  
 His kitling eyes begin to runne  
 Quite through the table, where he spies  
 The hornes of paperie Butterflies :  
 Of which he eates, and tastes a little  
 Of that we call the Cuckoes spittle.  
 A little Fuz-ball pudding stands  
 By, yet not blessed by his hands,  
 That was too coorse ; but then forthwith  
 He ventures boldly on the pith  
 Of sugred Rush, and eates the sagge<sup>1</sup>  
 And well bestrutted<sup>2</sup> Bees sweet bagge :  
 Gladding his pallat with some store  
 Of Emits eggs ; what wo'd he more ?  
 But Beards of Mice, a Newt's stew'd thigh,  
 A bloated Earewig, and a Flie ;  
 With the Red-capt worme, that 's shut  
 Within the concave of a Nut,  
 Browne as his Tooth. A little Moth,  
 Late fatned in a piece of cloth :  
 With withered cherries ; Mandrakes eares ;  
 Moles eyes ; to these, the slain-Stags teares

<sup>1</sup> 'Swinging backwards and forwards.'

<sup>2</sup> 'With legs wide apart.'



The unctuous dewlaps of a Snail ;  
 The broke-heart of a Nightingale  
 Ore-come in musicke ; with a wine,  
 Ne're ravisht from the flattering Vine,  
 But gently prest from the soft side  
 Of the most sweet and dainty Bride,  
 Brought in a dainty daizie, which  
 He fully quaffs up to bewitch  
 His blood to height ; this done, commended  
 Grace by his Priest ; *The feast is ended.*

## UPON HER BLUSH

WHEN Julia blushes, she do's show  
 Cheeks like to Roses, when they blow.

## TO VIRGINS

HEARE, ye Virgins, and Ile teach,  
 What the times of old did preach.  
 Rosamond was in a Bower  
 Kept, as Danae, in a Tower :  
 But yet Love (who subtile is)  
 Crept to that, and came to this.  
 Be ye lockt up like to these,  
 Or the rich Hesperides ;  
 Or those Babies in your eyes,  
 In their Christall Nunneries ;  
 Notwithstanding Love will win,  
 Or else force a passage in :  
 And as coy be, as you can,  
 Gifts will get ye, or the man.

## THE BELL-MAN

FROM noise of Scare-fires rest ye free,  
 From Murders *Benedicite*.  
 From all mischances, that may fright  
 Your pleasing slumbers in the night :

Mercie secure ye all, and keep  
The Goblin from ye, while ye sleep.  
Past one aclock, and almost two,  
My Masters all, Good day to you.

BASHFULNESSE

OF all our parts, the eyes expresse  
The sweetest kind of bashfulnesse.

TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHT GENTLEMAN, MASTER  
EDWARD NORSGATE, CLARK OF THE SIGNET TO  
HIS MAJESTY. EPIG.

FOR one so rarely tun'd to fit all parts ;  
For one to whom espous'd are all the Arts ;  
Long have I sought for : but co'd never see  
Them all concenter'd in one man, but Thee.  
Thus, thou, that man art, whom the Fates conspir'd  
To make but one (and that's thy selfe) admir'd.

UPON PRUDENCE BALDWIN HER SICKNESS

PRUE, my dearest Maid, is sick,  
Almost to be Lunatick :  
Æsculapius ! come and bring  
Means for her recovering ;  
And a gallant Cock shall be  
Offer'd up by Her, to Thee.

TO APOLLO. A SHORT HYMNE

PHŒBUS ! when that I a Verse,  
Or some numbers more rehearse ;  
Tune my words, that they may fall,  
Each way smoothly Musically :  
For which favour, there shall be  
Swans devoted unto thee.

## A HYMNE TO BACCHUS

BACCHUS, let me drink no more ;  
 Wild are Seas, that want a shore.  
 When our drinking has no stint,  
 There is no one pleasure in 't.  
 I have drank up for to please  
 Thee, that great cup Hercules :  
 Urge no more ; and there shall be  
 Daffadills g'en up to Thee.

## ON HIMSELFE

HERE down my wearyed limbs Ile lay ;  
 My Pilgrims staffe ; my weed of gray :  
 My Palmers hat ; my Scallops shell ;  
 My Crosse ; my Cord ; and all farewell.  
 For having now my journey done,  
 (Just at the setting of the Sun)  
 Here I have found a Chamber fit,  
 (God and good friends be thank't for it)  
 Where if I can a lodger be  
 A little while from Trampers<sup>1</sup> free ;  
 At my up-rising next, I shall,  
 If not requite, yet thank ye all.  
 Meanwhile, the Holy-Rood hence fright  
 The fouler Fiend, and evill Spright,  
 From scaring you or yours this night.

## UPON A CHILD THAT DYED

HERE she lies, a pretty bud,  
 Lately made of flesh and blood :  
 Who, as soone, fell fast asleep,  
 As her little eyes did peep.  
 Give her strewings ; but not stir  
 The earth, that lightly covers her.

<sup>1</sup> 'Trampers,' 'tramps.'

CONTENT, NOT CATES

'Tis not the food, but the content  
That makes the Tables merriment.  
•Where Trouble serves the board, we eate  
The Platters there, as soone as meat.  
A little Pipkin with a bit  
Of Mutton, or of Veale in it,  
Set on my Table, (Trouble-free)  
More then a Feast contenteth me.

THE ENTERTAINMENT: OR, PORCH-VERSE, AT THE  
MARRIAGE OF MR. HEN. NORTHLI, AND THE  
MOST WITTY MRS. LETTICE YARD.

WHEELCOME! but yet no entrance, till we blesse  
First you, then you, and both for white successe.  
Profane no Porch young man and maid, for fear  
Ye wrong the Threshold-god, that keeps peace here:  
Please him, and then all good-luck will betide  
You, the brisk Bridegroom, you the dainty Bride.  
Do all things sweetly, and in comely wise;  
Put on your Garlands first, then Sacrifice;  
That done; when both of you have seemly fed,  
We'll call on Night, to bring ye both to Bed:  
Where being laid, all Faire signes looking on,  
Fish-like, encrease then to a million:  
And millions of spring-times may ye have,  
Which spent, one death bring to ye both one Grave.

THE GOOD-NIGHT OR BLESSING

BLESSINGS, in abundance come,  
To the Bride, and to her Groome;  
May the Bed, and this short night,  
Know the fulness of delight!  
Pleasures, many here attend ye,  
And ere long, a Boy, Love send ye

Curld and comely, and so trimme,  
 Maides (in time) may ravish him.  
 Thus a dew of Graces fall  
 On ye both ; Goodnight to all.

TO DAFFADILLS

1. FAIRE Daffadills, we weep to see  
 You haste away so soone :  
 As yet the early-rising Sun  
 Has not attain'd his Noone.  
     Stay, stay,  
 Until the hasting day  
     Has run  
 But to the Even-song ;  
 And, having pray'd together, we  
     Will go with you along.
2. We have short time to stay, as you,  
 We have as short a Spring ;  
 As quick a growth to meet Decay,  
 As you, or any thing.  
     We die,  
 As your hours doe, and drie  
     Away,  
 Like to the Summers raine ;  
 Or as the pearles of Mornings dew  
     Ne'r to be found againe.

UPON A LADY THAT DYED IN CHILD-BED, AND LEFT  
 A DAUGHTER BEHIND HER

As Gilly flowers do but stay  
 To blow, and seed, and so away ;  
 So you sweet Lady (sweet as May)  
 The gardens-glory liv'd a while,  
 To lend the world your scent and smile.

But when your own faire print was set  
 Once in a Virgin Flosculet,  
 (Sweet as your selfe, and newly blown)  
 To give that life, resign'd your own :  
 But so, as still the mothers power  
 Lives in the pretty Lady-flower.

**A NEW YEARES GIFT SENT TO SIR SIMEON STEWARD**

No news of Navies burnt at Seas ;  
 No noise of late spawn'd Tittyries :<sup>1</sup>  
 No closset plot, or open vent,  
 That frights men with a Parliament :  
 No new devise, or late-found trick,  
 To read by th' Starres, the Kingdoms sick :  
 No ginne to catch the State, or wring  
 The free-born Nosthrills of the King,  
 We send to you ; but here a jolly  
 Verse crown'd with Yvie, and with Holly :  
 That tels of Winters Tales and Mirth,  
 That Milk-Maids make about the hearth,  
 Of Christmas sports, the Wassell-boule,  
 That tost up, after Fox-i' th' hole :  
 Of Blind-man-buffe, and of the care  
 That young men have to shooe the Mare :  
 Of Twelf-tide Cakes, of Pease, and Beanes  
 Wherewith ye make those merry Sceanes,  
 Whenas ye chuse your King and Queen,  
 And cry out, *Hey, for our town green.* X  
 Of Ash-heapes, in the which ye use  
 Husbands and Wives by streakes to chuse :  
 Of crackling Laurell, which fore-sounds  
 A Plenteous harvest to your grounds :  
 Of these, and such like things, for shift,  
 We send in stead of New-yeares gift.  
 Read then, and when your faces shine  
 With bucksome meat and capring Wine :

<sup>1</sup> 'Members of a club which took its name from Virgil'



Remember us in Cups full crown'd,  
 And let our Citie-health go round,  
 Quite through the young maids and the men,  
 To the ninth number, if not tennie ;  
 Until the fired Chesnuts leape  
 For joy, to see the fruits ye reape,  
 From the plumpe Challice, and the Cup,  
 That tempts till it be tossèd up :  
 Then as ye sit about your embers,  
 Call not to mind those fled Decembers ;  
 But think on these, that are t' appeare,  
 As Daughters to the instant yeare :  
 Sit crown'd with Rose-buds, and carouse,  
 Till *Liber Pater* twirles the house  
 About your eares ; and lay upon  
 The yeare (your cares) that's fled and gon.  
 And let the russet Swaines the Plough  
 And Harrow hang up resting now ;  
 And to the Bag-pipe all addresse ;  
 Till sleep takes place of wearinesse.  
 And thus, throughout, with Christmas playes  
 Frolick the full twelve Holy-dayes.

#### MATTENS, OR MORNING PRAYER

WHEN with the Virgin morning thou do'st rise,  
 Crossing thy selfe ; come thus to sacrifice :  
 First wash thy heart in innocence, then bring  
 Pure hands, pure habits, pure, pure every thing. .  
 Next to the Altar humbly kneele, and thence,  
 Give up thy soule in clouds of frankinsence.  
 Thy golden Censors fill'd with odours sweet,  
 Shall make thy actions with their ends to meet.

#### EVENSONG

BEGINNE with Jove ; then is the worke halfe done ;  
 And runnes most smoothly, when tis well begunne.

Jove's is the first and last : the Morn's his due,  
The midst is thine ; but Joves the Evening too ;  
As sure a Mattins do's to him belong,  
So sure he layes claime to the Evensong.

THE BRACELET TO JULIA

WHY I tye about thy wrist  
Julia, this my silken twist ;  
For what other reason is 't,  
But to shew thee how in part,  
Thou my pretty Captive art ?  
But thy Bonds-lave is my heart :  
'Tis but silke that bindeth thee,  
Knap<sup>1</sup> the thread, and thou art free :  
But 'tis otherwise with me ;  
I am bound, and fast bound so,  
That from thee I cannot go,  
If I co'd, I wo'd not so.

THE CHRISTIAN MILITANT

A MAN prepar'd against all ills to come,  
That dares to dead the fire of martirdome :  
That sleeps at home ; and sayling there at ease,  
Feares not the fierce sedition of the Seas :  
That's counter-proofe against the Farms mishaps,  
Undreadfull too of courtly thunderclaps :  
That weares one face (like heaven) and never shewes  
A change, when Fortune either comes, or goes ;  
That keepes his own strong guard, in the despight  
Of what can hurt by day, or harme by night :  
That takes and re-delivers every stroake  
Of Chance (as made up all of rock, and oake :)  
That sighs at others death ; smiles at his own  
Most dire and horrid crucifixion.  
Who for true glory suffers thus ; we grant  
Him to be here our Christian militant.

<sup>1</sup> 'Snap.'

## A SHORT HYMNE TO LARR

THOUGH I cannot give thee fires  
 Glit'ring to my free desires :  
 These accept, and Ile be free,  
 Offering Poppy unto thee.

## ANOTHER TO NEPTUNE

MIGHTY Neptune, may it please  
 Thee, the Rector of the Seas,  
 That my Barque may safely runne  
 Through thy watrie-region ;  
 And a Tunnie-fish shall be  
 Offer'd up, with thanks to thee.

## HIS EMBALMING TO JULIA

FOR my embalming, Julia, do but this,  
 Give thou my lips but their supreamest kiss :  
 Or else trans-fuse thy breath into the chest,  
 Where my small reliques must for ever rest :  
 That breath the Balm, the myrrh, the Nard shal be,  
 To give an incorruption unto me.

## GOLD, BEFORE GOODNESSE

How rich a man is, all desire to know ;  
 But none enquires if good he be, or no.

## THE KISSE. A DIALOGUE.

1. Among thy Fancies, tell me this,  
 What is the thing we call a kisse?
2. I shall resolve ye, what it is.

It is a creature born and bred  
 Between the lips, (all cherrie-red,)  
 By love and warme desires fed,

*Chor.* And makes more soft the Bridall Bed.

2. It is an active flame, that flies,  
First, to the Babies of the eyes;  
And charmes them there with lullabies

*Chor.* And stils the Bride too, when she cries.

2. Then to the chin, the cheek, the eare,  
It frisks, and flyes, now here, now there,  
'Tis now farre off, and then 'tis nere;

*Chor.* And here, and there, and every where.

1. Ha's it a speaking virtue? 2. Yes.

1. How speaks it, say? 2. Do you but this,  
Part your joyn'd lips, then speaks your kisse

*Chor.* And this Loves sweetest language is.

1. Has it a body? 2. I, and wings,  
With thousand rare encolourings:  
And as it flyes, it gently sings,

*Chor.* Love, honie yeelds; but never stings.

THE ADMONITION

SEEKST thou those Diamonds which she weares

In that rich Carkanet;

Or those on her dishevel'd haire,

Faire Pearles in order set?

Beleeve young man all those were teares

By wretched Wooers sent,

In mournfull Hyacinths and Rue,

That figure discontent;

Which when not warm'd by her view,

By cold neglect, each one,

Congea'd to Pearle and stone;

Which precious spoiles upon her,

She weares as trophees of her honour.

Ah then consider! What all this implies;

She that will weare thy teares, wo'd weare thine  
eyes.

TO HIS HONOURED KINSMAN SIR WILLIAM SOAME.

EPIC.

I CAN but name thee, and methinks I call  
 All that have been, or are canonicall  
 For love and bountie, to come neare, and see,  
 Their many vertues volum'd up in thee;  
 In thee Brave Man! Whose incorrupted fame,  
 Casts forth a light like to a Virgin flame:  
 And as it shines, it throwes a scent about,  
 As when a Rain-bow in perfumes goes out.  
 So vanish hence, but leave a name, as sweet,  
 As Benjamin,<sup>1</sup> and Storax, when they meet.

#### ON HIMSELFE

AsKE me, why I do not sing  
 To the tension of the string,  
 As I did, not long ago,  
 When my numbers full did flow?  
 Griefe (ay me!) hath struck my Lute,  
 And my tongue at one time mute.

#### TO LARR

No more shall I, since I am driven hence,  
 Devote to thee my graines of Frankinsence:  
 No more shall I from mantle-trees hang downe,  
 To honour thee, my little Parsly crown:  
 No more shall I (I feare me) to thee bring  
 My chives of Garlick for an offering:  
 No more shall I, from henceforth, heare a quire  
 Of merry Crickets by my Country fire.  
 Go where I will, thou luckie Larr stay here,  
 Warme by a glit'ring chimnie all the yeare.

<sup>1</sup> Benzoin.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE GOOD DEMON

WHAT can I do in Poetry,  
Now the good Spirit's gone from me?  
Why nothing now, but lonely sit,  
And over-read what I have writ.

HIS AGE, DEDICATED TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, M. JOHN  
WICKES, UNDER THE NAME OF POSTHUMUS

1. AH Posthumus ! Our yeares hence flye,  
And leave no sound ; nor piety,  
Or prayers, or vow  
Can keepe the wrinkle from the brow :  
But we must on,  
As Fate do's lead or draw us ; none,  
None, Posthumus, co'd ere decline  
The doome of cruell Proserpine.
2. The pleasing wife, the house, the ground  
Must all be left, no one plant found  
To follow thee,  
Save only the Curst-Cipresse tree :  
A merry mind  
Looks forward, scornes what's left behind :  
Let's live, my Wickes, then, while we may,  
And here enjoy our Holiday.
3. W've seen the past-best Times, and these  
Will nere return, we see the Seas,  
And Moons to wain ;  
But they fill up their Ebbs again :  
But vanisht, man  
Like to a Lilly-lost, nere can,  
Nere can repullulate, or bring  
His dayes to see a second Spring.



4. But on we must, and thither tend,  
Where Anchus and rich Tullus blend  
    Their sacred seed :  
Thus has Internall Jove decreed ;  
    We must be made,  
Ere long, a song, ere long, a shade.  
Why then, since life to us is short,  
Let's make it full up, by our sport.
5. Crown we our Heads with Roses then,  
And 'noint with Tirian Balme ; for when  
    We two are dead,  
The world with us is buried.  
    Then live we free,  
As is the Air, and let us be  
Our own fair wind, and mark each one  
Day with the white and Luckie stone.
6. We are not poore ; although we have  
No roofs of Cedar, nor our brave  
    Baïæ, nor keep  
Account of such a flock of sheep ;  
    Nor Bullocks fed  
To lard the shambles : Barbels bred  
To kisse our hands, nor do we wish  
For Pollio's Lampries in our dish.
7. If we can meet, and so conferre,  
Both by a shining Salt-seller ;  
    And have our Roofe,  
Although not archt, yet weather-prooffe,  
    And seeling free,  
From that cheape Candle baudery : <sup>1</sup>  
We'll eat our Beane with that full mirth  
As we were Lords of all the earth.
8. Well then, on what Seas we are tost,  
Our comfort is, we can't be lost.  
    Let the winds drive

<sup>1</sup> This seems to mean the smoke-stains of cheap candles.

Our Barke ; yet she will keepe alive  
 Amidst the deepes ;  
 'Tis constancy (my Wickes) which keeps  
 The Pinnacle up ; which though she erres  
 I' th' Seas, she saves her passengers.

9. Say, we must part (sweet mercy blesse,  
 Us both i' th' Sea, Camp, Wildernesse)  
 Can we so farre  
 Stray, to become lesse circular,<sup>1</sup>  
 Then we are now ?  
 No, no, that selfe same heart, that vow,  
 Which made us one, shall ne'r undoe ;  
 Or ravell so, to make us two

10. Live in thy peace ; as for my selfe,  
 When I am bruised on the Shelve  
 Of Time, and show  
 My locks behung with frost and snow :  
 When with the reume,  
 The cough, the ptisick, I consume  
 Unto an almost nothing ; then,  
 The Ages fled, Ile call agen :
11. And with a teare compare these last  
 Lame, and bad times, with those are past,  
 While Baucis by,  
 My old leane wife, shall kisse it dry :  
 And so we'l sit  
 By' th' fire, foretelling snow and slit,<sup>2</sup>  
 And weather by our aches, grown  
 Now old enough to be our own

12. True Calenders, as Pusses eare  
 Washt o're, to tell what change is neare :  
 Then to asswage

<sup>1</sup> 'Complete,' 'perfect.'

<sup>2</sup> 'Sleet.'

The gripings of the chine by age ;  
     I 'le call my young  
 Iulus to sing such a song  
 I made upon my Julia's brest ;  
 And of her blush at such a feast.

13. Then shall he read that flowre of mine  
 Enclos'd within a christall shrine :  
     A Primrose next ;  
 A piece, then of a higher text :  
     For to beget  
 In me a more transcendant heate,  
 Then that insinuating fire,  
 Which crept into each aged Sire ;
14. When the faire Hellen, from her eyes,  
 Shot forth her loving Sorceries :  
     At which I 'le reare  
 Mine aged limbs above my chaire :  
     And hearing it,  
 Flutter and crow, as in a fit  
 Of fresh concupiscence, and cry,  
*No lust theres like to Poetry.*
15. Thus frantick-crazie man (God wot)  
 Ile call to mind things half forgot :  
     And oft between,  
 Repeat the Times that I have seen !  
     Thus ripe with tears,  
 And twisting my Iulus hairs ;  
 Doting, Ile weep and say (In Truth)  
 Baucis, these were my sins of youth.
16. Then next Ile cause my hopefull Lad  
 (If a wild Apple can be had)  
     To crown the Hearth,  
 (Larr thus conspiring with our mirth)  
     Then to infuse

Our browner Ale into the cruse :  
Which sweetly spic't, we'l first carouse  
Unto the Genius of the house.

17. Then the next health to friends of mine  
(Loving-the brave Burgundian wine)  
                    High sons of Pith,  
Whose fortunes I have frolickt with :  
                    Such as co'd well  
Bear up the Magick bough, and spel :  
And dancing 'bout the Mystick Thyrese,  
Give up the just applause to verse :
18. To those, and then agen to thee  
We'l drink, my Wickes, untill we be  
                    Plump as the cherry,  
Though not so fresh, yet full as merry  
                    As the crickit ;  
The untam'd Heifer, or the Pricket,  
Untill our tongues shall tell our ears,  
W' are younger by a score of years.
19. Thus, till we see the fire lesse shine  
From th' embers then the kitlings eyne,  
                    We'l still sit up,  
Sphering about the wassail cup,  
                    To all those times,  
Which gave me honour for my Rhimes :  
The cole once spent, we'l then to bed,  
Farre more then night bewearied.

A SHORT HYMNE TO VENUS

GODDESSE, I do love a Girle  
Rubie-lipt, and tooth'd with Pearl :  
If so be, I may but prove  
Luckie in this Maide I love :  
I will promise there shall be  
Mirtles offer'd up to Thee.

## UPON A DELAYING LADY

1. COME come away,  
Or let me go ;  
Must I here stay  
Because y' are slow ;  
And will continue so ?  
Troth, Lady, no.
2. I scorne to be  
A slave to state :  
And since I 'm free,  
I will not wait,  
Henceforth at such a rate,  
For needy Fate.
3. If you desire  
My spark sho'd glow,  
The peeping fire  
You must blow ;  
Or I shall quickly grow,  
To Frost, or Snow.

TO THE LADY MARY VILLARS, GOVERNESSE TO  
THE PRINCESSE HENRETTA

WHEN I of Villars doe but heare the name,  
It calls to mind, that mighty Buckingham,  
Who was your brave exalted Uncle here,  
(Binding the wheele of Fortune to his Sphere)  
Who spurn'd at Envie ; and co'd bring, with ease,  
An end to all his stately purposes.  
For his love then, whose sacred Reliques show  
Their Resurrection, and their growth in you :  
And for my sake, who ever did prefer  
You, above all Those Sweets of Westminster :  
Permit my Book to have a free accesse  
To kisse your hand, most Dainty Governesse.

UPON HIS JULIA

Will ye heare, what I can say  
Briefly of my Julia?  
Black and rowling is her eye,  
Double chinn'd, and forehead high:  
Lips she has, all Rubie red,  
Cheeks like Creame Enclaritèd:  
And a nose that is the grace  
And Proscenium of her face.  
So that we may guesse by these,  
The other parts will richly please.

TO FLOWERS

In time of life, I grac't ye with my Verse;  
Doe now your flowrie honours to my Herse.  
You shall not languish, trust me: Virgins here  
Weeping, shall make ye flourish all the yeere.

TO MY ILL READER

Thou say'st my lines are hard;  
And I the truth will tell;  
They are both hard, and marr'd,  
If thou not read'st them well.

A HYMNE TO VENUS, AND CUPID

SEA-BORN Goddess, let me be,  
By thy sonne thus grac't, and thee;  
That whenere I wooe, I find  
Virgins coy, but not unkind.  
Let me when I kisse a maid,  
Taste her lips, so over-laid  
With Love's-sirrop; that I may,  
In your Temple, when I pray,  
Kisse the Altar, and confess  
Ther's in love, no bitterness.



## ON JULIA'S PICTURE

How am I ravisht ! when I do but see  
The Painters art in thy Sciography ?  
If so, how much more shall I dote thereon,  
When once he gives it incarnation ?

## HER BED

SEE'st thou that Cloud as silver cleare,  
Plump, soft, & swelling everywhere ?  
'Tis Julia's Bed, and she sleeps there.

## HER LEGS

FAIN would I kiss my Julia's dainty Leg,  
Which is as white and hair-less as an egge.

## UPON HER ALMES

SEE how the poore do waiting stand,  
For the expansion of thy hand.  
A wafer Dol'd by thee, will swell  
Thousands to feed by miracle.

## THE RAINBOW

Look, how the Rainbow doth appeare  
But in one onely Hemisphere :  
So likewise after our disseace,  
No more is seen the Arch of Peace.  
That Cov'nant's here ; The under-bow,  
That nothing shoots, but war and woe.

THE MEDDOW VERSE OR ANIVERSARY TO MISTRIS  
BRIDGET LOWMAN

COME with the Spring-time forth Fair Maid, and be  
This year again, the medows Deity.  
Yet ere ye enter, give us leave to set  
Upon your head this flowry Coronet :  
To make this neat distinction from the rest ;  
You are the Prime, and Princesse of the Feast :  
To which, with silver feet lead you the way,  
While sweet-breath Nymphs, attend on you this Day.  
This is your houre ; and best you may command,  
Since you are Lady of this Fairie land.  
Full mirth wait on you ; and such mirth as shall  
Cherrish the cheek, but make none blush at all.

THE PARTING VERSE, THE FEAST THERE ENDED

LOTH to depart, but yet at last, each one  
Back must now go to 's habitation :  
Not knowing thus much, when we once do sever,  
Whether or no, that we shall meet here ever.  
As for myself, since time a thousand cares  
And griefs hath fil'de upon my silver hairs ;  
'Tis to be doubted whether I next yeer,  
Or no, shall give ye a re-meeting here.  
If die I must, then my last vow shall be,  
You'l with a tear or two, remember me,  
Your sometime Poet ; but if fates do give  
Me longer date, and more fresh Springs to live :  
Oft as your field, shall her old age renew,  
Herrick shall make the meddow-verse for you.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, PHILIP, EARL OF  
PEMBROKE, AND MONTGOMERIE

How dull and dead are books, that cannot show  
A Prince of Pembroke, and that Pembroke, you !  
You, who are High born, and a Lord no lesse  
Free by your fate, then Fortune's mightinesse,

Who hug our Poems (Honour'd Sir) and then  
 The paper gild, and Laureat the pen.  
 Nor suffer you the Poets to sit cold,  
 But warm their wits, and turn their lines to gold.  
 Others there be, who righteously will swear  
 Those smooth-pac't Numbers, amble every where ;  
 And these brave Measures go a stately trot ;  
 Love those, like these ; regard, reward them not.  
 But you, my Lord, are One, whose hand along  
 Goes with your mouth, or do's outrun your tongue ;  
 Paying before you praise ; and cockring wit,  
 Give both the Gold and Garland unto it.

#### AN HYMNE TO JUNO

STATELY Goddesses, do thou please,  
 Who art chief at marriages,  
 But to dresse the Bridall-Bed,  
 When my Love and I shall wed :  
 And a Peacock proud shall be  
 Offerd up by us, to thee.

#### UPON SAPHO, SWEETLY PLAYING, AND SWEETLY SINGING

WHEN thou do'st play, and sweetly sing,  
 Whether it be the voice or string,  
 Or both of them, that do agree  
 Thus to en-trance and ravish me :  
 This, this I know, I'm oft struck mute ;  
 And dye away upon thy Lute.

#### CHOP-CHERRY

1. THOU gav'st me leave to kisse ;  
 Thou gav'st me leave to wooe ;  
 Thou mad'st me thinke by this,  
 And that, thou lov'dst me too.

2. But I shall ne'r forget,  
 How for to make thee merry ;  
 Thou mad'st me chop, but yet,  
 Another snap't the Cherry.

TO THE MOST LEARNED, WISE, AND ARCH-ANTIQUARY,  
 M JOHN SELDEN

I who have favour'd many, come to be  
 Grac't (now at last) or glorifi'd by thee.  
 Loe, I, the Lyrick Prophet, who have set  
 On many a head the Delphick Coronet,  
 Come unto thee for Laurell, having spent,  
 My wreaths on those, who little gave or lent.  
 Give me the Daphne, that the world may know it,  
 Whom they neglected, thou hast crown'd a Poet.  
 A City here of Heroes I have made,  
 Upon the rock, whose firm foundation laid,  
 Shall never shrink, where making thine abode,  
 Live thou a Selden, that's a Demi-god.

UPON HIMSELF

Thou shalt not All die ; for while Love's fire shines  
 Upon his Altar, men shall read thy lines ;  
 And learn'd Musicians shall to honour Herricks  
 Fame, and his Name, both set, and sing his Lyricks.

PRAY AND PROSPER

FIRST offer Incense, then thy field and meads  
 Shall smile and smell the better by thy beads.  
 The spangling Dew dreg'd o're the grasse shall be  
 Turn'd all to Mell,<sup>1</sup> and Manna there for thee.  
 Butter of Amber, Cream, and Wine, and Oile  
 Shall run, as rivers, all throughout thy soyl.  
 Wod'st thou to sincere-silver turn thy mold ?  
 Pray once, twice pray ; and turn thy ground to gold.

<sup>1</sup> 'Honey.'

## HIS LACHRIMÆ OR MIRTH, TURN'D TO MOURNING

1. CALL me no more,  
 As heretofore,  
 The musick of a Feast;  
 Since now (alas)  
 The mirth, that was  
 In me, is dead or ceast.

2. Before I went  
 To banishment  
 Into the loathed West;  
 I co'd rehearse  
 A Lyrick verse,  
 And speak it with the best.

3. But time (Ai me)  
 Has laid, I see,  
 My Organ fast asleep;  
 And turn'd my voice  
 Into the noise  
 Of those that sit and weep.

TO THE MOST FAIR AND LOVELY MISTRESS, ANNE  
 SOAME, NOW LADY ABDIE

So smell those odours that do rise  
 From out the wealthy spiceries:  
 So smels the flowre of blooming Clove;  
 Or Roses smother'd in the stove:  
 So smells the Aire of spiced Wine;  
 Or Essences of Jessimine:  
 So smells the Breath about the hives,  
 When well the work of hony thrives;  
 And all the busie Factours come  
 Laden with wax and hony home:  
 So smell those neat and woven Bowers,  
 All over-archt with Oringe flowers,  
 And Almond blossoms, that do mix  
 To make rich these Aromatikes:

So smell those bracelets, and those hands  
 Of Amber chaf't between the hands,  
 When thus enkindled they transpire  
 A noble perfume from the fire.  
 The wine of cherries, and to these,  
 The cooling breath of Respasses;<sup>1</sup>  
 The smell of mornings milk, and cream;  
 Butter of Cowslips mixt with them;  
 Of rosted warden, or bak'd peare,  
 These are not to be reckon'd here;  
 Whenas the meanest part of her,  
 Smells like the maiden-Pomander.  
 'Thus sweet she smells, or what can be  
 More lik'd by her, or lov'd by mee.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN MISTRESS ELIZABETH HERRICK

SWEET virgin, that I do not set  
 The pillars up of weeping Jet,  
 Or mournfull Marble; let thy shade  
 Not wrathfull seem, or fright the Maide,  
 Who hither at her wonted howers  
 Shall come to strew thy earth with flowers.  
 No, know (Blest Maide) when there's not one  
 Remainder left of Brasse or stone,  
 Thy living Epitaph shall be,  
 Though lost in them, yet found in me.  
 Dear, in thy bed of Roses, then,  
 Till this world shall dissolve as men,  
 Sleep, while we hide thee from the light,  
 Drawing thy curtains round: Good night.

A PANEGERICK TO SIR LEWIS PEMBERTON

TILL I shall come again, let this suffice,  
 I send my salt, my sacrifice  
 To Thee, thy Lady, younglings, and as farre  
 As to thy Genius and thy Larre;

<sup>1</sup> 'Raspberries.'



To the worn Threshold, Porch, Hall, Parlour,  
     Kitchin,  
     The fat-fed smoking Temple, which in  
 The wholesome savour of thy mighty Chines  
     Invites to supper him who dines,  
 Where laden spits, warp't with large Ribbs of  
     Beefe,  
     Not represent, but give relieve  
 To the lanke-Stranger, and the sowre Swain ;  
     Where both may feed, and come againe :  
 For no black-bearded Vigil from thy doore  
     Beats with a button'd-staffe the poore :  
 But from thy warm-love-hatching gates each may  
     Take friendly morsels, and there stay  
 To Sun his thin-clad members, if he likes,  
     For thou no Porter keep'st who strikes.  
 No commer to thy Roofe his Guest-rite wants ;  
     Or staying there, is scourg'd with taunts  
 Of some rough Groom, who (yirkt with Corns) sayes,  
     Sir,  
     Y've dipt too long i' th' Vinegar ;  
 And with our Broth and bread, and bits ; Sir,  
     friend,  
     Y've fared well, pray make an end ;  
 Two dayes y've larded here ; a third, yee know,  
     Makes guests and fish smell strong ; pray go  
 You to some other chimney, and there take  
     Essay of other giblets ; make  
 You merry at anothers hearth ; y'are here  
     Welcome as thunder to our beere :  
 Manners knowes distance, and a man unrude  
     Wo'd soon recoile, and not intrude  
 His Stomach to a second Meale. No, no,  
     Thy house, well fed and taught, can show  
 No such crab'd vizard : Thou hast learnt thy Train,  
     With heart and hand to entertain :  
 And by the Armes-full (with a Brest unhid)  
     As the old Race of mankind did,  
 When eithers heart, and either's hand did strive  
     To be the nearer Relative :

Thou do'st redeeme those times; and what was  
lost

Of antient honesty, may boast  
It keeps a growth in thee; and so will runne  
A course in thy Fames-pledge, thy Sonne.  
Thus, like a Roman Tribune, thou thy gate  
Early setts ope to feast, and late :  
Keeping no currish Waiter to affright,  
With blasting eye, the appetite,  
Which fain would waste upon thy Cates, but that  
The Trencher-creature marketh what  
Best and more suppling piece he cuts, and by  
Some private pinch tels danger's nie,  
A hand too desp'rate, or a knife that bites  
Skin-deepe into the Porke, or lights  
Upon some part of Kid, as if mistooke,  
When checkèd by the Butler's look.  
No, no, thy bread, thy wine, thy jocund Beere  
Is not reserv'd for Trebius here,  
But all, who at thy table seated are,  
Find equall freedome, equall fare ;  
And thou, like to that Hospitable God,  
Jove, joy'st when guests make their abode  
To eat thy Bullocks' thighs, thy Veales, thy fat  
Weathers, and never grudged at.  
The Phesant, Partridge, Gotwit, Reeve, Ruffe,  
Raile,  
The Cock, the Curlew, and the quaille  
These, and thy choicest viands do extend  
Their taste unto the lower end  
Of thy glad table : not a dish more known  
To thee, then unto any one :  
But as thy meate, so thy immortall Wine  
Makes the smirk face of each to shine,  
And spring fresh Rose-buds, while the salt, the wit  
Flowes from the Wine, and graces it :  
While Reverence, waiting at the bashfull board,  
Honours my Lady and my Lord.  
No scurrile jest ; no open Sceane is laid :  
Here, for to make the face affraid ;

But temp'rate mirth dealt forth, and so discreet-  
     ly that it makes the meate more sweet ;  
 And adds perfumes unto the Wine, which thou  
     Do'st rather poure forth, then allow  
 By cruse and measure ; thus devoting Wine,  
     As the Canary Isles were thine :  
 But with that wisdom, and that method, as  
     No One that's there his guilty glasse  
 Drinks of distemper, or ha's cause to cry  
     Repentance to his liberty.  
 No, thou know'st order, Ethicks, and ha's read  
     All Oeconomicks, know'st to lead  
 A House-dance neatly, and can'st truly show,  
     How farre a Figure ought to go,  
 Forward, or backward, side-ward, and what pace  
     Can give, and what retract a grace ;  
 What Gesture, Courtship ; Comliness agrees,  
     With those thy primitive decrees,  
 To give subsistance to thy house, and prooffe,  
     What Genii support thy rooffe,  
 Goodnes and Greatnes ; not the oaken Piles ;  
     *For these, and marbles have their whiles*  
*To last, but not their ever :* Vertues Hand  
     It is, which builds, 'gainst Fate to stand.  
 Such is thy house, whose firme foundations trust  
     Is more in thee, then in her dust,  
 Or depth ; these last may yeeld, and yearly shrinke,  
     When what is strongly built, no chinke  
 Or yawning rupture can the same devoure,  
     But fixt it stands, by her own power,  
 And well-laid bottome, on the iron and rock,  
     Which tryes, and counter-stands the shock,  
 And Ramme of time, and by vexation growes  
     The stronger : *Vertue dies when foes*  
*Are wanting to her exercise, but great*  
     *And large she spreads by dust, and sweat.*  
 Safe stand thy Walls, and Thee, and so both will,  
     Since neithers height was rais'd by th' ill  
 Of others ; since no Stud, no Stone, no Piece,  
     Was rear'd up by the Poore-mans fleece :

No Widowes Tenement was rackt to guild  
 Or fret thy Seeling, or to build  
 A Sweating-Closset, to annoint the silke-  
 soft-skin, or bath in Asses' milke :  
 No Orphan's pittance, left him, serv'd to set  
 The pillars up of lasting Jet,  
 For which their cryes might beate against thine eares,  
 Or in the dampe Jet read their Teares.  
 No Planke from Hallowed Altar, do's appeale  
 To yond' Star-chamber, or do's seale  
 A curse to Thee, or Thine ; but all things even  
 Make for thy peace, and pace to heaven.  
 Go on directly so, as just men may  
 A thousand times, more sweare, then say,  
 This is that Princely Pemberton, who can  
 Teach man to keepe a God in man :  
 And when wise Poets shall search out to see  
 Good men, They find them all in Thee.

TO HIS VALENTINE, ON S. VALENTINES DAY

OFT have I heard both Youths and Virgins say,  
 Birds chuse their Mates, and couple too, this day  
 But by their flight I never can divine,  
 When I shall couple with my Valentine.

UPON M. BEN JOHNSON. EPIG.

AFTER the rare Arch-Poet JOHNSON dy'd,  
 The Sock grew loathsome, and the Buskin's pride,  
 Together with the Stage's glory stood  
 Each like a poore and pitied widowhood.  
 The Cirque prophan'd was ; and all postures rackt :  
 For men did strut, and stride, and stare, not act.  
 Then temper flew from words ; and men did squeake,  
 Looke red, and blow, and bluster, but not speake :  
 No Holy-Rage, or Frantick-fires did stirre,  
 Or flash about the spacious Theater.

No clap of hands, or shout, or praises-prooffe  
 Did crack the Play-house sides, or cleave her rooffe.  
 Artlesse the Sceane was ; and that monstrous sin  
 Of deep and arrant ignorance came in ;  
 Such ignorance as theirs was, who once hist  
 At thy unequal'd Play, the Alchymist :  
 Oh fie upon 'em ! Lastly too, all witt  
 In utter darkenes did, and still will sit  
 Sleeping the lucklesse Age out, till that she  
 Her Resurrection ha's again with Thee.

## ANOTHER

Thou had'st the wreath before, now take the Tree ;  
 That henceforth none be Laurel crown'd but Thee

TO HIS NEPHEW, TO BE PROSPEROUS IN HIS ART  
 OF PAINTING

ON, as thou hast begunne, brave youth, and get  
 The Palme from Urbin, Titian, Tintarret,  
 Brugel and Coxu, and the workes out-doe,  
 Of Holben, and That mighty Ruben too.  
 So draw, and paint, as none may do the like,  
 No, not the glory of the World, Vandike.

## A VOW TO MARS

STORE of courage to me grant,  
 Now I'm turn'd a combatant :  
 Helpe me so, that I my shield,  
 (Fighting) lose not in the field.  
 That's the greatest shame of all,  
 That in warfare can befall.  
 Do but this ; and there shall be  
 Offer'd up a Wolfe to thee.



TO HIS MAID PREW

THESE Summer-Birds did with thy master stay  
 The times of warmth ; but then they flew away ;  
 Leaving their Poet (being now grown old)  
 Expos'd to all the comming Winters cold.  
 But thou kind Prew did'st with my fates abide,  
 As well the Winter's, as the Summer's Tide :  
 For which thy love, live with thy master here,  
 Not one, but all the seasons of the yeare.

A CANTICLE 'TO APOLLO

1. PLAY, Phœbus on thy Lute ;  
 And we will sit all mute :  
 By listning to thy Lire,  
 That sets all eares on fire.
2. Hark, harke, the God do's play !  
 And as he leads the way  
 Through heaven, the very Spheres,  
 As men, turne all to eares.

HOW PANSIES OR HART-EASE CAME FIRST

FROLLOCK Virgins once these were,  
 Over-loving, (living here :)  
 Being here their ends deny'd  
 Ranne for Sweet-hearts mad, and di'd.  
 Love in pitie of their teares,  
 And their losse in blooming yeares ;  
 For their restlesse here-spent houres,  
 Gave them Hearts-ease turn'd to flow'rs.



TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND SIR EDWARD FISH,  
KNIGHT BARONET .

SINCE for thy full deseits (with all the rest  
Of these chaste spirits, that are here possess'd  
Of Life eternall) Time has made thee one,  
For growth in this my rich Plantation :  
Live here : But know 'twas vertue, & not chance,  
That gave thee this so high inheritance.  
Keepe it forever ; grounded with the good,  
Who hold fast here an endlesse lively-hood.

LARR'S PORTION, AND THE POETS PART

At my homely Country-seat,  
I have there a little wheat ;  
Which I worke to Meale, and make  
Therewithall a Holy-cake :  
Part of which I give to Larr,  
Part is my peculiar.

LIBERTY

THOSE ills that mortall men endure  
So long are capable of cure,  
As they of freedome may be sure :  
But that deni'd ; a grieve, though small,  
Shakes the whole Roofe, or ruines all.

THE DREAM

By Dream I saw, one of the three  
Sisters of Fate, appeare to me.  
Close to my Bed's side she did stand  
Shewing me there a fire brand ;

She told me too, as that did spend,  
So drew my life unto an end.  
Three quarters were consum'd of it ;  
Onely remaind a little bit,  
Which will be burnt up by and by,  
Then Julia weep, for I must dy.

CLOTHES DO BUT CHEAT AND COUSEN US

AWAY with silks, away with Lawn,  
Ile have no Sceans, or Curtains drawn :  
Give me my Mistresse, as she is,  
Drest in her nak't simplicities :  
For as my Heart, ene so mine Eye  
Is wone with flesh, not Drapery.

UPON ELECTRA

WHEN out of bed my Love doth spring,  
'Tis but as day a-kindling :  
But when She's up and fully drest,  
'Tis then broad Day throughout the East.

TO HIS BOOKE

HAVE I not blest Thee? Then go forth ; nor fear  
Or spice, or fish, or fire, or close-stools here.  
But with thy fair Fates leading thee, Go on  
With thy most white Predestination.  
Nor thinke these Ages that do hoarcely sing  
The farting Tanner, and familiar King ;  
The dancing Frier, tatter'd in the bush ;  
Those monstrous lies of little Robin Rush :  
Tom Chipperfeild, and pritty-lisping Ned,  
That doted on a Maide of Gingerbred :  
The fisting Pilcher, and the tisking Dace,

With all the rabble of Tim-Trundells race.  
 (Bred from the dung-hills, and adulterous rhimes,) Shall live, and thou not superlast all times?  
 No, no, thy Stars have destin'd Thee to see  
 The whole world die, and turn to dust with thee.  
*He's greedie of his life, who will not fall,  
 Whenas a publick ruine bears down All.*

## OF LOVE

I do not love, nor can it be  
 Love will in vain spend shafts on me :  
 I did this God-head once defie ;  
 Since which I freeze, but cannot frie.  
 Yet out, alas ! the deaths the same,  
 Kil'd by a frost or by a flame.

## UPON HIMSELF

I DISLIKT but even now ;  
 Now I love I know not how.  
 Was I idle, and that while  
 Was I fier'd with a smile?  
 Ile too work, or pray ; and then  
 I shall quite dislike agen. .

## ANOTHER

Love he that will ; it best likes me,  
 To have my neck from Loves yoke free.

## THE MAD MAID'S SONG

1. Good morrow to the Day so fair ;  
     Good morning Sir to you :  
 Good morrow to mine own torn hair  
     Bedabbled with the dew.

2. Good morning to this Prim-rose too ;  
    Good morrow to each maid ;  
    That will with flowers the Tomb bestrew,  
    Wherein my Love is laid.
3. Ah ! woe is mee, woe, woe is me,  
    Alack and welladay !  
    For pitty, Sir, find out that Bee,  
    Which bore my Love away.
4. I'll seek him in your Bonnet brave ;  
    He seek him in your eyes ;  
    Nay, now I think th'ave made his grave  
    I' th' bed of strawburies.
5. He seek him there ; I know, ere this,  
    The cold, cold Earth doth shake him ;  
    But I will go, or send a kisse  
    By you, Sir, to awake him.
6. Pray hurt him not ; though he be dead,  
    He knowes well who do love him,  
    And who with green-turfes reare his head,  
    And who do rudely move him.
7. He's soft and tender (Pray take heed)  
    With bands of Cow-slips bind him ;  
    And bring him home ; but 'tis decreed,  
    That I shall never find him.

TO SPRINGS AND FOUNTAINS

I HEARD ye co'd coole heat ; and came  
With hope you would allay the same :  
Thrice I have washt, but feel no cold,  
Nor find that true, which was foretold.  
Methinks like mine, your pulses beat ;  
And labour with unequall heat :  
Cure, cure your selves, for I discrie,  
Ye boil with Love, as well as I.

## UPON JULIA'S UNLACING HER SELF

TELL, if thou canst (and truly) whence doth come  
 This Camphire, Storax, Spiknard, Galbanum :  
 These Musks, these Ambers, and those other smells  
 (Sweet as the Vestrie of the Oracles.)  
 Ile tell thee ; while my Julia did unlace  
 Her silken bodies, but a breathing space :  
 The passive Aire such odour then assum'd,  
 As when to Jove Great Juno goes perfum'd.  
 Whose pure-Immortall body doth transmit  
 A scent, that fills both Heaven and Earth with it.

## TO BACCHUS, A CANTIOLE

WHITHER dost thou whorry me,  
 Bacchus, being full of thee?  
 This way, that way, that way, this,  
 Here, and there a fresh Love is.  
 That doth like me, this doth please ;  
 Thus a thousand Mistresses,  
 I have now ; yet I alone,  
 Having All, injoy not One.

## THE LAWNE

Wo'd I see Lawn, clear as the Heaven, and thin?  
 It sho'd be onely in my Julia's'skin :  
 Which so betrayes her blood, as we discover  
 The blush of cherries, when a Lawn's cast over.

## THE FRANKINCENSE

WHEN my off'ring next I make,  
 Be thy hand the hallowed Cake :  
 And thy brest the Altar, whence  
 Love may smell the Frankincense.

TO SYCAMORES

I 'm sick of Love ; O let me lie  
Under your shades, to sleep or die  
Either is welcome ; so I have  
Or here my Bed, or here my Grave.  
Why do you sigh, and sob, and keep  
Time with the tears, that I do weep?  
Say, have ye sence, or do you prove  
What Crucifixions are in Love?  
I know ye do ; and that's the why,  
You sigh for Love, as well as I.

A PASTORALL SONG TO THE KING

*Montano, Silvio, and Mirtillo, Shepherds*

*Mon.* BAD are the times. *Sil.* And wors then they  
are we.

*Mon.* Troth, bad are both ; worse fruit, and ill the  
tree:

The feast of Shepherds fail. *Sil.* None crowns the  
cup

Of Wassaille now, or sets the quintell<sup>1</sup> up :  
And He, who us'd to leade the Country-round,  
Youthfull Mirtillo, Here he comes, Grief-drownd.

*Ambo.* Lets cheer him up. *Sil.* Behold him weep-  
ing ripe.

*Mirt.* Ah ! Amarillis, farewell mirth and pipe ,  
Since thou art gone, no more I mean to play,  
To these smooth Lawns, my mirthfull Roundelay.  
Dear Amarillis ! *Mon.* Hark ! *Sil.* mark : *Mir.* this  
earth grew sweet

Where, Amarillis, Thou didst set thy feet.

*Ambo.* Poor pittied youth ! *Mir.* And here the  
breth of kine

And sheep, grew more sweet, by that breth of Thine.

<sup>1</sup> Quintain.



This flock of wooll, and this rich lock of hair,  
This ball of Cow-slips, these she gave me here.

*Sil.* Words sweet as Love it self. *Montano*, Hark.

*Mirt.* This way she came, and this way too she  
went;

How each thing smells divinely redolent !  
Like to a field of beans, when newly blown ;  
Or like a meadow being lately mown.

*Mont.* A sweet-sad passion.——

*Mirt.* In dewie-mornings when she came this way,  
Sweet Bents wode bow, to give my Love the day :  
And when at night, she folded had her sheep,  
Daysies wo'd shut, and closing, sigh and weep.  
Besides (Ai me !) since she went hence to dwell,  
The voices Daughter nea'r spake syllable.

But she is gone. *Sil.* Mirtillo, tell us whether :

*Mirt.* Where she and I shall never meet together.

*Mont.* Fore-fend it Pan, and Palès do thou please  
To give an end: *Mir.* To what? *Sil.* Such griefs as  
these.

*Mirt.* Never, O never ! Still I may endure  
The wound I suffer, never find a cure.

*Mont.* Love for thy sake will bring her to these  
hills

And dales again: *Mir.* No, I will languish still ;  
And all the while my part shall be to weepe ;  
And with my sighs, call home my bleating sheep :  
And in the Rind of every comely tree  
Ile carve thy name, and in that name kisse thee .

*Mont.* Set with the Sunne, thy woes: *Sil.* The day  
grows old :  
And time it is our full-fed flocks to fold.

*Chor.* The shades grow great ; but greater growes  
our sorrow,

But lets go steepe  
Our eyes in sleepe ;  
And meet to weepe  
To morrow.

THE POET LOVES A MISTRESSE, BUT NOT  
TO MARRY

1. I do not love to wed,  
Though I do like to woove;  
And for a maidenhead  
Ile beg, and buy it too.
2. Ile praise, and Ile approve  
Those maids that never vary;  
And fervently Ile love;  
But yet I would not marry.
3. Ile hug, Ile kisse, Ile play,  
And Cock-like Hens Ile tread:  
And sport it any way;  
But in the Bridall Bed:
4. For why? that man is poore,  
Who hath but one of many;  
But crown'd he is with store,  
That single may have any.
5. Why then, say, what is he  
(To freedome so unknown)  
Who having two or three,  
Will be content with one?

THE WILLOW GARLAND

A WILLOW Garland thou did'st send  
Perfum'd (last day) to me:  
Which did but only this portend,  
I was forsooke by thee.

Since so it is; Ile tell thee what,  
To morrow thou shalt see  
Me weare the Willow; after that,  
To die upon the Tree.

As Beasts unto the Altars go  
With Garlands drest, so I  
Will, with my Willow-wreath also,  
Come forth and sweetly dye.

A HYMNE TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW

'Twas not Lov's Dart;  
Or any blow  
Of want, or foe,  
Did wound my heart  
With an eternall smart:

But only you,  
My sometimes known  
Companion,  
(My dearest Crew,)   
That me unkindly slew.

May your fault dye,  
And have no name  
In Bookes of fame;  
Or let it lye  
Forgotten now, as I.

We parted are,  
And now no more,  
As heretofore,  
By jocund Larr,  
Shall be familiar.

But though we Sever  
My Crew shall see,  
That I will be  
Here faithlesse never;  
But love my Clipseby ever.

FELICITY, QUICK OF FLIGHT

EVERY time seemes short to be,  
That's measur'd by felicity :  
But one halfe houre, that's made up here  
With griefe ; seemes longer then a yeare.

PUTREFACTION

PUTREFACTION is the end  
Of all that Nature doth entend.

PASSION

WERE there not a Matter known,  
There wo'd be no Passion.

JACK AND JILL

SINCE Jack and Jill both wicked be ;  
It seems a wonder unto me,  
That they no better do agree.

THE CROWD AND COMPANY

IN holy meetings, there a man may be  
One of the crowd, not of the companie.

SHORT AND LONG BOTH LIKES

THIS Lady's short, that Mistresse she is tall ;  
But long or short, I'm well content with all.

## UPON THE NIPPLES OF JULIA'S BREAST

HAVE ye beheld (with much delight)  
 A red-Rose peeping through a white?  
 Or else a Cherrie (double grac't)  
 Within a Lillie-center plact?  
 Or ever mark't the pretty beam,  
 A Strawberry shewes halfe drowd'd in Creame?  
 Or seen rich Rubies blushing through  
 A pure smooth Pearle, and Orient too?  
 So like to this, nay all the rest,  
 Is each neate Niplet of her breast.

## TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOONE

1. SHUT not so soon ; the dull-ey'd night  
     Ha's not as yet begunne  
     To make a seisure on the light,  
     Or to seale up the Sun.
2. No Marigolds yet closed are ;  
     No shadowes great appeare ;  
     Nor doth the early Shepheards Starre  
     Shine like a spangle here.
3. Stay but till my Julia close  
     Her life-begetting eye ;  
     And let the whole world then dispose  
     It selfe to live or dye.

## TO THE LITTLE SPINNERS

YEE pretty Huswives, wo'd ye know  
 The worke that I wo'd put ye to?  
 This, this it sho'd be, for to spin,  
 A Lawn for me, so fine and thin,  
 As it might serve me for my skin.  
 For cruell Love ha's me so whipt,  
 That of my skin, I all am stript ;

And shall dispaire, that any art  
Can ease the rawnesse, or the smart ;  
Unlesse you skin again each part.  
Which mercy if you will but do,  
I call all Maids to witnesse too  
What here I promise, that no Broom  
Shall now, or ever after come  
To wrong a Spinner or her Loom.

OBERON'S PALACE

AFTER the Feast (my Shapcot) see,  
The Fairie Court I give to thee :  
Where we'le present our Oberon, led  
Halfe tipsie to the Fairie Bed,  
Where Mab he finds ; who there doth lie  
Not without mickle majesty.  
Which done ; and thence remov'd the light,  
We'l wish both Them and Thee, good night.

Full as a Bee with Thyme, and Red,  
As Cherry harvest, now high fed  
For Lust and action ; on he'l go,  
To lye with Mab, though all say no.  
Lust ha's no eare's ; He's sharp as thorn ;  
And fretfull, carries Hay in's horne,  
And lightning in his eyes ; and flings  
Among the Elves, (if mov'd) the stings  
Of peltish<sup>1</sup> wasps ; well know his Guard  
*Kings though th' are hated, will be fear'd.*  
Wine lead[s] him on. Thus to a Grove  
(Sometimes devoted unto Love)  
Tinseld with Twilight, He, and They  
Led by the shine of Snails, a way  
Beat with their num'rous feet, which by  
Many a neat perplexity,  
Many a turn, and man'a crosse-  
Track they redeem a bank of mosse

<sup>1</sup> Peltish — 'pettish.



Spungie and swelling, and farre more  
 Soft then the finest Lemster Ore.  
 Mildly disparkling, like those fiers,  
 Which break from the Injeweld tyres  
 Of curious Brides; or like those mites  
 Of Candi'd dew in Moony nights.  
 Upon this Convex, all the flowers,  
 (Nature begets by th' Sun, and showers,)  
 Are to a wilde digestion brought,  
 As if Love's Sampler here was wrought:  
 Or Citherea's Ceston, which  
 All with temptation doth bewitch.  
 Sweet Aires move here; and more divine  
 Made by the breath of great ey'd-kine,  
 Who as they lowe, empearl with milk  
 The four-leav'd grasse, or mosse, like silk.  
 The breath of Munkies met to mix  
 With Musk-flies, are th' Aromaticks  
 Which cense this Arch; and here and the.e,  
 And farther off, and every where,  
 Throughout that Brave Mosaick yard  
 Those Picks or Diamonds in the Card:  
 With peeps of Harts, of Club and Spade,  
 Are here most neatly inter-laid.  
 Many a Counter, many a Die,  
 Half-rotten, and without an eye,  
 Lies here abouts; and for to pave  
 The excellency of this Cave,  
 Squirrils and childrens teeth late shed,  
 Are neatly here exchequerèd.  
 With brownest Toadstones, and the gum  
 That shines upon the blewer Plum.  
 The nails faln off by Whit-flawes: Art's  
 Wise hand enchasing here those warts,  
 Which we to others (from our selves)  
 Sell, and brought hither by the Elves.  
 The tempting Mole, stoln from the neck  
 Of the shie Virgin, seems to deck  
 The holy Entrance; where within  
 The roome is hung with the blew skin

Of shifted Snake : enfrez'd throughout  
 With eyes of Peacocks Trains, & Trout-  
 flies curious wings ; and these among  
 Those silver-pence, that cut the tongue  
 Of the red infant, neatly hung.  
 The glow-wormes eyes ; the shining scales  
 Of silv'rie fish ; wheat-strawes, the snailes  
 Soft Candle-light ; the Kitling's eyne ;  
 Corrupted wood ; serve here for shine.  
 No glaring light of bold-fac't Day,  
 Or other over-radiant Ray  
 Ransacks this roome ; but what weak beams  
 Can make reflected from these jems,  
 And multiply ; Such is the light,  
 But ever doubtfull Day, or night.  
 By this quaint Taper-light he winds  
 His Errours up ; and now he finds  
 His Moon-tann'd Mab, as somewhat sick,  
 And (Love knowes) tender as a chick.  
 Upon six plump Dandillions, high-  
 Rear'd, lyes her Elvish-majestie :  
 Whose woollie-bubbles seem'd to drowne  
 Hir Mab-ship in obedient Downe.  
 For either sheet, was spread the Caule  
 That doth the Infants face enthrall,  
 When it is born : (by some enstyl'd  
 The luckie Omen of the child)  
 And next to these two blankets ore-  
 Cast of the finest Gossamore.  
 And then a Rug of carded wooll,  
 Which, Sponge-like drinking in the dull-  
 Light of the Moon, seem'd to comply,  
 Cloud-like, the daintie Deitie.  
 Thus soft she lies : and over-head  
 A Spinners circle is bespread,  
 With Cob-web-curtains : from the roof  
 So neatly sunck, as that no proof  
 Of any tackling can declare  
 What gives it hanging in the Aire.

The Fringe about this, are those Threds  
 Broke at the Losse of Maiden-heads :  
 And all behung with these pure Pearls,  
 Dropt from the eyes of ravisht Girles  
 Or writhing Brides : when (panting) they  
 Give unto Love the straiter way.  
 For Musick now ; He has the cries  
 Of fained-lost-Virginities ;  
 The which the Elves make to excite  
 A more unconquer'd appetite.  
 The King's undrest ; and now upon  
 The Gnat's-watch-word the Elves are gone.  
 And now the bed, and Mab possesseth  
 Of this great-little-kingly-Guest ;  
 We'll nobly think, what's to be done,  
 He'll do no doubt ; This flax is spun.

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND MASTER THOMAS  
 SHAPCOTT, LAWYER

I've paid Thee, what I promis'd ; that's not All ;  
 Besides I give Thee here a Verse that shall  
 (When hence thy Circum-mortall-part is gon)  
 Arch-like, hold up, Thy Name's Inscription.  
 Brave men can't die, whose Candid Actions are  
 Writ in the Poet's Endlesse-Kalendar :  
 Whose velome, and whose volumne is the Skie,  
 And the pure Starres the praising Poetrie.  
 Farewell.

TO JULIA IN THE TEMPLE

BESIDES us two, i' th' Temple here's not one  
 To make up now a Congregation.  
 Let's to the Altar of perfumes then go,  
 And say short Prayers ; and when we have done so,  
 Then we shall see, how in a little space,  
 Saints will come in to fill each Pew and Place.

TO OENONE

1. WHAT Conscience, say, is it in thee  
When I a Heart had one,  
To Take away that Heart from me,  
And to retain Thy own?
2. For shame or pitty now encline  
To play a loving part;  
Either to send me kindly thine,  
Or give me back my heart.
3. Covet not both; but if thou dost  
Resolve to part with neither;  
Why! yet to shew that thou art just,  
Take me and mine together.

HIS WEAKNESSE IN WOES

I CANNOT suffer; and in this, my part  
Of Patience wants. Grief breaks the stoutest Heart.

FAME MAKES US FORWARD

To Print our Poems, the propulsive cause  
Is Fame, (the breath of popular applause.)

TO GROVES

YEE silent shades, whose each tree here  
Some Relique of a Saint doth weare:  
Who for some sweet-hearts sake, did prove  
The fire, and martyrdome of love.  
Here is the Legend of those Saints  
That di'd for love; and their complaints:  
Their wounded hearts; and names we find  
Encarv'd upon the Leaves and Rind.

Give way, give way to me, who come  
 Scorch't with the selfe-same martyrdome :  
 And have deserv'd as much (Love knowes)  
 As to be canoniz'd 'mongst those,  
 Whose deeds, and death here written are  
 Within your Greenie-Kalendar :  
 By all those Virgins' Fillets hung  
 Upon your Boughs, and Requiems sung  
 For Saints and Soules departed hence,  
 (Here honour'd still with Frankincense)  
 By all those teares that have been shed,  
 As a Drink-offering, to the dead :  
 By all those True-love-knots, that be  
 With Motto's carv'd on every tree,  
 By sweet S. Phillis ; pitie me :  
 By deare S. Iphis ; and the rest,  
 Of all those other Saints now blest ;  
 Me, me, forsaken, here admit  
 Among your Mirtles to be writ :  
 That my poore name may have the glory  
 To live remembred in your story.

#### AN EPITAPH UPON A VIRGIN

HERE a solemne Fast we keepe,  
 While all beauty lyes asleep  
 Husht be all things ; (no noyse here)  
 But the toning of a teare :  
 Or a sigh of such as bring  
 Cowslips for her covering.

#### TO THE RIGHT GRATIOUS PRINCE, LODWICK, DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENOX

Of all those three-brave-brothers, faln i' th' Warre,  
 (Not without glory) Noble Sir, you are,  
 Despite of all concussions left the Stem  
 To shoot forth Generations like to them.  
 Which may be done, if (Sir) you can beget  
 Men in their substance, not in counterfeit.



Such Essences as those Three Brothers ; known  
 Eternal by their own production.  
 Of whom, from Fam's white Trumpet, This Ile Tell,  
 Worthy their everlasting Chronicle :  
 Never since first Bellona us'd a Shield,  
 Such Three brave Brothers fell in Mars his Field.  
 These were those Three Horatii Rome did boast,  
 Rom's were these Three Horatii we have lost.  
 One Cordelion had that Age long since ;  
 This, Three ; which Three, you make up Foure  
 Brave Prince.

# To JEALOUSIE

1. O JEALOUSIE, that art  
 The Canker of the heart :  
 And mak'st all hell  
 Where thou do'st dwell ;  
 For pitie be  
 No Furie, or no Fire-brand to me.
2. Farre from me Ile remove  
 All thoughts of irksome Love :  
 And turn to snow,  
 Or Christall grow ;  
 To keep still free  
 (O ! Soul-tormenting Jealousie,) from Thee.

# To LIVE FREELY

LET's live in hast ; use pleasures while we may :  
 Co'd life return, 'twod never lose a day.

# His ALMES

HERE, here I live,  
 And somewhat give,  
 Of what I have,  
 To those, who crave.



Little or much,  
 My Almnes is such :  
 But if my deal  
 Of Oyl and Meal  
 Shall fuller grow,  
 More Ile bestow .  
 Mean time be it  
 E'en but a bit,  
 Or else a crum,  
 The scrip hath some.

## UPON HIMSELF

Come, leave this loathèd Country-life, and then  
 Grow up to be a Roman Citizen.  
 Those mites of Time, which yet remain unspent,  
 Waste thou in that most Civill Government.  
 Get their comportment, and the gliding tongue  
 Of those mild Men, thou art to live among :  
 Then being seated in that smoother Sphere,  
 Decree thy everlasting Topick there.  
 And to the Farm-house nere return at all,  
 Though Granges do not love thee, Cities shall.

## TO ENJOY THE TIME

WHILE Fates permit us, let's be merry ;  
 Passe all we must the fatall Ferry :  
 And this our life too whirles away,  
 With the Rotation of the Day.

## UPON LOVE

1. LOVE, I have broke  
 Thy yoke ;  
 The neck is free :  
 But when I'm next  
 Love-vert,  
 Then shackell me.

2. 'Tis better yet  
 To fret  
 The feet or hands  
 Then to enthrall,  
 Or gall  
 The neck with bands.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MILDMAI, EARLE  
 OF WESTMORLAND

You are a Lord, an Earle, nay more, a Man,  
 Who writes sweet Numbers well as any can :  
 If so, why then are not These Verses hurl'd,  
 Like Sybels Leaves, throughout the ample world?  
 What is a Jewell if it be not set  
 Forth by a ring, or some rich Carkanet?  
 But being so ; then the beholders cry,  
 See, see a Jemme (as rare as Bælus' eye.)  
 Then publick praise do's runne upon the Stone,  
 For a most rich, a rare, a precious One.  
 Expose your jewels then unto the view,  
 That we may praise Them, or themselves prize You.  
*Vertue conceal'd (with Horace you'l confesse,)*  
*Differs not much from drowzie slothfullnesse.*

THE PLUNDER

I AM of all bereft ;  
 Save but some few Beanes left,  
 Whereof (at last) to make,  
 For me, and mine a Cake :  
 Which eaten, they and I  
 Will say our grace, and die.

THE JIMMALL<sup>1</sup> RING, OR TRUE-LOVE-KNOT

Thou sent'st to me a True-love-knot ; but I  
 Return'd a Ring of Jimmalls, to imply  
 Thy Love had one knot, mine a triple tye.

<sup>1</sup> A ring in double or treble form, or linked.

THE PARTING VERSE, OR CHARGE TO HIS  
SUPPOSED WIFE WHEN HE TRAVELLED

Go hence, and with this parting kisse,  
Which joyns two souls, remember this ;  
Though thou beest young, kind, soft, and faire,  
And may'st draw thousands with a haire :  
Yet let these glib temptations be  
Furies to others, Friends to me.  
Looke upon all ; and though on fire  
Thou set'st their hearts, let chaste desire  
Steere Thee to me ; and thinke (me gone)  
In having all, that thou hast none.  
Nor so immured wo'd I have  
Thee live, as dead and in thy grave ;  
But walke abroad, yet wisely well  
Stand for my comming, Sentinell.  
And think (as thou do'st walke the street)  
Me, or my shadow thou do'st meet.  
I know a thousand greedy eyes  
Will on thy Feature tirannize,  
In my short absence ; yet behold  
Them like some Picture, or some Mould  
Fashion'd like Thee ; which though 'tave eares  
And eyes, it neither sees nor heares.  
Gifts will be sent, and Letters, which  
Are the expressions of that itch,  
And salt, which frets thy Suters ; fly  
Both, lest thou lose thy liberty :  
For that once lost, thou't fall to one,  
Then prostrate to a million.  
But if they wooe thee, do thou say,  
(As that chaste Queen of Ithaca  
Did to her suitors) this web done  
(Undone as oft as done) I'm wonne ;  
I will not urge Thee, for I know,  
Though thou art young, thou canst say no,  
And no again, and so deny,  
Those thy Lust-burning Incubi.

Let them enstile Thee Fairest faire,  
 The Pearle of Princes, yet despaire  
 That so thou art, because thou must  
 Believe, Love speaks it not, but Lust ;  
 And this their Flatt'rie do's commend  
 Thee chiefly for their pleasure's end.  
 I am not jealous of thy Faith,  
 Or will be ; for the Axiome saith,  
 He that doth still suspect, do's haste  
 A gentle mind to be unchaste.  
 No, live thee to thy selfe, and keep  
 Thy thoughts as cold, as is thy sleep :  
 And let thy dreames be only fed  
 With this, that I am in thy bed  
 And thou then turning in that Sphere,  
 Waking shalt find me sleeping there.  
 But yet if boundlesse Lust must skaile  
 Thy Fortress, and will needs prevaile ;  
 And wildly force a passage in,  
 Banish consent, and 'tis no sinne  
 Of Thine ; so Lucrece fell, and the  
 Chaste Syracusian Cyane.  
 So Medullina fell, yet none  
 Of these had imputation  
 For the least trespassse ; 'cause the mind  
 Here was not with the act combin'd.  
*The body sins not, 'tis the Will*  
*That makes the Action, good, or ill.*  
 And if thy fall sho'd this way come,  
 Triumph in such a Martirdome.  
 I will not over-long enlarge  
 To thee, this my religious charge.  
 Take this compression, so by this  
 Means, I shall know what other kisse  
 Is mixt with mine ; and truly know,  
 Returning, if 't be mine or no :  
 Keepe it till then ; and now my Spouse,  
 For my wisht safety pay thy vows,  
 And prayers to Venus ; if it please  
 The great-blew-ruler of the seas ;

Not many full-fac't-moons shall waine,  
 Lean-horn'd, before I come again  
 As one triumphant ; when I find  
 In thee, all faith of Woman-kind.  
 Nor wo'd I have thee thinke, that Thou  
 Had'st power thy selfe to keep this vow ;  
 But having scapt temptation's shelve,  
 Know vertue taught thee, not thy selfe.

TO HIS KINSMAN, SIR THO. SOAME

SEEING thee Soame, I see a Goodly man,  
 And in that Good, a great Patrician.  
 Next to which Two ; among the City-Powers,  
 And Thrones, thy selfe one of Those Senatours :  
 Not wearing Purple only for the show ;  
 (As many Conscripts of the Citie do)  
 But for True Service, worthy of that Gowne,  
 The Golden chain too, and the Civick Crown.

TO BLOSSOMS

1. FAIRE pledges of a fruitfull Tree,  
     Why do yee fall so fast ?  
     Your date is not so past ;  
 But you may stay yet here a while,  
     To blush and gently smile ;  
     And go at last.
2. What, were yee borne to be  
     An houre or half's delight ;  
     And so to bid goodnight ?  
 'Twas pitie Nature brought yee forth  
     Merely to shew your worth,  
     And lose you quite.

3. But you are lovely Leaves, where we  
 May read how soon things have  
 Their end, though ne'r so brave :  
 And after they have shown their pride,  
 Like you a while: They glide  
 Into the Grave.

NOTHING FREE-COST

NOTHING comes Free-cost here ; Jove will not let  
 His gifts go from him ; if not bought with sweat.

FEW FORTUNATE

MANY we are, and yet but few possesse  
 Those Fields of everlasting happinesse.

TO PERENNA

How long, Perenna, wilt thou see  
 Me languish for the love of Thee?  
 Consent and play a friendly part  
 To save ; when thou may'st kill a heart.

TO THE LADYES

TRUST me Ladies, I will do  
 Nothing to distemper you ;  
 If I any fret or vex,  
 Men they shall be, not your sex.

THE OLD WIVES PRAYER

HOLY-ROOD come forth and shield  
 Us i' th' Citie, and the Field :  
 Safely guard us, now and aye,  
 From the blast that burns by day ;



And those sounds that us affright  
 In the dead of dampish night.  
 Drive all hurtfull Feinds us fro,  
 By the Time the Cocks first crow.

## UPON HIS DEPARTURE HENCE

THUS I  
 Passe by  
 And die :  
 As One,  
 Unknown,  
 And gon :  
 I'm made  
 A shade,  
 And laid  
 I' th' grave :  
 There have  
 My Cave.  
 Where tell  
 I dwell,  
*Farewell.*

## THE WASSAILE

1. Give way, give way ye Gates, and win  
 An easie blessing to your Bin,  
 And Basket, by our entring in.
2. May both with manchet<sup>1</sup> stand repleat ;  
 Your Larders too so hung with meat,  
 That though a thousand, thousand eat ;
3. Yet, ere twelve Moons shall whirl about  
 Their silv'rie Spheres, ther's none may doubt,  
 But more's sent in, then was serv'd out.

<sup>1</sup> White bread.

4. Next, may your Dairies Prosper so,  
As that your Pans no Ebbe may know ;  
But if they do, the more to flow,
5. Like to a solemne sober Stream  
Bankt all with Lillies and the Cream  
Of sweetest Cow-slips filling Them.
6. Then, may your Plants be prest with Fruit,  
Nor Bee, or Hive you have be mute ;  
But sweetly sounding like a Lute.
7. Next may your Duck and teeming Hen  
Both to the Cock's-tread, say Amen ;  
And for their two eggs render ten.
8. Last, may your Harrows, Shares and Ploughes,  
Your Stacks, your Stocks, your sweetest Mowes,  
All prosper by our Virgin-vowes.
9. Alas ! we blesse, but see none here,  
That brings us either Ale or Beere ;  
*In a drie-house all things are neere.*
10. Lets leave a longer Time to wait,  
Where Rust and Cobwebs, bind the gate ;  
And all live here with needy Fate.
11. Where chimneys do for ever weepe,  
For want of warmth, and stomachs keepe  
With noise, the servants eyes from sleep.
12. It is in vain to sing, or stay  
Our free-feet here ; but we'l away :  
Yet to the Lares this we'l say.
13. The time will come, when you'l be sad  
And reckon this for fortune bad,  
T've lost the good ye might have had.

## UPON A LADY FAIRE BUT FRUITLESSE

TWICE has Pudica been a Bride, and led  
 By holy Hymen to the Nuptiall Bed.  
 Two Youths sha's known thrice two, and twice  
     3 yeares;  
 Yet not a Lillie from the Bed appeares:  
 Nor will; for why, Pudica, this may know,  
*Trees never beare, unlesse they first do blow.*

## HOW SPRINGS CAME FIRST

THESE Springs were Maidens once that lov'd,  
 But lost to that, they most approv'd:  
 My Story tels, by Love they were  
 Turn'd to these Springs, which we see here;  
 The pretty whimpering that they make,  
 When of the Banks their leave they take;  
 Tels yee but this, they are the same,  
 In nothing chang'd but in their name.

## TO ROSEMARY, AND BAIES

My wooing's ended: now my weddings neere:  
 When Gloves are giving, Guilded be you there.

## UPON A SCARRE IN A VIRGINS FACE

'Tis Heresie in others: In your face  
 That Scarr's no Schisme, but the sign of grace.

## UPON HIS EYE-SIGHT FAILING HIM

I BEGINNE to waine in sight;  
 Shortly I shall bid goodnight:  
 Then no gazing more about,  
 When the Tapers once are out.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. THO. FALCONBURGE

STAND with thy Graces forth, Brave man, and rise  
 High with thine own Auspicious Destinies:  
 Nor leave the search, and prooffe, till Thou canst find  
 These, or those ends, to which Thou wast design'd.  
 Thy lucky Genius, and thy guiding Starre,  
 Have made Thee prosperous in thy wayes, thus farre:  
 Nor will they leave Thee, till they both have shown  
 Thee to the World a Prime and Publique One.  
 Then, when Thou see'st thine Age all turn'd to gold,  
 Remember what thy Herrick Thee foretold,  
 When at the holy Threshold of thine house,  
*He Boded good-luck to thy Selfe and Spouse.*  
 Lastly, be mindfull (when thou art grown great)  
 . *That Towers high rear'd dread most the lightnings*  
*threat:*

*Whenas the humble Cottages not feare*  
*The cleaving Bolt of Jove the Thunderer.*

UPON JULIA'S HAIRE FILL'D WITH DEW

DEW sate on Julia's haire,  
 And spangled too,  
 Like Leaves that laden are  
     With trembling Dew:  
 Or glitter'd to my sight,  
     As when the Beames  
 . Have their reflected light,  
     Daunc't by the Streames.

ANOTHER ON HER

How can I choose but love, and follow her,  
 Whose shadow smels like milder Pomander!  
 How can I chuse but kisse her, whence do's come  
 The Storax, Spiknard, Myrrhe, and Ladanium.

## TO SIR CLIPSEBIE CREW

SINCE to th' Country first I came,  
 I have lost my former flame :  
 And, methinks, I not inherit,  
 As I did, my ravisht spirit.  
 If I write a Verse, or two,  
 'Tis with very much ado ;  
 In regard I want that Wine,  
 Which sho'd conjure up a line.  
 Yet, though now of Muse bereft,  
 I have still the manners left  
 For to thanke you (Noble Sir)  
 For those gifts you do conferre  
 Upon him, who only can  
 Be in Prose a gratefull man.

## UPON HIMSELF

1. I co'd never love indeed ;  
 Never see mine own heart bleed :  
 Never crucifie my life ;  
 Or for Widow, Maid, or Wifa.
2. I co'd never seeke to please  
 One, or many Mistresses :  
 Never like their lips, to sweare  
 Oyle of Roses still smelt there.
3. I co'd never breake my sleepe,  
 Fold mine Armes, sob, sigh, or weep .  
 Never beg, or humbly wooe  
 With oathes, and lyes, (as others do.)
4. I co'd never walke alone ;  
 Put a shirt of sackcloth on :  
 Never keep a fast, or pray  
 For good luck in love (that day).

5. But have hitherto liv'd free,  
As the aire that circles me :  
And kept credit with my heart,  
Neither broke i' th' whole, or part.

FRESH CHEESE AND CREAM

Wo'd yee have fresh Cheese and Cream?  
Iulia's Breast can give you them :  
And if more ; Each Nipple cries,  
To your Cream, her[e]'s Strawberries.

AN ECLOGUE, OR PASTORALL BETWEEN ENDIMION  
PORTER AND LYCIDAS HERRICK, SET AND SUNG.

- End.* Ah ! Lycidas, come tell me why  
Thy whilome merry Oate  
By thee doth so neglected lye ;  
And never purls a note?
2. I prithee speake: *Lyc.* I will. *End.* Say on :  
*Lyc.* 'Tis thou, and only thou,  
That art the cause, Endimion ;  
*End.* For Loves-sake, tell me how.
3. *Lyc.* In this regard, that thou do'st play  
Upon another Plain :  
And for a Rurall Roundelay,  
Strik'st now a Courtly strain.
4. Thou leav'st our Hills, our Dales, our Bowers,  
Our finer fleeced sheep :  
(Unkind to us) to spend thine houres,  
Where Shepheards sho'd not keep.
5. I meane the Court: Let Latmos be  
My lov'd Endymion's Court ;  
*End.* But I the Courtly State wo'd see :  
*Lyc.* Then see it in report.



6. What ha's the Court to do with Swaines,  
Where Phillis is not known?  
Nor do's it mind the Rustick straines  
Of us, or Coridon.
7. Breake, if thou lov'st us, this delay ;  
*End.* Dear Lycidas, e're long,  
I vow by Pan, to come away  
And Pipe unto thy Song.
8. Then Jessimine, with Florabell ;  
And dainty Amarillis,  
With handsome-handed Drosomell  
Shall pranke thy Hooke with Lillies.
9. *Lyc.* Then Tityrus, and Coridon,  
And Thyrsis, they shall follow  
With all the rest ; while thou alone  
Shalt lead, like young Apollo.
10. And till thou com'st, thy Lycidas,  
In every Geniall Cup,  
Shall write in Spice, Endimion 'twas  
That kept his Piping up.

And my most luckie Swain, when I shall live to see  
Endimions Moon to fill up full, remember me :  
Mean time, let Lycidas have leave to Pipe to thee.

#### TO A BED OF TULIPS

1. BRIGHT Tulips, we do know,  
You had your comming hither ;  
And Fading-time do's show,  
That Ye must quickly wither.
2. Your Sister-hoods may stay,  
And smile here for your houre ;  
But dye ye must away :  
Even as the meanest Flower

3. Come Virgins then, and see  
Your frailties ; and bemone ye ;  
For lost like these, 'twill be,  
As Time had never known ye.

### A CAUTION

THAT Love last long ; let it thy first care be  
To find a Wife, that is most fit for Thee.  
Be She too wealthy, or too poore ; be sure,  
*Love in extreames, can never long endure.*

### TO THE WATER NYMPHS, DRINKING AT THE FOUNTAIN

1. REACH, with your whiter hands, to me,  
Some Christall of the Spring ;  
And I, about the Cup shall see  
Fresh Lillies flourishing.
2. Or else sweet Nimphs do you but this ;  
To' th' Glasse your lips encline ;  
And I shall see by that one kisse,  
The Water turn'd to Wine.

### TO HIS HONOURED KINSMAN, SIR RICHARD STONE

To this white Temple of my Heroes, here,  
Beset with stately Figures (every where)  
Of such rare Saint-ships, who did here consume  
Their lives in sweets, and left in death perfume.  
Come, thou Brave man ! And bring with Thee a  
Stone.

Unto thine own Edification.  
 High are These Statues here, besides no lesse  
 Strong then the Heavens for everlastingnesse :  
 Where build aloft ; and being fixt by These,  
 Set up Thine own eternal Images.

## UPON A FLIE

A GOLDEN Flie one shew'd to me,  
 Clos'd in a Box of Yvorie :  
 Where both seem'd proud ; the Flie to have  
 His buriall in an yvory grave :  
 The yvorie tooke State to hold  
 A Corps as bright as burnisht gold.  
 One Fate had both ; both equall Grace ;  
 The Buried, and the Burying-place.  
 Not Virgil's Gnat, to whom the Spring  
 All Flowers sent to 'is burying ;  
 Not Marshal's Bee, which in a Bead  
 Of Amber quick was burièd ;  
 Nor that fine Worme that do's interre  
 Her selfe i' th' silken Sepulchre ;  
 Nor my rare Phil,<sup>1</sup> that lately was  
 With Lillies Tomb'd up in a Glasse ;  
 More honour had, then this same Flie ;  
 Dead, and closed up in Yvorie.

## UPON JACK AND JILL. EPIG.

WHEN Jill complains to Jack for want of meate ;  
 Jack kisses Jill, and bids her freely eate :  
 Jill sayes, of what? sayes Jack, on that sweet kisse,  
 Which full of Nectar and Ambrosia is,  
 The food of Poets ; so I thought sayes Jill,  
 That makes them looke so lanke, so Ghost-like still.  
 Let Poets feed on aire, or what they will ;  
 Let me feed full . . . sayes Jill.

<sup>1</sup> Sparrow.—H.

TO JULIA

JULIA, when thy Herrick dies,  
Close thou up thy Poet's eyes :  
And his last breath, let it be  
Taken in by none but Thee.

TO MISTRESSE DOROTHY PARSONS

If thou aske me (Deare) wherefore  
I do write of thee no more :  
I must answer (Sweet) thy part  
Lesse is here, then in my heart.

HOW HE WOULD DRINKE HIS WINE

FILL me my Wine in Christall ; thus, and thus  
I see 't in's *puris naturalibus* :  
Unmixt. I love to have it smirke and shine,  
'Tis sin I know, 'tis sin to throttle Wine.  
What Mad-man's he, that when it sparkles so,  
Will coole his flames, or quench his fires with snow?

HOW MARIGOLDS CAME YELLOW

JEALOUS Girles these sometimes were,  
While they liv'd, or lasted here :  
Turn'd to Flowers, still they be  
Yellow, markt for Jealousie.

THE BROKEN CHRISTALL

To Fetch me Wine my Lucia went,  
Bearing a Christall continent :  
But making haste, it came to passe,  
She brake in two the purer Glasse,  
Then smil'd, and sweetly chid her speed ;  
So with a blush, beshrew'd the deed.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EDWARD  
EARLE OF DORSET .

If I dare write to You, my Lord, who are,  
Of your own selfe, a Publick Theater,  
And sitting, see the wiles, wayes, walkes of wit,  
And give a righteous judgement upon it,  
What need I care, though some dislike me sho'd,  
If Dorset say, what Herrick writes, is good?  
We know y<sup>e</sup> are learn'd i' th' Muses, and no lesse  
In our State-sanctions, deep, or bottomlesse.  
Whose smile can make a Poet ; and your glance  
Dash all bad Poems out of countenance.  
So, that an Author needs no other Bayes  
For Coronation, then Your onely Praise.  
And no one mischief greater then your frown,  
To null his Numbers, and to blast his Crowne.  
*Few live the life immortall. He ensures*  
*His Fame's long life, who strives to set up Yours.*

UPON HIMSELF

TH'ART hence removing, (like a Shepherds Tent)  
And walk thou must the way that others went :  
Fall thou must first, then rise to life with These,  
Markt in thy Book for faithfull Witnesses.

HOPE WELL AND HAVE WELL : OR, FAIRE AFTER  
FOULE WEATHER

WHAT though the Heaven be lowring now,  
And look with a contracted brow?  
We shall discover, by and by,  
A Repurgation of the Skie :  
And when those clouds away are driven,  
Then will appeare a cheerfull Heaven.

## UPON LOVE

1. I HELD Love's head while it did ake ;  
But so it chanc't to be ;  
The cruell paine did his forsake,  
And forthwith came to me.
2. Ai me ! how shal my griefe be stil'd ?  
Or where else shall we find  
One like to me, who must be kill'd  
For being too-too-kind ?

TO HIS KINSWOMAN, MRS. PENELOPE WHEELER  
NEXT is your lot (Faire) to be number'd one,  
Here, in my Book's Canonization :  
Late you come in ; but you a Saint shall be,  
In Chiefe, in this Poetick Liturgie.

## ANOTHER UPON HER

FIRST, for your shape, the curious cannot shew  
Any one part that's dissonant in you :  
And 'gainst your chast behaviour there's no Plea,  
Since you are knowne to be Penelope.  
Thus faire and cleane you are, although there be  
*A mighty strife 'twixt Forme and Chastitie.*

## KISSING AND BUSSING

KISSING and bussing differ both in this ;  
We busse our Wantons, but our Wives we kiss.

TO THE LADY CREW, UPON THE DEATH OF  
HER CHILD

WHY, Madam, will ye longer weep,  
Whenas your Baby's lull'd asleep ?  
And (pretty Child) feeles now no more  
Those paines it lately felt before.



All now is silent ; groanes are fled :  
 Your Child lyes still, yet is not dead :  
 But rather like a flower hid here  
 To spring againe another yeare.

### His WINDING-SHEET

Come thou, who art the Wine, and wit  
 Of all I've writ :  
 The Grace, the Glorie, and the best  
 Piece of the rest.  
 Thou art of what I did intend  
 The All, and End.  
 And what was made, was made to meet  
 Thee, thee my sheet.  
 Come then, and be to my chast side  
 Both Bed, and Bride.  
 We two (as Reliques left) will have  
 One Rest, one Grave.  
 And, hugging close, we will not feare  
 Lust entring here :  
 Where all Desires are dead, or cold  
 As is the mould :  
 And all Affections are forgot,  
 Or Trouble not.  
 Here, here the Slaves and Pris'ners be  
 From Shackles free :  
 And Weeping Widowes long opprest  
 Doe here find rest.  
 The wrongèd Client ends his Lawes  
 Here, and his Cause.  
 Here those long suits of Chancery lie  
 Quiet, or die :  
 And all Star-chamber-Bills doe cease,  
 Or hold their peace.  
 Here needs no Court for our Request,  
 Where all are best ;  
 All wise ; all equall : and all just  
 Alike i' th' dust.

Nor need we here to feare the frowne  
 Of Court, or Crown.  
*Where Fortune bears no sway o're things.*  
*There all are Kings.*  
 In this securer place we'l keep,  
 As lull'd asleep ;  
 Or for a little time we'l lye,  
 As Robes laid by ;  
 To be another day re-worne,  
 Turn'd, but not torn :  
 Or like old Testaments ingrost,  
 Lockt up, not lost :  
 And for a while lye here conceal'd,  
 To be reveal'd  
 Next, at that great Platonick yeere,  
 And then meet here.

TO MISTRESSE MARY WILLAND

ONE more by Thee, Love, and Desert sent,  
 T' enspangle this expansive Firmament.  
 O Flame of Beauty ! come, appeare, appeare  
 A Virgin Taper, ever shining here.

ON HIMSELFE

BORNE I was to meet with Age,  
 And to walke Life's pilgrimage.  
 Much I know of Time is spent,  
 Tell I can't, what's Resident.  
 Howsoever, cares, adue ;  
 Ile have nought to say to you :  
 But Ile spend my comming houres,  
 Drinking wine, & crown'd with flowres.

FORTUNE FAVOURS

FORTUNE did never favour one  
 Fully, without exception ;  
 Though free she be, ther's something yet  
 Still wanting to her Favourite.

## TO PHILLIS TO LOVE, AND LIVE WITH HIM

LIVE, live with me, and thou shalt see  
 The pleasures Ile prepare for thee :  
 What sweets the Country can afford  
 Shall blesse thy Bed, and blesse thy Board.  
 The soft sweet Mosse shall be thy bed,  
 With crawling Woodbine over-spread :  
 By which the silver-shedding streames  
 Shall gently melt thee into dreames.  
 Thy clothing next, shall be a Gowne  
 Made of the Fleeces' purest Downe.  
 The tongues of Kids shall be thy meate ;  
 Their Milke thy drinke ; and thou shalt eate  
 The Paste of Filberts for thy bread  
 With Cream of Cowslips buttered :  
 Thy Feasting-Tables shall be Hills  
 With Daisies spread, and Daffadils ;  
 Where thou shalt sit, and Red-brest by,  
 For meat, shall give thee melody.  
 Ile give thee Chaines and Carkanets  
 Of Primroses and Violets.  
 A Bag and Bottle thou shalt have ;  
 That richly wrought, and This as brave ;  
 So that as either shall expresse  
 The Wearer's no meane Shepheardesse.  
 At Sheering-times, and yearely Wakes,  
 When Themilis his pastime makes,  
 There thou shalt be ; and be the wit,  
 Nay more, the Feast, and grace of it.  
 On Holy-dayes, when Virgins meet  
 To dance the Heyes with nimble feet ;  
 Thou shalt come forth and then appeare  
 The Queen of Roses for that yeere.  
 And having danc't ('bove all the best)  
 Carry the Garland from the rest.  
 In Wicker-baskets Maids shal bring  
 To thee, (my dearest Shephar[d]ling)

The blushing Apple, bashfull Peare,  
 And shame-fac't Plum, (all simp'ring there):  
 Walk in the Groves, and thou shalt find  
 The name of Phillis in the Rind  
 Of every straight, and smooth-skin tree,  
 Where kissing that, Ile twice kisse thee.  
 To thee a Sheep-hook I will send,  
 Be-pranckt with Ribbands, to this end,  
 This, this alluring Hook might be  
 Lesse for to catch a sheep, then me.  
 Thou shalt have Possets, Wassails fine,  
 Not made of Ale, but spiced Wine;  
 To make thy Maids and selfe free mirth,  
 All sitting neer the glitt'ring Hearth.  
 Thou sha't have Ribbands, Roses, Rings,  
 Gloves, Garters, Stockings, Shooes, and Strings  
 Of winning Colours, that shall move  
 Others to Lust, but me to Love.  
 These (nay) and more, thine own shal be,  
 If thou wilt love, and live with me.

TO HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRESSE SUSANNA  
 HERRICK

WHEN I consider (Dearest) thou dost stay  
 But here awhile, to languish and decay;  
 Like to these Garden-glories, which here be  
 The Flowrie-sweet resemblances of Thee:  
 With griefe of heart, methinks, I thus doe cry,  
 Wo'd thou hadst ne'r been born, or might'st not die.

UPON MISTRESSE SUSANNA SOUTHWELL HER CHEEKS

RARE are thy cheeks Susanna, which do show  
 Ripe Cherries smiling, while that others blow.

## UPON HER EYES

CLEERE are her eyes,  
 Like purest Skies.  
 Discovering from thence  
 A Babie there  
 That turns each Sphere,  
 Like an Intelligence.

## UPON HER FEET

HER pretty feet  
 Like snailes did creep  
 A little out, and then,  
 As if they started at Bo-peep,  
 Did soon draw in agen.

## TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, SIR JOHN MYNTS

FOR civill, cleane, and circumcised wit,  
 And for the comely carriage of it ;  
 Thou art The Man, the onely Man best known,  
 Markt for the True-wit of a Million :  
 From whom we'l reckon. Wit came in, but since  
 The Calculation of thy Birth, Brave Mince.

## UPON HIS GRAY HAIRE

FLY me not, though I be gray,  
 Lady, this I know you'l say ;  
 Better look the Roses red,  
 When with white commingled.  
 Black your haire are ; mine are white ;  
 This begets the more delight,  
 When things meet most opposite :  
 As in Pictures we descry,  
 Venus standing Vulcan by.

PRIDE ALLOWABLE IN POETS

As thou deserv'st, be proud ; then gladly let  
The Muse give thee the Delphick Coronet.

A VOW TO MINERVA

GODDESSE, I begin an Art ;  
Come thou in, with thy best part,  
For to make the Texture lye  
Each way smooth and civilly :  
And a broad-fac't Owle shall be  
Offer'd up with Vows to Thee.

TO ELECTRA

1. 'Tis Ev'ning, my Sweet,  
And dark ; let us meet ;  
Long time w'ave here been a toying :  
And never, as yet,  
That season co'd get,  
Wherein t'ave had an enjoying.
2. For pittty or shame,  
Then let not Love's flame,  
Be ever and ever a spending ;  
Since now to the Port  
The path is but short ;  
And yet our way has no ending.
3. Time flies away fast ;  
Our houres doe waste.  
The while we never remember,  
How soone our life, here,  
Growes old with the yeere,  
That dyes with the next December.



## To MARYGOLDS

GIVE way, and be ye ravisht by the Sun,  
 (And hang the head when as the Aëct is done)  
 Spread as He spreads ; wax lesse as He do's wane ;  
 And as He shuts, close up to Maids again.

## To DIANE

GIVE me one kisse,  
 And no more ;  
 If so be, this  
 Makes you poore ;  
 To enrich you,  
 Ile restore  
 For that one, two  
 Thousand score.

## To JULIA, THE FLAMINICA DIALIS, OR QUEEN-PRIEST

THOU know'st, my Julia, that it is thy turne  
 This Mornings Incense to prepare, and burne.  
 The Chaplet, and Inarculum<sup>1</sup> here be,  
 With the white Vestures, all attending Thee.  
 This day, the Queen-Priest, thou art made t' appease  
 Love for our very-many Trespasses.  
 One chiefe transgression is among the rest,  
 Because with Flowers her Temple was not drest :  
 The next, because her Altars did not shine  
 With daily Fyers : The last, neglect of Wine :  
 For which, her wrath is gone forth to consume  
 Us all, unlesse preserv'd by thy Perfume.

<sup>1</sup> 'A twig of a pomgranat, which the queen-priest did use  
 to wear on her head at sacrificing.'—H.

Take then thy Censer ; Put in Fire, and thus,  
O Pious-Priestresse ! make a Peace for us.  
For our neglect, Love did our Death decree,  
That we escape. *Redemption comes by Thee.*

ANACREONTIKE

BORN I was to be old,  
And for to die here :  
After that, in the mould  
Long for to lye here.  
But before that day comes,  
Still I be Bousing :  
For I know, in the Tombs  
There's no Carousing.

MEAT WITHOUT MIRTH

EATEN I have ; and though I had good cheere,  
I did not sup, because no friends were there.  
Where Mirth and Friends are absent when we Dine  
Or Sup, there wants the Incense and the Wine.

LARGE BOUNDS DOE BUT BURY US

ALL things o'r-rul'd are here by Chance ;  
The greatest mans Inheritance.  
Whereere the luckie Lot doth fall,  
Serves but for place of Buriall.

AN ODE TO SIR CLIPSEBIE CREW

1. HERE we securely live, and eate  
The Creame of meat ;  
And keep eternal fires,  
By which we sit, and doe Divine  
As Wine  
And Rage inspires.

2. If full we charme ; then call upon  
     Anacreon  
     To grace the frantick Thyse :  
     And having drunk, we raise a shout  
         Throughout  
     To praise his Verse.
3. Then cause we Horace to be read,  
     Which sung, or seyde,  
     A Goblet, to the brim,  
     Of Lyrick Wine, both swell'd and crown'd,  
         A Round  
     We quaffe to him.
4. Thus, thus, we live, and spend the houres  
     In Wine and Flowers :  
     And make the frolick yeere,  
     The Month, the Week, the instant Day  
         To stay  
     The longer here.
5. Come then, brave Knight, and see the Cell  
     Wherein I dwell ;  
     And my Enchantments too ;  
     Which Love and noble freedome is ;  
         And this  
     Shall fetter you.
6. Take Horse, and come ; or be so kind,  
     To send your mind  
     (Though but in Numbers few)  
     And I shall think I have the heart,  
         Or part  
     Of Clipseby Crew.

TO HIS WORTHY KINSMAN, MR. STEPHEN SOAME

NOR is my Number full, till I inscribe  
 Thee sprightly Soame, one of my righteous Tribe :  
 A Tribe of one Lip-Leven, and of One  
 Civil Behaviour, and Religion.

A Stock of Saints ; where ev'ry one doth weare  
A stole of white, (and Canonizèd here)  
Among which Holies, be Thou ever known,  
Brave Kinsman, markt out with the whiter stone :  
Which seals Thy Glorie ; since I doe prefer  
Thee here in my eternall Calender.

## TO HIS TOMB-MAKER

Go I must ; when I am gone,  
Write but this upon my Stone  
Chaste I liv'd, without a wife,  
That's the Story of my life.  
Strewings need none, every flower  
Is in this word, Batchelour.

## UPON HIMSELF BEING BURIED

LET me sleep this night away,  
Till the Dawning of the day :  
Then at th' opening of mine eyes,  
I, and all the world shall rise.

## HIS CONTENT IN THE COUNTRY

HERE, here I live with what my Board,  
Can with the smallest cost afford.  
Though n'er so mean the Viands be,  
They well content my Prew and me.  
Or Pea, or Bean, or Wort, or Beet,  
Whatever comes, content makes sweet :  
Here we rejoyce, because no Rent  
We pay for our poore Tenement :  
Wherein we rest, and never feare  
The Landlord, or the Usurer.  
The Quarter-day do's ne'r affright  
Our Peacefull slumbers in the night.

We eate our own, and batten more,  
 Because we feed on no mans score :  
 But pitie those, whose flanks grow great,  
 Swel'd with the Lard of others meat.  
 We blesse our Fortunes, when we see  
 Our own belovèd privacie :  
 And like our living, where w'are known  
 To very few, or else to none.

## ON HIMSELFE

SOME parts may perish ; dye thou canst not all :  
 The most of thee shall scape the funerall.

## THE FAIRIES

If ye will with Mab find grace,  
 Set each Platter in his place :  
 Rake the Fier up, and get  
 Water in, ere Sun be set.  
 Wash your Pailles, and clense your Dairies ;  
 Sluts are loathsome to the Fairies :  
 Sweep your house : Who doth not so,  
 Mab will pinch her by the toe.

TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, M. JOHN  
 WEARE, COUNCELLOUR

DID I or love, or could I others draw  
 To the indulgence of the rugged Law :  
 The first foundation of that zeale sho'd be  
 By Reading all her Paragraphs in Thee.  
 Who dost so fitly with the Lawes unite,  
 As if You Two, were one Hermophrodite :  
 Nor courts thou Her because she's well attended  
 With wealth, but for those ends she was entended :  
 Which were, (and still her offices are known)  
*Law is to give to ev'ry one his owne.*

To shore the Feeble up, against the strong ;  
 To shield the Stranger, and the Poore from wrong .  
 This was the Founders grave and good intent,  
 To keepe the out-cast in his Tenement :  
 To free the Orphan from that Wolfe-like man,  
 Who is his Butcher more then Guardian.  
 To drye the Widowes teares ; and stop her Swoones,  
 By pouring Balme and Oyle into her wounds.  
 This was the old way ; and 'tis yet thy course,  
 To keep those pious Principles in force.  
 Modest I will be ; but one word Ile say  
 (Like to a sound that's vanishing away)  
 Sooner the in-side of thy hand shall grow  
 Hisped,<sup>1</sup> and haire, ere thy Palm shall know  
 A Postern-bribe tooke, or a Forked-Fee  
 To fetter Justice, when She might be free.  
*Eggs Ile not shave :* But yet, brave man, if I  
 Was destined forth to golden Sovereignty :  
 A Prince I'de be, that I might Thee preferre  
 To be my Counsell both, and Chancellor.

THE WATCH

MAN is a Watch, wound up at first, but never  
 Wound up again : Once down, He's down for ever.  
 The Watch once downe, all motions then do cease ;  
 And Man's Pulse stopt, All Passions sleep in Peace.

ART ABOVE NATURE, TO JULIA

WHEN I behold a Forrest spread  
 With silken trees upon thy head ;  
 And when I see that other Dresse  
 Of flowers set in comlinesse :  
 When I behold another grace  
 In the ascent of curious Lace,  
 Which like a Pinnacle doth shew  
 The top, and the top-gallant too.

<sup>1</sup> Bristly.



Then, when I see thy Tresses bound  
 Into an Ovall, square, or round ;  
 And knit in knots far more then I  
 Can tell by tongue ; or true-love tie :  
 Next, when those Lawnie Filmes I see  
 Play with a wild civility :  
 And all those airie silks to flow,  
 Alluring me, and tempting so :  
 I must confesse, mine eye and heart  
 Dotes less on Nature, then on Art.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRESSE  
 BRIDGET HERRICK

SWEET Bridget blusht, & therewithall  
 Fresh blossoms from her cheekes did fall,  
 I thought at first 'twas but a dream,  
 Till after I had handled them ;  
 And smelt them, then they smelt to me,  
 As blossomes of the Almond tree.

UPON LOVE

1. I PLAID with Love, as with the fire  
     The wanton Satyre did ;  
 Nor did I know, or co'd descry  
     What under there was hid.
2. That Satyre he but burnt his lips ;  
     (But min[e]'s the greater smart)  
 For kissing Loves dissembling chips,  
     The fire scortcht my heart.

UPON A COMELY, AND CURIOUS MAIDE

If men can say that beauty dyes ;  
 Marbles will sweare that here it lyes.

If Reader then thou canst forbear,  
In publique loss to shed a Teare :  
The Dew of griefe upon this stone  
Will tell thee Pitie thou hast none.

UPON THE LOSSE OF HIS FINGER

ONE of the five straight branches of my hand  
Is lopt already ; and the rest but stand  
Expecting when to fall : which soon will be ;  
First dyes the Leafe, the Bough next, next the Tree.

UPON IRENE

ANGRY if Irene be  
But a Minute's life with me :  
Such a fire I espie  
Walking in and out her eye,  
As at once I freeze, and frie.

UPON ELECTRA'S TEARES

UPON her cheekes she wept, and from those showers  
Sprang up a sweet Nativity of Flowres.

A HYMNE TO THE GRACES

WHEN I love, (as some have told,  
Love I shall when I am old)  
O ye Graces ! Make me fit  
For the welcoming of it.  
Clean my Roomes, as Temples be,  
T<sup>e</sup> entertain that Deity.  
Give me words wherewith to wooe,  
Suppling and successefull too :  
Winning postures ; and withall,  
Manners each way musicall :

Sweetnesse to allay my sowre  
 And unsmooth behaviour.  
 For I know you have the skill  
 Vines to prune, though not to kill,  
 And of any wood ye see,  
 You can make a Mercury.

#### TO SILVIA

No more my Silvia, do I mean to pray  
 For those good dayes that ne'r will come away.  
 I want beliefe : O gentle Silvia, be  
 The patient Saint, and send up vowes for me.

#### THE POET HATH LOST HIS PIPE

I CANNOT pipe as I was wont to do,  
 Broke is my Reed, hoarse is my singing too :  
 My wearied Oat Ile hang upon the Tree,  
 And give it to the Silvan Deitie.

#### . TRUE FRIENDSHIP

WILT thou my true Friend be?  
 Then love not mine, but me.

#### THE APPARITION OF HIS MISTRESSE CALLING HIM TO ELIZIUM. DESUNT NONNULLA ———

COME then, and like two Doves with silv'rie wings,  
 Let our soules flie to th' shades, where ever springs  
 Sit smiling in the Meads ; where Balme and Oile,  
 Roses and Cassia crown the untill'd soyle.  
 Where no disease raignes, or infection comes  
 To blast the Aire, but Amber-greece and Gums.  
 This, that, and ev'ry Thicket doth transpire  
 More sweet, then Storax from the hallowed fire :

Where ev'ry tree a wealthy issue beares  
 Of fragrant Apples, blushing Plums, or Peares :  
 And all the shrubs, with sparkling spangles, shew  
 Like Morning-Sun-shine tinsilling the dew.  
 Here in green Meddowes sits eternall May,  
 Purfing the Margents, while perpetuall Day  
 So double gilds the Aire, as that no night  
 Can ever rust th' Enamel of the light.  
 Here, naked Younglings, handsome Striplings run  
 Their Goales for Virgins' kisses ; which when done,  
 Then unto Dancing forth the learnèd Round  
 Commixt they meet, with endlesse Roses crown'd.  
 And here we'l sit on Primrose-banks, and see  
 Love's Chorus led by Cupid ; and we'l be  
 Two loving followers too unto the Grove,  
 Where Poets sing the stories of our love.  
 There thou shalt hear Divine Musæus sing  
 Of Hero, and Leander ; then Ile bring  
 Thee to the Stand, where honour'd Homer reades  
 His Odisees, and his high Iliades.  
 About whose Throne the crowd of Poets throng  
 To heare the incantation of his tongue :  
 To Linus, then to Pindar ; and that done,  
 Ile bring thee Herrick to Anacreon,  
 Quaffing his full-crown'd bowles of burning Wine,  
 And in his Raptures speaking Lines of Thine,  
 Like to His subject ; and as his Frantick-  
 Looks, shew him truly Bacchanalian like,  
 Besmear'd with Grapes ; welcome he shall thee thither.  
 Where both may rage, both drink and dance together.  
 Then stately Virgil, witty Ovid, by  
 Whom faire Corinna sits, and doth comply<sup>1</sup>  
 With Yvorie wrists, his Laureat head, and steeps  
 His eye in dew of kisses, while he sleeps.  
 Then soft Catullus, sharp-fang'd Martial,  
 And towring Lucan, Horace, Juvenal,  
 And Snakeie Perseus, these, and those, whom Rage  
 (Dropt from the jarres of heaven) fill'd t' engage

<sup>1</sup> 'Surround,' 'embrace.'

All times unto their frenzies ; Thou shalt there  
 Behold them in a spacious Theater.  
 Among which glories, (crown'd with sacred Bayes,  
 And flatt'ring Ivie) Two recite their Plaies,  
 Beaumont and Fletcher, Swans, to whom all eares  
 Listen, while they (like Syrens in their Spheres)  
 Sing their Evadne ;<sup>1</sup> and still more for thee  
 There yet remains to know, then thou can'st see  
 By glim'ring of a fancie : Doe but come,  
 And there Ile shew thee that capacious roome  
 In which thy Father Johnson now is plac't,  
 As in a Globe of Radiant fire, and grac't  
 To be in that Orbe crown'd (that doth include  
 Those Prophets of the former Magnitude)  
 And he one chiefe ; But harke, I heare the Cock,  
 (The Bell-man of the night) proclaime the clock  
 Of late struck one ; and now I see the prime  
 Of Day break from the pregnant East, 'tis time .  
 I vanish ; more I had to say ;  
 But night determines here, Away.

#### LIFE IS THE BODIES LIGHT

LIFE is the Bodie's light ; which once declining  
 Those crimson clouds i' th' cheeks & lips leave shining.  
 Those counter-changed Tabbies<sup>2</sup> in the ayre,  
 (The Sun once set) all of one colour are.  
 So, when Death comes, Fresh tinctures lose their  
 place,  
 And dismall Darknesse then doth smutch the face.

#### LOVE LIGHTLY PLEASED

LET faire or foule my Mistresse be,  
 Or low, or tall, she pleaseth me :

<sup>1</sup> Evadne in *The Maid's Tragedy*.

<sup>2</sup> 'Tabinets,' 'shot silks.'

Or let her walk, or stand, or sit,  
 The posture hers, I'm pleas'd with it.  
 Or let her tongue be still, or stir,  
 Gracefull is ev'ry thing from her.  
 Or let her Grant, or else Deny,  
*My Love will fit each Historie.*

THE PRIMROSE

AsKE me why I send you here  
 This sweet *Infanta* of the yeere?  
 Aske me why I send to you  
 This Primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew?  
 I will whisper to your eares,  
 The sweets of Love are mixt with tears.

2. Ask me why this flower do's show  
 So yellow-green, and sickly too?  
 Ask me why the stalk is weak  
 And bending (yet it doth not break?)  
 I will answer, These discover  
 What fainting hopes are in a Lover.

THE TYTHE. TO THE BRIDE

If nine times you your Bride-groome kisse;  
 The tenth you know the Parson's is.  
 Pay then your Tythe; and doing thus,  
 Prove in your Bride-bed numerous.  
 If children you have ten, Sir John  
 Won't for his tenth part ask you one.

A FROLICK

BRING me my Rose-buds, Drawer come;  
 So, while I thus sit crown'd;  
 Ile drink the aged *Cecubum*,  
 Untill the rooffe turne round.



## CHANGE COMMON TO ALL

ALL things subjected are to Fate ;  
 Whom this Morne sees most fortunate,  
 The Ev'ning sees in poore estate.

## TO JULIA

THE Saints-bell calls ; and, Julia, I must read  
 The Proper Lessons for the Saints now dead :  
 To grace which Service, Julia, there shall be  
 One Holy Collect, said or sung for Thee.  
 Dead when thou art, Deare Julia, thou shalt have  
 A Tentrall<sup>1</sup> sung by Virgins o're thy Grave :  
 Meanetime we two will sing the Dirge of these ;  
 Who dead, deserve our best remembrances.

## NO LUCK IN LOVE

1. I doe love I know not what ;  
 Sometimes this, & sometimes that :  
 All conditions I aime at.
2. But, as lucklesse, I have yet  
 Many shrewd disasters met,  
 To gaine her whom I wo'd get.
3. Therefore now Ile love no more,  
 As I've doted heretofore :  
 He who must be, shall be poore.

## IN THE DARKE NONE DAINTY

NIGHT hides our thefts ; all faults then pardon'd be :  
 All are alike faire, when no spots we see.  
 Lais and Lucrece, in the nighttime are  
 Pleasing alike ; alike both singular :

<sup>1</sup> Dirge.

Jone, and my lady have at that time one,  
 One and the self-same priz'd complexion.  
 Then please alike the Pewter and the Plate;  
 The chosen Rubie, and the Reprobate.

A CHARME, OR AN ALLAY FOR LOVE.

IF so be a Toad be laid  
 In a Sheeps-skin newly flaid,  
 And that ty'd to man 'twil sever  
 Him and his affections ever.

TO HIS BROTHER IN LAW MASTER JOHN WINGFIELD

FOR being comely, consonant, and free  
 To most of men, but most of all to me:  
 For so decreeing, that thy clothes' expence  
 Keepest still within a just circumference:  
 Then for contriving so to loade thy Board,  
 As that the Messes ne'r o'r-laid the Lord:  
 Next for Ordaining, that thy words not swell  
 To any one unsobber syllable.  
 These I co'd praise thee for beyond another,  
 Wert thou a Winckfield onely, not a Brother.

THE HEAD-AKE

MY head doth ake,  
 O Sappho! take  
 Thy fillit,  
 And bind the paine;  
 Or bring some bane  
 To kill it.

2. But lesse that part,  
 Then my poore heart,  
 Now is sick:  
 One kisse from thee  
 Will counsell be,  
 And Physick.

## ON HIMSELFE

LIVE by thy Muse thou shalt ; when others die,  
 Leaving no Fame to long Posterity :  
 When Monarchies trans-shifted are, and gone ;  
 Here shall endure thy vast Dominion.

## UPON A MAIDE

HENCE a blessed soule is fled,  
 Leaving here the body dead :  
 Which (since here they can't combine)  
 For the Saint, we'l keep the Shrine.

## UPON THE TROUBLESOME TIMES

1. O ! TIMES most bad,  
 Without the scope  
 Of hope  
 Of better to be had !
2. Where shall I goe,  
 Or whither run  
 To shun  
 This publique overthrow ?
3. No places are  
 (This I am sure)  
 Secure  
 In this our wasting Warre.
4. Some storms w'ave past ;  
 Yet we must all  
 Down fall,  
 And perish at the last.

UPON LUCIA

I ASKT my Lucia but a kisse ;  
And she with scorne deny'd me this :  
Say then, how ill sho'd I have sped,  
Had I then askt her Maidenhead ?

PAINES WITHOUT PROFIT

A LONG-life's-day I've taken paines  
For very little, or no gaines :  
The Ev'ning's come ; here now Ile stop,  
And work no more ; but shut up Shop.

TO HIS BOOKE

BE bold, my Booke, nor be abasht, or feare  
The cutting Thumb-naile, or the Brow severa.  
But by the Muses sweare, all here is good,  
If but well read ; or ill read, understood.

HIS PRAYER TO BEN JOHNSON

WHEN I a Verse shall make,  
Know I have praid thee,  
For old Religion's sake,  
Saint Ben to aide me.

2. Make the way smooth for me,  
When I, thy Herrick,  
Honouring thee, on my knee  
Offer my Lyrick.

3. Candles Ile give to thee,  
And a new Altar ;  
And thou Saint Ben, shalt be  
Writ in my Psalter.

## OF LOVE

ILE get me hence,  
 Because no fence,  
 Or Fort that I can make here;  
 But Love by charmes,  
 Or else by Armes  
 Will storme, or starving take here.

## TO HIS MUSE

Go wooe young Charles no more to looke,  
 Then but to read this in my Booke:  
 How Herrick begs, that if he can-  
 Not like the Muse; to love the man,  
 Who by the Shepheards, sung (long since)  
 The Starre-led-birth of Charles the Prince.

## THE BAD SEASON MAKES THE POET SAD

DULL to my selfe, and almost dead to these  
 My many fresh and fragrant Mistresses:  
 Lost to all Musick now; since every thing  
 Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing.  
 Sick is the Land to th' heart; and doth endure  
 More dangerous faintings by her desp'rate cure.  
 But if that golden Age wo'd come again,  
 And Charles here Rule, as he before did Reign;  
 If smooth and unperplext the Seasons were,  
 As when the Sweet Maria lived here:  
 I sho'd delight to have my Curles halfe drown'd  
 In Tyrian Dewes, and Head with Roses crown'd.  
 And once more yet (ere I am laid out dead)  
*Knock at a Starre with my exalted Head.*

TO VULCAN

THY sooty Godhead, I desire  
Still to be ready with thy fire :  
That sho'd my Booke despised be,  
Acceptance it might find of thee.

PURPOSES

No wrath of Men, or rage of Seas  
Can shake a just man's purposes :  
No threats of Tyrants, or the Grim  
Visage of them can alter him ;  
But what he doth at first entend,  
That he holds firmly to the end.

TO THE MAIDS TO WALKE ABROAD

COME sit we under yonder Tree,  
Where merry as the Maids we'l be.  
And as on Primroses we sit,  
We'l venter (if we can) at wit :  
If not, at Draw-gloves we will play ;  
So spend some minutes of the day :  
Or else spin out the thread of sands,  
Playing at Questions and Commands :  
Or tell what strange Tricks Love can do,  
By quickly making one of two.  
Thus we will sit and talke ; but tell  
No cruell truths of Philomell,  
Or Phillis, whom hard Fate forc't on,  
To kill her selfe for Demophon.  
But Fables we'l relate ; how Jove  
Put on all shapes to get a Love :  
As now a Satyr, then a Swan ;  
A Bull but then ; and now a man.



Next we will act, how young men wooe ;  
 And sigh, and kiss, as Lovers do :  
 And talke of Brides ; & who shall make  
 That wedding-smock, this Bridal-Cake ;  
 That Dress, this Sprig, that Leaf, this Vine ;  
 That smooth and silken Columbine.  
 This done, we'l draw lots, who shall buy  
 And guild the Baies and Rosemary :  
 What Posies for our Wedding Rings ;  
 What gloves we'l give, and Ribanings :  
 And smiling at our selves, decree,  
 Who then the joyning Priest shall be  
 What short sweet Prayers shall be said ;  
 And how the Posset shall be made  
 With Cream of Lillies (not of Kine)  
 And Maiden's-blush, for spicèd wine.  
 Thus, having talkt, we'l next commend  
 A kiss to each ; and *so we'l end.*

#### HIS OWN EPITAPH

As wearied Pilgrims, once possess  
 Of long'd-for lodging, go to rest :  
 So I, now having rid my way ;  
 Fix here my Button'd Staffe and stay.  
 Youth (I confess) hath me mis-led ;  
 But Age hath brought me right to Bed.

#### A NUPTIAL VERSE TO MISTRESSE ELIZABETH LEE, NOW LADY TRACIE

SPRING with the Larke, most comely Bride, and meet  
 Your eager Bridegroom with auspicious feet.  
 The Morn's farre spent ; and the immortall Sunne  
 Corrols his cheek, to see those Rites not done.  
 Fie, Lovely maid ! Indeed you are too slow,  
 When to the Temple Love sho'd runne, not go.

Dispatch your dressing then ; and quickly wed :  
 Then feast, and coy't a little ; then to bed.  
 This day is Love's day ; and this busie night  
 Is yours, in which you challeng'd are to fight  
 With such an arm'd, but such an easie Foe,  
 As will if you yeeld, lye down conquer'd too.  
 The Field is pitch't; but such must be your warres,  
 As that your kisses must out-vie the Starres.  
 Fall down together vanquisht both, and lye  
 Drown'd in the bloud of Rubies there, not die.

THE NIGHT-PIECE, TO JULIA

1. HER EYES the Glow-worme lend thee,  
     The Shooting Starres attend thee ;  
         And the Elves also,  
         Whose little eyes glow  
     Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.
2. No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mis-light thee ;  
     Nor Snake, or Slow-worme bite thee :  
         But on, on thy way  
         Not making a stay,  
     Since Ghost ther's none to affright thee.
3. Let not the darke thee cumber ;  
     What though the Moon do's slumber?  
         The Starres of the night  
         Will lend thee their light,  
     Like Tapers cleare without number.
4. Then Julia let me wooe thee,  
     Thus, thus to come unto me :  
         And when I shall meet  
         Thy silv'ry feet,  
     My soule I'le poure into thee.

TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW

1. GIVE me wine, and give me meate,  
     To create in me a heate,  
     That my pulses high may beate.

2. Cold and hunger never yet  
Co'd a noble Verse beget ;  
But your Boules with Sack repleat.
3. Give me these (my Knight) and try  
In a Minutes space how I  
Can runne mad, and Prophetie.
4. Then if any Peece proves new,  
And rare, Ile say (my dearest Crew)  
It was full enspir'd by you.

## A KISSE

WHAT is a Kisse? Why this, as some approve ;  
That sure sweet Sement, Glue, and Lime of Love.

## GLORIE

I MAKE no haste to have my Numbers read :  
*Seldome comes Glorie till a man be dead.*

## POETS

WANTONS we are ; and though our words be such,  
Our Lives do differ from our Lines by much.

## TO HIS VERSES

WHAT will ye (my poor Orphans) do  
When I must leave the World (and you)  
Who'l give ye then a sheltring shed,  
Or credit ye, when I am dead?  
Who'l let ye by their fire sit?  
Although ye have a stock of wit,  
Already coin'd to pay for it.  
I cannot tell ; unless there be  
Some Race of old humanitie  
Left (of the large heart, and long hand)  
Alive, as Noble Westmorland ;  
Or gallant Newark, which brave two  
May fost'ring fathers be to you.  
If not ; expect to be no less  
Ill us'd, then Babes left fatherless.

HIS CHARGE TO JULIA AT HIS DEATH

DEAREST of thousands, now the time drawes neere,  
That with my Lines, my Life must full-stop here.  
Cut off thy haire; and let thy Teares be shed  
Over my Turfe, when I am buried.  
Then for effusions, let none wanting be,  
Or other Rites that doe belong to me;  
As Love shall helpe thee, when thou do'st go hence  
Unto thy everlasting residence.

UPON LOVE

In a Dreame, Love bad me go  
To the Gallies there to Rowe;  
In the Vision, I askt why?  
Love, as briefly did reply;  
'Twas better there to toyle, then prove  
The turmoiles they endure that love.  
I awoke, and then I knew  
What Love said was too too true:  
Henceforth therefore I will be  
As from Love, from trouble free.  
*None pities him that's in the snare,  
And warn'd before, wo'd not beware.*

THE COBLERS CATCH

COME sit we by the fires side;  
And roundly drinke we here;  
Till that we see our cheekes Ale-dy'd  
And noses tann'd with Beere.

CONNUBII FLORES, OR THE WELL-WISHES  
AT WEDDINGS

*Chorus Sacerdotum.*

1. FROM the Temple to your home  
May a thousand blessings come!  
And a sweet concurring stream  
Of all joyes, to joyn with them.

*Chorus Juvenum.*

2. Happy day  
 Make no long stay  
 Here  
 In thy Sphere ;  
 But give thy place to-night,  
 That she,  
 As Thee,  
 May be  
 Partaker of this sight.  
 And since it was thy care  
 To see the Younglings wed ;  
 'Tis fit that Night, the Paire,  
 Sho'd see safe brought to Bed.

*Chorus Senum.*

3. Go to your banquet then, but use delight,  
 So as to rise still with an appetite.  
 Love is a thing most nice ; and must be fed  
 To such a height ; but never surfeited.  
 What is beyond the mean is ever ill :  
 'Tis best to feed Love ; but not over-fill :  
 Go then discreetly to the Bed of pleasure ;  
 And this remember, *Vertue keeps the measure.*

*Chorus Virginum.*

4. Luckie signes we have discri'd  
 To encourage on the Bride ;  
 And to these we have espi'd,  
 Not a kissing Cupid flies  
 Here about, but has his eyes,  
 To imply your Love is wise.

*Chorus Pastorum.*

5. Here we present a fleece  
 To make a peece  
 Of cloth ;  
 Nor, Faire, must you be loth

Your Finger to apply  
To huswiferie.  
Then, then begin  
To spin :

And (Sweetling) marke you, what a Web will come  
Into your Chests, drawn by your painfull Thumb.

*Chorus Matronarum.*

6. Set you to your Wheele, and wax  
Rich, by the Ductile Wool and Flax.  
Yarne is an Income ; and the Huswife's thread  
The Larder fills with meat ; the Bin with bread.

*Chorus Senum.*

7. Let wealth come in by comely thrift,  
And not by any sordid shift :  
'Tis haste  
Makes waste :  
Extreames have still their fault ;  
*The softest Fire makes the sweetest Mault.*  
*Who gripes too hard the dry and skip'rie sand,*  
*Holds none at all, or little in his hand.*

*Chorus Virginum.*

8. Goddesses of Pleasure, Youth, and Peace,  
Give them the blessing of encrease :  
And thou Lucina, that do'st heare  
The vowes of those, that children beare :  
Whenas her Aprill houre drawes neare,  
Be thou then propitious there.

*Chorus Juvenum.*

9. Farre hence be all speech, that may anger move :  
*Sweet words must nourish soft and gentle Love.*

*Chorus omnium.*

10. Live in the Love of Doves, and having told  
The Raven's yeares, go hence more Ripe then old.



## TO HIS LOVELY MISTRESSES

ONE night i' th' yeare, my dearest Beauties, come  
 And bring those dew-drink-offerings to my Tomb.  
 When thence ye see my reverend Ghost to rise,  
 And there to lick th' effused sacrifice :  
 Though paleness be the Livery that I weare,  
 Looke ye not wan, or colourlesse for feare.  
 Trust me, I will not hurt ye ; or once shew  
 The least grim looke, or cast a frown on you :  
 Nor shall the Tapers when I'm there, burn blew.  
 This I may do (perhaps) as I glide by,  
 Cast on my Girles a glance, and loving eye :  
 Or fold mine armes and sigh, because I've lost  
 The world so soon, and in it, you the most.  
 Then these, no feares more on your Fancies fall,  
 Though then I smile, and speake no words at all.

## UPON LOVE

- A CHRISTALL Violl Cupid brought,  
 Which had a juice in it :  
 Of which who drank, he said no thought  
 Of Love he sho'd admit.
2. I greedy of the prize, did drinke,  
 And emptied soon the glasse ;  
 Which burnt me so, that I do thinke  
 The fire of hell it was.
3. Give me my earthen Cups again,  
 The Christall I contemne ;  
 Which, though enchas'd with Pearls, contain  
 A deadly draught in them
4. And thou, O Cupid ! come not to  
 My Threshold, since I see,  
 For all I have, or else can do,  
 Thou still wilt cozen me.

THE BEGGAR TO MAB, THE FAIRIE QUEEN

PLEASE your Grace, from out your Store,  
 Give an Almes to one that's poore,  
 That your mickle, may have more.  
 Black I'm grown for want of meat;  
 Give me then an Ant to eate;  
 Or the cleft eare of a Mouse  
 Over-sowr'd in drinke of Souce:  
 Or, sweet Lady, reach to me  
 The Abdomen of a Bee;  
 Or commend a Cricket's-hip,  
 Or his Huckson,<sup>1</sup> to my Scrip.  
 Give me for bread, a little bit  
 Of a Pease, that 'gins to chit,<sup>2</sup>  
 And my full thanks take for it.  
 Floure of Fuz-balls, that's too good  
 For a man in needy-hood:  
 But the Meal of Mill-dust can  
 Well content a craving man.  
 Any Orts the Elves refuse  
 Well will serve the Beggars use.  
 But if this may seem too much  
 For an Almes; then give me such  
 Little bits, that nestle there  
 In the Pris'ners Panier.  
 So a blessing light upon  
 You, and mighty Oberon:  
 That your plenty last till when,  
 I return your Almes agen.

AN END DECREED

LET's be jocund while we may;  
 All things have an ending day:  
 And when once the Work is done;  
*Fates revolve no Flax th'ave spun.*

<sup>1</sup> 'Knuckle.

<sup>2</sup> Sprout.

## UPON A CHILD

HERE a pretty Baby lies  
 Sung asleep with Lullabies :  
 Pray be silent, and not stirre  
 Th' easie earth that covers her.

## FAREWELL FROST, OR WELCOME THE SPRING

FLED are the Frosts, and now the Fields appeare  
 Re-cloth'd in fresh and verdant Diaper.  
 Thaw'd are the snowes, and now the lusty Spring  
 Gives to each Mead a neat enameling.  
 The Palms put forth their Gemmes, and every Tree  
 Now swaggers in her Leavy gallantry.  
 The while the Daulian Minstrell sweetly sings  
 With warbling Notes, her Tyrrean sufferings.  
 What gentle Winds perspire? As if here  
 Never had been the Northern Plunderer  
 To strip the Trees, and Fields, to their distresse,  
 Leaving them to a pittied nakednesse.  
 And look how when a frantick Storme doth tear  
 A stubborn Oake, or Holme (long growing there)  
 But lul'd to calmnesse, then succeeds a breeze  
 That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of Trees :  
 So when this War (which tempest-like doth spoil  
 Our salt, our Corn, our Honie, Wine, and Oile)  
 Falls to a temper, and doth mildly cast  
 His inconsiderate Frenzie off (at last)  
 The gentle Dove may, when these turmoils cease,  
 Bring in her Bill, once more, the Branch of Peace.

## THE HAG

THE Hag is astride,  
 This night for to ride ;  
 The Devill and shee together :  
 Through thick, and through thin,  
 Now out, and then in,  
 Though ne'r so foule be the weather.

2.     A Thorn or a Burr  
       She takes for a Spurre :  
With a lash of a Bramble she rides now,  
       Through Brakes and through Bryars,  
       O're Ditches and Mires,  
She followes the Spirit that guides now.
3.     No Beast, for his food,  
       Dares now range the wood ;  
But husht in his laire he lies lurking :  
       While mischiefs, by these,  
       On Land and on Seas,  
At noone of Night are a-working.
4.     The storme will arise,  
       And trouble the skies ;  
This night, and more for the wonder,  
       The ghost from the Tomb  
       Affrighted shall come,  
Cal'd out by the clap of the Thunder.

UPON AN OLD MAN A RESIDENCIARIE

TREAD Sirs, as lightly as ye can  
Upon the grave of this old man.  
Twice fortie (bating but one year,  
And thrice three weeks) he lived here.  
Whom gentle fate translated hence,  
To a more happy Residence.  
Yet, Reader, let me tell thee this  
(Which from his ghost a promise is)  
If here ye will some few teares shed,  
He'l never haunt ye now he's dead.

UPON TEARES

TEARES, though th' are here below the sinners brine,  
Above they are the Angels spiced wine.

## THE PRIMITIÆ TO PARENTS

OUR Household-gods our Parents be ;  
 And manners good requires, that we  
 The first-Fruits give to them, who gave  
 Us hands to get what here we have.

## UPON LUCIE. EPIG.

SOUND Teeth has Lucie, pure as Pearl, and small,  
 With mellow Lips, and luscious there withall.

## TO SILVIA

I AM holy, while I stand  
 Circum-crost by thy pure hand :  
 But when that is gone ; Again,  
 I, as others, am Prophane.

## TO HIS CLOSET-GODS

WHEN I goe Hence, ye Closet-Gods, I feare  
 Never againe to have ingression here :  
 Where I have had, what ever things co'd be  
 Pleasant, and precious to my Muse and me.  
 Besides rare sweets, I had a Book which none  
 Co'd read the Intext but my selfe alone.  
 About the Cover of this Book there went  
 A curious-comely clean Compartlement :  
 And, in the midst, to grace it more, was set  
 A blushing-pretty-peeping Rubelet :  
 But now 'tis clos'd ; and being shut, & seal'd,  
 Be it, O be it, never more reveal'd !  
 Keep here still, Closet-Gods, 'fore whom I've set  
 Oblations oft, of sweetest Marmele<sup>t</sup>.

'Marmalade.'

A BACCHANALLIAN VERSE

FILL me a mighty Bowle  
Up to the brim :  
That I may drink  
Unto my Johnson's soule.

2. Crowne it agen agen ;  
And thrice repeat  
That happy heat ;  
To drink to Thee my Ben.

3. Well I can quaffe, I see,  
To th' number five,  
Or nine ; but thrive  
In frenzie ne'r like thee.

TO YOUTH

DRINK Wine, and live here blithefull, while ye may :  
*The morrowe's life too late is, Live to-day.*

A HYMNE TO THE MUSES

O ! you the Virgins nine !  
That doe our soules encline  
To noble Discipline !  
Nod to this vow of mine :  
Come then, and now enspire  
My violl and my lyre  
With your eternall fire :  
And make me one entire  
Composer in your Quire.  
Then I 'le your Altars strew  
With Roses sweet and new ;  
And ever live a true  
Acknowledger of you.



## ON HIMSELFE

Ile sing no more, nor will I longer write  
 Of that sweet Lady, or that gallant Knight :  
 Ile sing no more of Frosts, Snowes, Dews and  
     Showers ;  
 No more of Groves, Meades, Springs, and wreaths  
     of Flowers :  
 Ile write no more, nor will I tell or sing  
 Of Cupid, and his wittie coozning :  
 Ile sing no more of death, or shall the grave  
 No more my Dirges, and my Trentalls have.

## UPON JONE AND JANE

JONE is a wench that's painted ;  
 Jone is a Girle that's tainted ;  
     Yet Jone she goes  
     Like one of those  
 Whom purity had Sainted.  
 Jane is a Girle that's prittie ;  
 Jane is a wench that's wittie ;  
     Yet, who wo'd think,  
     Her breath do's stinke,  
 And so it doth ? that's pittie.

## TO MOMUS

Who read'st this Book that I have writ,  
 And can'st not mend, but carpe at it :  
 By all the muses ! thou shalt be  
 Anathema to it, and me.

THE COUNTRY LIFE, TO THE HONOURED  
 M. END. PORTER, GROOME OF THE  
 BED-CHAMBER TO HIS MAJ.

SWEET Country life, to such unknown,  
 Whose lives are others', not their own !  
 But serving Courts, and Cities, be

Less happy, less enjoying thee.  
 Thou never Plow'st the Ocean's foame  
 To seek, and bring rough Pepper home :  
 Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove  
 To bring from thence the scorched Clove.  
 Nor, with the losse of thy lov'd rest,  
 Bring'st home the Ingot from the West.  
 No, thy Ambition's Master-piece  
 Flies no thought higher then a fleece :  
 Or how to pay thy Hinds, and cleere  
 All scores ; and so to end the yeere :  
 But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,  
 Not envying others larger grounds :  
 For well thou know'st, *'tis not th' extent*  
*Of Land makes life, but sweet content.*  
 When now the Cock (the Plow-man's Horne)  
 Calls forth the lilly-wristed Morne ;  
 Then to thy corn-fields thou dost goe,  
 Which though well soyl'd, yet thou dost know,  
 That the best compost for the Lands  
 Is the wise Masters Feet, and Hands.  
 There at the Plough thou find'st thy Teame,  
 With a Hind whistling there to them :  
 And cheer'st them up, by singing how  
 The Kingdoms portion is the Plow.  
 This done, then to th' enameld Meads  
 Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,  
 Thou seest a present God-like Power  
 Imprinted in each Herbe and Flower :  
 And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd Kine,  
 Sweet as the blossomes of the Vine.  
 Here thou behold'st thy large sleek Neat  
 Unto the Dew-laps up in meat :  
 And, as thou look'st, the wanton Steere,  
 The Heifer, Cow, and Oxe draw neere  
 To make a pleasing pastime there.  
 These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks  
 Of sheep, (safe from the Wolfe and Fox)  
 And find'st their bellies there as full  
 Of short sweet grasse, as backs with wool.

And leav'st them (as they feed and fill)  
 A Shepherd piping on a hill.  
 For Sports, for Pagentrie, and Playes,  
 Thou hast thy Eves, and Holydayes :  
 On which the young men and maids meet,  
 To exercise their dancing feet :  
 Tripping the comely country Round,  
 With Daffadils and Daisies crown'd.  
 Thy Wakes, thy Quintels, here thou hast,  
 Thy May-poles too with Garlands grac't :  
 Thy Morris-dance ; thy Whitsun-ale ;  
 Thy Sheering-feast, which never faile.  
 Thy Harvest home ; thy Wassaile bowle,  
 That's tost up after Fox i' th' Hole.  
 Thy Mummeries ; thy Twelfe-tide Kings  
 And Queenes ; thy Christmas revellings :  
 Thy Nut-browne mirth ; thy Russet wit ;  
 And no man payes too deare for it.  
 To these, thou hast thy times to goe  
 And trace the Hare i' th' trecherous Snow :  
 Thy witty wiles to draw, and get  
 The Larke into the Trammell net :  
 Thou hast thy Cockrood, and thy Glade  
 To take the precious Phesant made :  
 Thy Lime-twigs, Snares, and Pit-falls then  
 To catch the pilfring Birds, not Men.  
 O happy life ! if that their good  
 The Husbandmen but understood !  
 Who all the day themselves doe please,  
 And Younglings, with such sports as these.  
 And, lying down, have nought t' affright  
 Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.  
*Cætera desunt* —

#### TO ELECTRA

1. I DARE not ask a kisse ;  
     I dare not beg a smile ;  
     Lest having that, or this,  
     I might grow proud the while.

2. No, no, the utmost share  
Of my desire, shall be  
Onely to kisse that Aire,  
That lately kissed thee.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. ARTHUR BARTLY

WHEN after many Lusters thou shalt be  
Wrapt up in Seare-cloth with thine Ancestrie :  
When of thy ragg'd Escutcheons shall be seene  
So little left, as if they ne'r had been :  
Thou shalt thy Name have, and thy Fames best trust,  
Here with the Generation of my Just.

WHAT KIND OF MISTRESSE HE WOULD HAVE

Be the Mistresse of my choice,  
Cleane in manners, cleere in voice :  
Be she witty, more then wise ;  
Pure enough, though not Precise :  
Be she shewing in her dresse,  
Like a civill Wilderness ;  
That the curious may detect  
Order in a sweet neglect :  
Be she rowling in her eye,  
Tempting all the passers by :  
And each Ringlet of her haire,  
An Enchantment, or a Snare,  
For to catch the Lookers on ;  
But her self held fast by none.  
Let her Lucrece all day be,  
Thais in the night, to me.  
Be she such, as neither will  
*Famish me, nor over-fill.*

THE ROSEMARIE BRANCH

GROW for two ends, it matters not at all,  
Be't for my Bridall, or my Buriall.

A PARANÆTICALL, OR ADVISIVE VERSE TO  
HIS FRIEND, M. JOHN WICKS

Is this a life, to break thy sleep?  
To rise as soon as day doth peep?  
To tire thy patient Oxe or Asse  
By noone, and let thy good dayes passe,  
Not knowing This, that Jove decrees  
Some mirth, t' adulce mans miseries?  
No; 'tis a life, to have thine oyle,  
Without extortion, from thy soyle:  
Thy faithfull fields to yeeld thee Graine,  
Although with some, yet little paine:  
To have thy mind, and nuptiall bed,  
With feares, and cares uncumbered:  
A pleasing Wife, that by thy side  
Lies softly panting like a Bride.  
This is to live, and to endeere  
Those minutes, Time has lent us here.  
Then, while Fates suffer, live thou free,  
(As is that ayre that circles thee)  
And crown thy temples too, and let  
Thy servant, not thy own self, sweat,  
To strut<sup>1</sup> thy barnes with sheafs of Wheat.  
Time steals away like to a stream,  
And we glide hence away with them.  
*No sound recalls the houres once fled,  
Or Roses, being witherèd:*  
Nor us (my Friend) when we are lost,  
Like to a Deaw, or melted Frost.  
Then live we mirthfull, while we should,  
And turn the iron Age to Gold.  
Let's feast, and frolick, sing, and play,  
And thus lesse last, then live our Day.  
*Whose life with care is overcast,  
That man's not said to live, but last:  
Nor is't a life, seven yeares to tell,  
But for to live that half seven well:*

<sup>1</sup> 'Swell.'



And that wee'l do ; as men, who know,  
Some few sands spent, we hence must go,  
Both to be blended in the Urn,  
From whence there's never a return.

TO M. DENHAM, ON HIS PROSPECTIVE POEM

Or lookt I back unto the Times hence flown  
To praise those Muses, and dislike our own?  
Or did I walk those Pean<sup>1</sup>-Gardens through,  
To kick the Flow'rs, and scorn their odours too?  
I might (and justly) be reputed (here)  
One nicely mad, or peevishly severe.  
But by Apollo ! as I worship wit,  
(Where I have cause to burn perfumes to it :)  
So, I confesse, 'tis somewhat to do well  
In our high art, although we can't excell,  
Like thee ; or dare the Buskins to unloose  
Of thy brave, bold, and sweet Maronian Muse.  
But since I'm cal'd (rare Denham) to be gone,  
Take from thy Herrick this conclusion :  
'Tis dignity in others, if they be  
Crown'd Poets ; yet live Princes under thee :  
The while their wreaths and Purple Robes do shine,  
Lesse by their own jemms, then those beams of thine.

A HYMNE, TO THE LARES

It was, and still my care is,  
To worship ye, the Lares,  
With crowns of greenest Parsley,  
And Garlic chives not scarcely :  
For favours here to warme me,  
And not by fire to harme me.  
For gladding so my hearth here,  
With inoffensive mirth here ;  
That while the Wassaile Bowle here  
With North-down Ale doth troule here,

<sup>1</sup> Pæan.



No sillable doth fall here,  
 To marre the mirth at all here.  
 For which, ô Chimney-keepers !  
 (I dare not call ye Sweepers)  
 So long as I am able  
 To keep a countrey-table,  
 Great be my fare, or small cheere,  
 I'le eat and drink up all here.

#### TO FORTUNE

TUMBLE me down, and I will sit  
 Upon my ruines (smiling yet :)  
 Teare me to tatters ; yet I'le be  
 Patient in my necessitie.  
 Laugh at my scraps of cloaths, and shun  
 Me, as a fear'd infection ;  
 Yet scarre-crow-like I'le walk, as one,  
 Neglecting thy derision.

#### TO ANTHEA

COME, Anthea, know thou this,  
*Love at no time idle is :*  
 Let's be doing, though we play  
 But at push-pin (half the day :)  
 Chains of sweet bents let us make,  
 Captive one, or both, to take :  
 In which bondage we will lie,  
 Soules transfusing thus, and die.

#### UPON HIS VERSES

WHAT off-spring other men have got,  
 The how, where, when, I question not.

These are the Children I have left;  
 Adopted some; none got by theft.  
 But all are toucht (like lawfull plate)  
 And no Verse illegitimate.

TO DIANE. A CEREMONIE IN GLOCESTER

ILE to thee a Simnell<sup>1</sup> bring,  
 'Gainst thou go'st a mothering;<sup>2</sup>  
 So that, when she blesseth thee,  
 Half that blessing thou 'lt give me.

TO THE KING

GIVE way, give way, now, now my Charles shines  
 here,  
 A Publike Light (in this immensive Sphere,)   
 Some starres were fixt before; but these are dim,  
 Compar'd (in this my ample Orbe) to Him.  
 Draw in your feeble fiers, while that He  
 Appeares but in His Meaner Majestie.  
 Where, if such glory flashes from His Name,  
 Which is His Shade, who can abide His Flame!  
*Princes, and such like Publike Lights as these,*  
*Must not be lookt on, but at distances:*  
*For, if we gaze on These brave Lamps too neer,*  
*Our eyes they'll blind, or if not blind, they'll bleer.*

THE FUNERALL RITES OF THE ROSE

THE Rose was sick, and smiling di'd;  
 And (being to be sanctifi'd)  
 About the Bed, there sighing stood  
 The sweet, and flowrie Sisterhood.

<sup>1</sup> Lenten cake.

<sup>2</sup> 'Mothering': the custom of visiting near relatives on Mid-Lent Sunday, from the text in the Liturgy, 'Jerusalem is the mother of us all,' the application of which was extended to family life.

Some hung the head, while some did bring  
 (To wash her) water from the Spring.  
 Some laid her forth, while others wept,  
 But all a solemne Fast there kept.  
 The holy Sisters some among  
 The sacred Dirge and Trentall sung.  
 But ah ! what sweets smelt every where,  
 As Heaven had spent all perfumes there.  
 At last, when prayers for the dead,  
 And Rites were all accomplished ;  
 They, weeping, spread a Lawnie Loome,  
 And clos'd her up, as in a Tombe.

#### THE RAINBOW : OR, CURIOUS COVENANT

MINE eyes, like clouds, were drizzling raine,  
 And as they thus did entertaine  
 The gentle Beams from Julia's sight  
 To mine eyes level'd opposite :  
 O Thing admir'd ! there did appeare  
 A curious Rainbow smiling there ;  
 Which was the Covenant, that she  
 No more wo'd drown mine eyes or me.

#### STOOL-BALL

1. At Stool-ball, Lucia, let us play,  
     For Sugar-cakes and Wine ;  
 Or for a Tansie let us pay,  
     The losse or thine, or mine.
2. If thou, my Deere, a winner be  
     At trundling of the Ball,  
 The wager thou shalt have, and me,  
     And my misfortunes all.
3. But if (my Sweetest) I shall get,  
     Then I desire but this ;  
 That likewise I may pay the Bet,  
     And have for all a kisse.

TO SAPPHO

LET us now take time, and play,  
Love, and live here while we may;  
Drink rich wine; and make good cheere,  
While we have our being here:  
For, once dead, and laid i' th' grave,  
No return from thence we have.

THE MAY-POLE

THE May-pole is up,  
Now give me the cup;  
I'le drink to the Garlands a-round it:  
But first unto those  
Whose hands did compose  
The glory of flowers that crown'd it.

A health to my Girles,  
Whose husbands may Earles  
Or Lords be, (granting my wishes)  
And when that ye wed  
To the Bridall Bed,  
Then multiply all, like to Fishes.

MEN MIND NO STATE IN SICKNESSE

THAT flow of Gallants which approach  
To kisse thy hand from out the coach;  
That fleet of Lackeyes, which do run  
Before thy swift Postilion:  
Those strong-hoof'd Mules, which we behold,  
Rein'd in with Purple, Pearl, and gold,  
And shod with silver, prove to be  
The drawers of the axeltree.  
Thy Wife, thy Children, and the state  
Of Persian Loomes, and antique Plate:  
All these, and more, shall then afford  
No joy to thee their sickly Lord.

## ADVERSITY

ADVERSITY hurts none, but onely such  
Whom whitest Fortune dandled has too much.

## LOVE PALPABLE

I PREST my Julia's lips, and in the kisse  
Her Soule and Love were palpable in this.

## NO ACTION HARD TO AFFECTION

NOTHING hard, or harsh can prove  
Unto those that truly love.

## THE BRACELET OF PEARLE : TO SILVIA

I BRAKE thy Bracelet 'gainst my will ;  
And, wretched, I did see  
Thee discomposèd then, and still  
Art discontent with me.

One jemme was lost ; and I will get  
A richer pearle for thee,  
Then ever, dearest Silvia, yet  
Was drunk to Antonie.

Or, for revenge, I 'le tell thee what  
Thou for the breach shalt do ;  
First, crack the strings, and after that,  
Cleave thou my heart in two.

## HOW ROSES CAME RED

'Tis said, as Cupid danc't among  
The Gods, he down the Nectar flung ;  
Which, on the white Rose being shed,  
Made it for ever after red.

TEARES, AND LAUGHTER

KNEW'ST thou, one moneth wo'd take thy life away,  
Thou'dst weep ; but laugh, sho'd it not last a day.

HIS RETURNE TO LONDON

FROM the dull confines of the drooping West,  
To see the day spring from the pregnant East,  
Ravisht in spirit, I come, nay more, I flie  
To thee, blest place of my Nativitie !  
Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,  
With thousand blessings by thy Fortune crown'd.  
O fruitfull Genius ! that bestowest here  
An everlasting plenty, yeere by yeere.  
O Place ! O People ! Manners ! fram'd to please  
All Nations, Customes, Kindreds, Languages !  
I am a free-born Roman ; suffer then,  
That I amongst you live a Citizen.  
London my home is : though by hard fate sent  
Into a long and irksome banishment ;  
Yet since cal'd back ; henceforward let me be,  
O native countrey, repossess by thee !  
For, rather then I'le to the West return,  
I'le beg of thee first here to have mine Urn.  
Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall  
Give thou my sacred Reliques Buriall.

NOT EVERY DAY FIT FOR VERSE

'Tis not ev'ry day, that I  
Fitted am to prophesie :  
No, but when the Spirit fills  
The fantastick Pannicles :  
Full of fier ; then I write  
As the Godhead doth indite.



Thus inrag'd, my lines are hurl'd,  
 Like the Sybell's, through the world.  
 Look how next the holy fier  
 Either slakes, or doth retire ;  
 So the Fancie cooles, till when  
 That brave Spirit comes agen.

A BEUCOLICK, OR DISCOURSE OF NEATHERDS

1. COME blithefull Neatherds, let us lay  
 A wager, who the best shall play,  
 Of thee, or I, the Roundelay,  
 That fits the businesse of the Day.

*Chor.* And Lallage the Judge shall be,  
 To give the prize to thee, or me.

2. Content, begin, and I will bet  
 A Heifer smooth, and black as jet,  
 In every part alike compleat,  
 And wanton as a Kid as yet.

*Chor.* And Lallage (with cow-like eyes)  
 Shall be Disposeresse of the prize.

1. Against thy Heifer, I will here  
 Lay to thy stake a lustie Steere,  
 With gilded hornes, and burnisht cleere.

*Chor.* Why then begin, and let us heare  
 The soft, the sweet, the mellow note  
 That gently purles from eithers Oat.

2. The stakes are laid : let's now apply  
 Each one to make his melody :

*Lal.* The equall Umpire shall be I,  
 Who'll hear, and so judge righteously.

*Chor.* Much time is spent in prate ; begin,  
 And sooner play, the sooner win.

[*He playes.*

1. That's sweetly touch't, I must confesse :  
Thou art a man of worthinesse :  
But hark how I can now expresse  
My love unto my Neatherdesse. [*He sings.*

*Chor.* A suger'd note ! and sound as sweet  
As Kine, when they are at milking meet.

1. Now for to win thy Heifer faire,  
I'le strike thee such a nimble Ayre,  
That thou shalt say (thy selfe) 'tis rare ;  
And tittle me without compare.

*Chor.* Lay by a while your Pipes, and rest,  
Since both have here deserved best.

2. To get thy Steerling, once again,  
I'le play thee such another strain ;  
That thou shalt swear, my Pipe do's raigne  
Over thine Oat, as Soveraigne. [*He sings.*

*Chor.* And Lallage shall tell by this,  
Whose now the prize and wager is.

1. Give me the prize : 2. The day is mine :
1. Not so ; my Pipe has silenc't thine :  
And hadst thou wager'd twenty Kine,  
They were mine own. *Lal.* In love combine.

*Chor.* And lay we down our pipes together,  
As wearie, not o'recome by either.

#### PROOF TO NO PURPOSE

You see this gentle streame, that glides,  
Shov'd on, by quick-succeeding Tides :  
Trie if this sober streame you can  
Follow to th' wilder Ocean :  
And see, if there it keeps unspent  
In that congesting element.

Next, from that world of waters, then  
 By poares and cavernes back agen  
 Induc't that inadultrate same  
 Streame to the Spring from whence it came.  
 This with a wonder when ye do,  
 As easie, and els easier too :  
 Then may ye recollect the graines  
 Of my particular Remaines :  
 After a thousand Lusters hurld,  
 By ruffling winds, about the world.

TO THE GENIUS OF HIS HOUSE

COMMAND the Roofe, great Genius, and from thence  
 Into this house powre downe thy influence,  
 That through each room a golden pipe may run  
 Of living water by thy Benizon.  
 Fulfill the Larders, and with strengthning bread  
 Be evermore these Bynns replenished.  
 Next, like a Bishop consecrate my ground,  
 That luckie Fairies here may dance their Round :  
 And after that, lay downe some silver pence,  
 The Masters charge and care to recompence.  
 Charme then the chambers ; make the beds for ease  
 More then for peevish pining sicknesses.  
 Fix the foundation fast, and let the Roofe  
 Grow old with time, but yet keep weatherprooffe.

HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH

THOUGH Clock,  
 To tell how night drawes hence, I've none,  
 A Cock,  
 I have, to sing how day drawes on.  
 I have  
 A maid (my Prew) by good luck sent,  
 To save  
 That little, Fates me gave or lent.

A Hen  
 I keep, which creaking day by day,  
 Tells when  
 She goes her long white egg to lay.  
 A Goose  
 I have, which, with a jealous eare,  
 Lets loose  
 Her tongue, to tell what danger's neare.  
 A Lamb  
 I keep (tame) with my morsells fed,  
 Whose Dam  
 An Orphan left him (lately dead).  
 A Cat  
 I keep, that playes about my House,  
 Grown fat,  
 With eating many a miching<sup>1</sup> Mouse.  
 To these  
 A Trasy<sup>2</sup> I do keep, whereby  
 I please  
 The more my rurall privacie :  
 Which are  
 But toyes, to give my heart some ease :  
 Where care  
 None is, slight things do lightly please.

## GOOD PRECEPTS, OR COUNSELL

IN all thy need, be thou possest  
 Still with a well-prepared brest :  
 Nor let the shackles make thee sad ;  
 Thou canst but have, what others had.  
 And this for comfort thou must know,  
 Times that are ill wo'nt still be so.  
 Clouds will not ever powre down raine ;  
*A sullen day will cleere againe.*  
 First, peales of Thunder we must heare,  
 Then Lutes and Harpes shall stroke the eare.

<sup>1</sup> Thieving.

<sup>2</sup> His spaniel.—H.

## MONEY MAKES THE MIRTH

WHEN all Birds els do of their musick faile,  
Money's the still-sweet-singing Nightingale.

## UPON LUCIA DABLED IN THE DEAW

My Lucia in the deaw did go,  
And prettily bedabled so,  
Her cloaths held up, she shew'd withall  
Her decent legs, cleane, long and small.  
I follow'd after to descrie  
Part of the nak't sincerity;  
But still the envious Scene between  
Deni'd the Mask I wo'd have seen.

## CHARON AND PHYLOMEL, A DIALOGUE SUNG

- Ph.* CHARON! O gentle Charon! let me wooe thee,  
By tears and pitie now to come unto mee.
- Ch.* What voice so sweet and charming do I heare?  
Say what thou art. *Ph.* I prithee first draw  
neare.
- Ch.* A sound I heare, but nothing yet can see,  
Speak where thou art. *Ph.* O Charon pittie  
me!
- I am a bird, and though no name I tell,  
My warbling note will say I'm Phylomel.
- Ch.* What's that to me, I waft nor fish or fowles,  
Nor Beasts (fond thing) but only humane soules.
- Ph.* Alas for me! *Ch.* Shame on thy witching note,  
That made me thus hoist saile, and bring my  
Boat:
- But Ile returne; what mischief brought thee  
hither?
- Ph.* A deale of Love, and much, much Griefe  
together.

- Ch.* What's thy request? *Ph.* That since she's now  
beneath  
Who fed my life, I'll follow her in death.
- Ch.* And is that all? I'm gone. *Ph.* By love I pray  
thee.
- Ch.* Talk not of love, all pray, but few soules pay  
me.
- Ph.* Ile give thee vows & tears. *Ch.* Can tears pay  
skores  
For mending sails, for patching Boat and Oares?
- Ph.* I'll beg a penny, or Ile sing so long,  
Till thou shalt say, I've paid thee with a song.
- Ch.* Why then begin, and all the while we make  
Our slothfull passage o're the Stygian Lake,  
Thou & I'll sing to make these dull Shades  
merry,  
Who els with tears wo'd doubtles drown my  
ferry.

A TERNARIE OF LITTLES, UPON A PIPKIN OF JELLIE  
SENT TO A LADY

1. A LITTLE Saint best fits a little Shrine,  
A little prop best fits a little Vine,  
As my small Cruse best fits my little Wine.
2. A little Seed best fits a little Soyle,  
A little Trade best fits a little Toyle :  
As my small Jarre best fits my little Oyle.
3. A little Bin best fits a little Bread,  
A little Garland fits a little Head :  
As my small stuffe best fits my little Shed.
4. A little Hearth best fits a little Fire,  
A little Chappell fits a little Quire,  
As my small Bell best fits my little Spire.



5. A little streame best fits a little Boat ;  
A little lead best fits a little Float ;  
As my small Pipe best fits my little note.
6. A little meat best fits a little bellie,  
As sweetly, Lady, give me leave to tell ye,  
This little pipkin fits this little Jellie.

## UPON THE ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOME

THRICE happie Roses, so much grac't, to have  
Within the Bosome of my Love your grave.  
Die when ye will, your sepulchre is knowne,  
Your Grave her bosome is, the Lawne the Stone.

## MAIDS NAY'S ARE NOTHING

MAIDS nay's are nothing, they are shie  
But to desire what they denie.

## THE SMELL OF THE SACRIFICE

THE Gods require the thighes  
Of Beeves for sacrifice ;  
Which rosted, we the steame  
Must sacrifice to them :  
Who though they do not eat,  
Yet love the smell of meat.

## LOVERS HOW THEY COME AND PART

A CYGES Ring they beare about them still,  
To be, and not seen when and where they will.  
They tread on clouds, and though they sometimes  
fall,  
They fall like dew, but make no noise at all.

So silently they one to th' other come,  
As colours steale into the Peare or Plum,  
And Aire-like, leave no pression to be seen  
Where e're they met, or parting place has been.

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN

O JUPITER, sho'd I speake ill  
Of woman-kind, first die I will;  
Since that I know, 'mong all the rest  
Of creatures, woman is the best.

THE APRON OF FLOWERS

To gather Flowers Sappha went,  
And homeward she did bring  
Within her Lawnie Continent,  
The treasure of the Spring.  
  
She smiling blusht, and blushing smil'd,  
And sweetly blushing thus,  
She lookt as she'd been got with child  
By young Favonius.  
  
Her Apron gave (as she did passe)  
An Odor more divine,  
More pleasing too, then ever was  
The lap of Proserpine.

THE CANDOR OF JULIAS TEETH

WHITE as Zenobia's teeth, the which the Girles  
Of Rome did weare for their most precious Pearles.

UPON HER WEeping

SHE wept upon her cheeks, and weeping so,  
She seem'd to quench love's fires that there did glow.

## ANOTHER UPON HER WEeping

SHE by the River sate, and sitting there,  
She wept, and made it deeper by a teare.

## To SIR JOHN BERKLEY, GOVERNOUR OF EXETER

STAND forth, brave man, since fate has made thee  
here

The Hector over Agèd Exeter;  
Who for a long sad time has weeping stood,  
Like a poore Lady lost in Widdowhood:  
But feares not now to see her safety sold  
(As other Townes and Cities were) for gold,  
By those ignoble Births, which shame the stem  
That gave Progermination unto them:  
Whose restlesse Ghosts shall heare their children  
sing.

*Our Sires betraid their Countrey and their King.*  
True, if this Citie seven times rounded was  
With rock, and seven times circumflankt with  
brasse,

Yet if thou wert not, Berkley, loyall prooffe,  
The Senators down tumbling with the Roofe,  
Would into prais'd (but pitied) ruines fall,  
Leaving no shew, where stood the Capitoll.  
But thou art just and itchlesse, and dost please  
Thy Genius with two strength'ning Buttresses,  
Faith, and Affection: which will never slip  
To weaken this thy great Dictator-ship.

## To ELECTRA. LOVE LOOKS FOR LOVE

Love love begets; then never be  
Unsoft to him who's smooth to thee.  
Tygers and Beares (I've heard some say)  
For profer'd love will love repay:

None are so harsh, but if they find  
Softnesse in others, will be kind ;  
Affection will affection move,  
Then you must like, because I love.

LOVE DISLIKES NOTHING

WHATSOEVER thing I see,  
Rich or poore although it be ;  
'Tis a Mistresse unto mee.

Be my Girle, or faire or browne,  
Do's she smile, or do's she frowne :  
Still I write a Sweet-heart downe.

Be she rough, or smooth of skin ;  
When I touch, I then begin  
For to let Affection in.

Be she bald, or do's she weare  
Locks incurld of other haire ;  
I shall find enchantment there.

Be she whole, or be she rent,  
So my fancie be content,  
She's to me most excellent.

Be she fat, or be she leane,  
Be she sluttish, be she cleane,  
I'm a man for ev'ry Sceane.

THE EYE

A WANTON and lascivious eye  
Betrayes the Hearts Adulterie.

TO PRINCE CHARLES UPON HIS COMING TO EXETER

WHAT Fate decreed, Time now ha's made us see,  
A Renovation of the West by Thee.  
That Preternaturall Fever, which did threat  
Death to our Countrey, now hath lost his heat :

And calmes succeeding, we perceive no more  
 Th' unequall Pulse to beat, as heretofore.  
 Something there yet remaines for Thee to do ;  
 Then reach those ends that thou wast destin'd to.  
 Go on with Sylla's Fortune ; let thy Fate  
 Make Thee like Him, this, that way fortunate :  
 Apollos Image side with Thee to blesse  
 Thy Warre (discreetly made) with white successe.  
 Meane time thy Prophets Watch by Watch shall  
     pray ;  
 While young Charles fights, and fighting wins the  
     day.  
 That done, our smooth-pac't Poems all shall be  
 Sung in the high Doxologie of Thee.  
 Then maids shall strew Thee, and thy Curles from  
     them  
 Receive (with Songs) a flowrie Diadem.

## A SONG

BURNE, or drowne me, choose ye whether,  
 So I may but die together :  
 Thus to slay me by degrees,  
 Is the height of Cruelties.  
 What needs twenty stabs, when one  
 Strikes me dead as any stone?  
 O shew mercy then, and be  
 Kind at once to murder mee.

## THE WAKE

COME Anthea, let us two  
 Go to Feast, as others do.  
 Tarts and Custards, Creams and Cakes,  
 Are the Junketts still at Wakes :  
 Unto which the Tribes resort,  
 Where the businesse is the sport :  
 Morris-dancers thou shalt see,  
 Marian too in Pagentrie :

And a Mimick to devise  
 Many grinning properties.  
 Players there will be, and those  
 Base in action as in clothes :  
 Yet with strutting they will please  
 The incurious Villages.  
 Neer the dying of the day,  
 There will be a Cudgell-Play,  
 Where a Coxcomb will be broke,  
 Ere a good word can be spoke :  
 But the anger ends all here,  
 Drencht in Ale, or drown'd in Beere.  
 Happy Rusticks, best content  
 With the cheapest Merriment :  
 And possesse no other feare,  
 Then to want the Wake next Yeare.

THE PETER-PENNY

FRESH strowings allow  
 To my Sepulcher now,  
 To make my lodging the sweeter ;  
 A staffe or a wand  
 Put then in my hand,  
 With a pennie to pay S. Peter.

Who has not a Crosse,  
 Must sit with the losse,  
 And no whit further must venture ;  
 Since the Porter he  
 Will paid have his fee,  
 Or els not one there must enter.

Who at a dead lift,  
 Can't send for a gift  
 A Pig to the Priest for a Roster,  
 Shall heare his Clarke say,  
 By yea and by nay,  
*No pennie, no Pater Noster.*



## TO DOCTOR ALABLASTER

Nor art thou lesse esteem'd, that I have plac'd  
 (Amongst mine honour'd) Thee (almost) the last :  
 In great Processions many lead the way  
 To him, who is the triumph of the day,  
 As these have done to Thee, who art the one,  
 One onely glory of a million :  
 In whom the spirit of the Gods do's dwell,  
 Firing thy soule, by which thou dost foretell  
 When this or that vast Dinastie must fall  
 Downe to a Fillit more Imperiall.  
 When this or that Horne shall be broke, and when  
 Others shall spring up in their place agen :  
 When times and seasons and all yeares must lie  
 Drown'd in the Sea of wild Eternitie :  
 When the Black Dooms-day Bookes (as yet unseal'd)  
 Shall by the mighty Angell be reveal'd :  
 And when the Trumpet which thou late hast found  
 Shall call to Judgment ; tell us when the sound  
 Of this or that great Aprill day shall be,  
 And next the Gospell wee will credit thee.  
 Meane time like Earth-wormes we will craule below,  
 And wonder at Those Things that thou dost know.

## UPON HIS KINSWOMAN MRS. M. S.

HERE lies a Virgin, and as sweet  
 As ere was wrapt in winding sheet.  
 Her name if next you wo'd have knowne,  
 The Marble speaks it Mary Stone :  
 Who dying in her blooming yeares,  
 This Stone, for names sake, melts to teares.  
 If fragrant Virgins you'l but keep  
 A Fast, while Jets and Marbles weep,  
 And praying, strew some Roses on her,  
 You'l do my Neice abundant honour.

A CONJURATION, TO ELECTRA

By those soft Tods of wooll<sup>1</sup>  
 With which the aire is full :  
 By all those Tinctures there,  
 That paint the Hemisphere :  
 By Dewes and drisling Raine,  
 That swell the Golden Graine :  
 By all those sweets that be  
 I' th' flowrie Nunnerie :  
 By silent Nights, and the  
 Three Formes of Heccate :  
 By all Aspects that blesse  
 The sober Sorceresse,  
 While juice she straines, and pith  
 To make her Philters with :  
 By Time, that hastens on  
 Things to perfection :  
 And by your self, the best  
 Conjurement of the rest :  
 O my Electra ! be  
 In love with none, but me.

COURAGE COOL'D

I CANNOT love, as I have lov'd before :  
 For I'm grown old ; &, with mine age, grown poore :  
*Love must be fed by wealth* : this blood of mine  
 Must needs wax cold, if wanting bread and wine.

THE SPELL

HOLY Water come and bring ;  
 Cast in Salt, for seasoning :  
 Set the Brush for sprinkling :  
 Sacred Spittle bring ye hither ;  
 Meale and it now mix together ;

<sup>1</sup> Tod, literally, a quarter cwt.

And a little Oyle to either :  
 Give the Tapers here their light,  
 Ring the Saints-Bell, to affright  
 Far from hence the evill Sp'rite.

#### HIS WISH TO PRIVACIE .

GIVE me a Cell  
 To dwell,  
 Where no foot hath  
 A path :  
 There will I spend,  
 And end  
 My wearied yeares  
 In teares.

#### A GOOD HUSBAND

A MASTER of a house (as I have read)  
 Must be the first man up, and last in bed :  
 With the Sun rising he must walk his grounds ;  
 See this, View that, and all the other bounds :  
 Shut every gate ; mend every hedge that's torne,  
 Either with old, or plant therein new thorne :  
 Tread ore his gleab, but with such care, that where  
 He sets his foot, he leaves rich compost there.

#### A HYMNE TO BACCHUS

I SING thy praise Iacchus,  
 Who with thy Thyrses dost thwack us :  
 And yet thou so dost back us  
 With boldness, that we feare  
 No Brutus entring here ;  
 Nor Cato the severe.  
 What though the Lictors threat us,  
 We know they dare not beate us ;  
 So long as thou dost heat us.  
 When we thy Orgies sing,

Each Cobler is a King ;  
 Nor dreads he any thing :  
 And though he doe not rave,  
 Yet he'l the courage have  
 To call my Lord Maior knave ;  
 Besides too, in a brave,  
 Although he has no riches,  
 But walks with dangling breeches,  
 And skirts that want their stitches,  
 And shewes his naked fitches ;  
 Yet he'le be thought or seen,  
 So good as George-a-Green ;  
 And calls his Blouze, his Queene ;  
 And speaks in language keene :  
 O Bacchus ! let us be  
 From cares and troubles free ;  
 And thou shalt heare how we  
 Will chant new Hymnes to thee.

A PSALME OR HYMNE TO THE GRACES

GLORY be to the Graces !  
 That doe in publike places,  
 Drive thence what ere encumbers  
 The listning to my numbers.

Honour be to the Graces !  
 Who doe with sweet embraces,  
 Shew they are well contented  
 With what I have invented.

Worship be to the Graces !  
 Who do from sowre faces,  
 And lungs that wo'd infect me  
 For evermore protect me.

AN HYMNE TO THE MUSES

HONOUR to you who sit !  
 Neere to the well of wit ;  
 And drink your fill of it.

Glory and worship be !  
 To you, sweet Maids (thrice three)  
 Who still inspire me.

And teach me how to sing  
 Unto the Lyrick string,  
 My measures ravishing.

Then while I sing your praise,  
 My Priest-hood crown with bayes  
 Green, to the end of dayes.

#### UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES

WHENAS in silks my Julia goes,  
 Then, then (me thinks) how sweetly flowes  
 That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see  
 That brave Vibration each way free ;  
 O how that glittering taketh me !

#### TO ANTHEA

Lets call for Hymen if agreed thou art ;  
*Delays in love but crucifie the heart.*  
 Love's thornie Tapers yet neglected lye :  
 Speak thou the word, they'l kindle by and by.  
 The nimble howers wooe us on to wed,  
 And Genius waits to have us both to bed.  
 Behold, for us the Naked Graces stay  
 With maunds<sup>1</sup> of roses for to strew the way :  
 Besides, the most religious Prophet stands  
 Ready to joyne, as well our hearts as hands.  
 Juno yet smiles ; but if she chance to chide,  
 Ill luck 'twill bode to th' Bridegroome and the Bride  
 Tell me Anthea, dost thou fondly dread  
 The loss of that we call a Maydenhead ?  
 Come, Ile instruct thee. Know, the vestall fier  
 Is not by mariage quencht, but flames the higher.

<sup>1</sup> 'Baskets.'

UPON PREW HIS MAID

IN this little Urne is laid  
Prewdence Baldwin (once my maid)  
From whose happy spark here let  
Spring the purple Violet.

THE INVITATION

To sup with thee thou didst me home invite ;  
And mad'st a promise that mine appetite  
Sho'd meet and tire, on such lautitious meat,  
The like not Heliogabalus did eat :  
And richer Wine wo'dst give to me (thy guest)  
Then Roman Sylla powr'd out at his feast.  
I came ; ('tis true) and lookt for Fowle of price,  
The bastard Phenix ; bird of Paradise ;  
And for no less then Aromatick Wine  
Of Maydens'-blush, commixt with Jessimine.  
Cleane was the herth, the mantle larded jet ;  
Which wanting Lar, and smoke, hung weeping wet ;  
At last, i' th' noone of winter, did appeare  
A rag'd-soust-neats-foot with sick vineger :  
And in a burnisht Flagonet stood by  
Beere small as Comfort, dead as Charity.  
At which amaz'd, and pondring on the food,  
How cold it was, and how it chil'd my blood ;  
I curst the master ; and I damn'd the souce ;  
And swore I'de got the ague of the house.  
Well, when to eat thou dost me next desire,  
I'le bring a Fever ; since thou keep'st no fire.

CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMASSE

COME, bring with a noise,  
My merrie merrie boyes,  
The Christmas Log to the firing ;



While my good Dame, she  
 Bids ye all be free;  
 And drink to your hearts desiring.

With the last yeere's brand  
 Light the new block, And  
 For good successe in his spending,  
 On your Psalties play,  
 That sweet luck may  
 Come while the Log is a-teending.<sup>1</sup>

Drink now the strong Beere,  
 Cut the white loafe here,  
 The while the meat is a-shredding;  
 For the rare Mince-Pie  
 And the Plums stand by  
 To fill the Paste that's a-kneading.

#### CHRISTMAS-EVE, ANOTHER CEREMONIE

Come guard this night the Christmas-Pie,  
 That the Thiefe, though ne'r so slie,  
 With his Flesh-hooks, don't come nie  
 To catch it.

From him, who all alone sits there,  
 Having his eyes still in his eare,  
 And a deale of nightly feare  
 To watch it.

#### ANOTHER TO THE MAIDS

WASH your hands, or else the fire  
 Will not teend to your desire;  
 Unwasht hands, ye Maidens, know,  
 Dead the Fire, though ye blow.

<sup>1</sup> 'Kindling.'

ANOTHER

WASSAILE the Trees, that they may beare  
You many a Plum, and many a Peare :  
For more or lesse fruits they will bring,  
As you doe give them Wassailing.

TO HIS DEARE VALENTINE, MISTRESSE MARGARET  
FALCONBRIGE

Now is your turne (my Dearest) to be set  
A Jem in this eternall Coronet :  
'Twas rich before ; but since your Name is downe,  
It sparkles now like Ariadne's Crowne.  
Blaze by this Sphere for ever : Or this doe,  
Let Me and It shine evermore by you.

TO OENONE

SWEET Oenone, doe but say  
Love thou dost, though Love sayes Nay.  
Speak me faire ; for Lovers be  
Gently kill'd by Flatterie.

VERSES

Who will not honour Noble Numbers, when  
Verses out-live the bravest deeds of men ?

POETRY PERPETUATES THE POET

HERE I my selfe might likewise die,  
And utterly forgotten lye,  
But that eternall Poetrie  
Repullulation gives me here  
Unto the thirtieth thousand yeere,  
When all now dead shall re-appeare.

## ORPHEUS

ORPHEUS he went (as Poets tell)  
 To fetch Euridice from Hell ;  
 And had her ; but it was upon  
 This short but strict condition :  
 Backward he should not looke while he  
 Led her through Hells obscuritie :  
 But ah ! it hapned as he made  
 His passage through that dreadfull shade :  
 Revolve he did his loving eye ;  
 (For gentle feare, or jelousie)  
 And looking back, that look did sever  
 Him and Euridice for ever.

## TO SAPHO

SAPHO, I will chuse to go  
 Where the Northern Winds do blow  
 Endlesse Ice, and endlesse Snow :  
 Rather then I once wo'd see,  
 But a Winters face in thee,  
 To benumme my hopes and me.

TO HIS FAITHFULL FRIEND, MASTER JOHN CROFTS,  
 CUP-BEARER TO THE KING

For all thy many courtesies to me,  
 Nothing I have (my Crofts) to send to Thee  
 For the requitall ; save this only one  
 Halfe of my just remuneration.  
 For since I've travail'd all this Realm throughout  
 To seeke, and find some few Immortals out  
 To circumspeare this my spacious Sphere,  
 (As Lamps for everlasting shining here :)  
 And having fixt Thee in mine Orbe a Starre,  
 (Amongst the rest) both bright and singular ;

The present Age will tell the world thou art  
If not th' whole, yet satisfy'd in part.  
As for the rest, being too great a summe  
Here to be paid ; Ile pay't i' th' world to come.

THE BRIDE-CAKE

THIS day my Julia thou must make  
For Mistresse Bride, the wedding Cake :  
Knead but the Dow, and it will be  
To paste of Almonds turn'd by thee :  
Or kisse it thou, but once, or twice,  
And for the Bride-Cake ther'l be Spice.

TO BE MERRY

LETS now take our time ;  
While w' are in our Prime ;  
And old, old Age is a-farre off :  
For the evill evill dayes  
Will come on apace ;  
Before we can be aware of.

THE MAIDEN-BLUSH

So look the mornings when the Sun  
Paints them with fresh Vermilion :  
So Cherries blush, and Kathern Peares  
And Apricocks, in youthfull yeares :  
So Corrolls looke more lovely Red,  
And Rubies lately polishèd :  
So purest Diaper doth shine,  
Stain'd by the Beames of Clarret wine :  
As Julia looks when she doth dress  
Her either cheeke with bashfullness.

## PURGATORY

READERS, wee entreat ye pray  
 For the soule of Lucia ;  
 That in little time she be  
 From her Purgatory free :  
 In th' intrim she desires  
 That your teares may coole her fires.

## THE CLOUD

SEEST thou that Cloud that rides in State  
 Part Ruby-like, part Candidate ?  
 It is no other then the Bed  
 Where Venus sleeps (halfe smothered).

## THE AMBER BEAD

I SAW a Flie within a Beade  
 Of Amber cleanly buried :  
 The Urne was little, but the room  
 More rich then Cleopatra's Tombe.

## TO MY DEAREST SISTER M. MERCIE HERRICK'

WHENERE I go, or what so ere befalls  
 Me in mine Age, or forraign Funerals,  
 This Blessing I will leave thee ere, I go,  
 Prosper thy Basket, and therein thy Dow.  
 Feed on the paste of Filberts, or else knead  
 And Bake the floure of Amber for thy Bread.  
 Balm may thy Trees drop, and thy Springs runne  
 oyle,  
 And everlasting Harvest crown thy Soile !  
 These I but wish for ; but thy selfe shall see,  
 The blessing fall in mellow times on Thee.

THE TRANSFIGURATION

IMMORTALL clothing I put on,  
So soone as, Julia, I am gon  
To mine eternall Mansion.

Thou, thou art here, to humane sight  
Cloth'd all with incorrupted light ;  
But yet how more admir'dly bright

Wilt thou appear, when thou art set  
In thy refulgent Thronelet,  
That shin'st thus in thy counterfeit?

TO THE PASSENGER

If I lye unburied Sir,  
These my Reliques, (pray) interre :  
'Tis religious part to see  
Stones, or turfes to cover me.  
One word more I had to say ;  
But it skills not ; go your way ;  
He that wants a buriall roome  
*For a Stone, ha's Heaven his Tombe.*

TO THE KING

UPON HIS TAKING OF LEICESTER

THIS Day is Yours, Great CHARLES ! and in this  
War  
Your Fate, and Ours, alike Victorious are.  
In her white Stole, now Victory do's rest  
*Enspher'd with Palm on Your Triumphant Crest.*  
Fortune is now Your Captive ; other Kings  
*Hold but her hand ; You hold both hands and wings.*



## TO JULIA, IN HER DAWN, OR DAYBREAK

By the next kindling of the day  
My Julia thou shalt see,  
Ere Ave-Mary thou canst say,  
He come and visit thee.

Yet ere thou counsel'st with thy Glasse,  
Appeare thou to mine eyes  
As smooth, and nak't, as she that was  
The prime of Paradise.

If blush thou must, then blush thou through  
A Lawn, that thou mayst looke  
As purest Pearles, or Pebles do  
When peeping through a Brooke.

As Lillies shrin'd in Christall, so  
Do thou to me appeare;  
Or Damask Roses when they grow  
To sweet acquaintance there.

## TO DIANE

I c'od but see thee yesterday  
Stung by a fretfull Bee;  
And I the Javelin suckt away,  
And heal'd the wound in thee.

A thousand thorns, and Bryars & Stings  
I have in my poore Brest;  
Yet n'er can see that salve which brings  
My Passions any rest.

As Love shall helpe me, I admire  
How thou canst sit and smile,  
To see me bleed, and not desire  
To stench the blood the while.

If thou compos'd of gentle mould  
 Art so unkind to me ;  
 What dismall Stories will be told  
 Of those that cruell be ?

To OENONE .

THOU sayest Love's Dart  
 Hath prickt thy heart ;  
 And thou do'st languish too :  
 If one poore prick,  
 Can make thee sick,  
 Say, what wo'd many do ?

To ELECTRA

SHALL I go to Love and tell,  
 Thou art all turn'd isicle ?  
 Shall I say her Altars be  
 Disadorn'd, and scorn'd by thee ?  
 O beware ! in time submit ;  
 Love has yet no wrathfull fit :  
 If her patience turns to ire,  
 Love is then consuming fire.

To MISTRESS AMIE POTTER

As me ! I love, give him your hand to kisse  
 Who both your wooer and your Poet is.  
 Nature has pre-compos'd us both to Love ;  
 Your part's to grant ; my Sceane must be to move  
 Deare, can you like, and liking love your Poet ?  
 If you say (I) Blush-guiltinesse will shew it.  
 Mine eyes must wooe you, (though I sigh the while)  
*True Love is tonguelesse as a Crocodile.*  
 And you may find in Love these differing parts ;  
*Wooers have Tongues of Ice, but burning hearts.*

## UPON A MAIDE

HERE she lyes (in Bed of Spice)  
 Faire as Eve in Paradice :  
 For her beauty it was such  
 Poets co'd not praise too much.  
 Virgins come, and in a Ring  
 Her supreamest Requiem sing ;  
 Then depart, but see ye tread  
 Lightly, lightly ore the dead.

## UPON LOVE

LOVE is a Circle, and an Endlesse Sphere ;  
 From good to good, revolving here, & there.

## BEAUTY

BEAUTY's no other but a lovely Grace  
 Of lively colours, flowing from the face.

## UPON LOVE

SOME salve to every sore, we may apply ;  
 Only for my wound there's no remedy.  
 Yet if my Julia kisse me, there will be  
 A soveraign balme found out to cure me.

## TO HIS BOOKE

MAKE haste away, and let one be  
 A friendly Patron unto thee :  
 Lest rapt from hence, I see thee lye  
 Torn for the use of Pasterie :  
 Or see thy injur'd Leaves serve well,  
 To make loose Gownes for Mackarell :  
 Or see the Grocers in a trice,  
 Make hoods of thee to serve out Spice.

WRITING

WHEN words we want, Love teacheth to endite;  
And what we blush to speake, she bids us write.

UPON A MAID

GONE she is a long, long way,  
But she has decreed a day  
Back to come, (and make no stay.)  
So we keepe, till her returne  
Here, her ashes, or her Urne.

THE DELAYING BRIDE

WHY so slowly do you move  
To the centre of your love?  
On your niceness though we wait,  
Yet the houres say 'tis late:  
*Coynesse takes us to a measure;*  
*But o'racted deads the pleasure.*  
Go to Bed, and care not when  
Cheerfull day shall spring agen.  
One Brave Captain did command,  
(By his word) the Sun to stand:  
One short charme if you but say  
Will enforce the Moon to stay,  
Till you warn her hence (away)  
T'ave your blushes seen by day.

TO M. HENRY LAWES, THE EXCELLENT COMPOSER  
OF HIS LYRICKS

TOUCH but thy Lire (my Harrie) and I heare  
From thee some raptures of the rare Gotire.  
Then if thy voice commingle with the String,  
I heare in thee the rare Laniere to sing;

Or curious Wilson : Tell me, canst thou be  
 Less then Apollo, that usurp'st such Three?  
 Three, unto whom the whole world give ap-  
 plause ;  
 Yet their Three praises, praise but One ; that's  
 Lawes.

#### AGE UNFIT FOR LOVE

MAIDENS tell me I am old ;  
 Let me in my Glasse behold  
 Whether smooth or not I be,  
 Or if haire remaines to me.  
 Well, or be't or be't not so,  
 This for certainty I know ;  
 Ill it fits old men to play,  
 When that Death bids come away.

#### THE BED-MAN, OR GRAVE-MAKER

Thou hast made many Houses for the Dead ;  
 When my Lot calls me to be burièd,  
 For Love or Pittie, prethee let there be  
 I' th' Church-yard, made, one Tenement for me.

#### TO ANTHEA

ANTHEA I am going hence  
 With some small stock of innocence :  
 But yet those blessed gates I see  
 Withstanding entrance unto me.  
 To pray for me doe thou begin,  
 The Porter then will let me in.

#### TO JULIA

I AM zeallesse ; prethee pray  
 For my well-fare (Julia)  
 For I thinke the gods require  
 Male perfumes, but Female fire.

ON JULIA'S LIPS

SWEET are my Julia's lips and cleane,  
As if or'ewasht in Hippocrene.

TWILIGHT

TWILIGHT, no other thing is, Poets say,  
Then the last part of night, and first of day.

TO HIS FRIEND, MASTER J. JINCKS

LOVE, love me now, because I place  
Thee here among my righteous race :  
The bastard Slips may droop and die  
Wanting both Root, and Earth ; but thy  
Immortall selfe, shall boldly trust  
To live for ever, with my Just.

ON HIMSELF

If that my Fate has now fulfill'd my yeere,  
And so soone stopt my longer living here ;  
What was 't (ye Gods !) a dying man to save,  
But while he met with his Paternall grave ;  
Though while we living 'bout the world do roame,  
We love to rest in peacefull Urnes at home,  
Where we may snug, and close together lye  
By the dead bones of our deare Ancestrie.

CROSSES

Our Crosses are no other then the rods,  
And our Diseases, Vultures of the Gods :  
Each grieffe we feele, that likewise is a Kite  
Sent forth by them, our flesh to eate, or bite.



## UPON LOVE

Love brought me to a silent Grove,  
 And shew'd me there a Tree,  
 Where some had hang'd themselves for love,  
 And gave a Twist to me.

The Halter was of silk, and gold,  
 That he reacht forth unto me :  
 No otherwise, then if he would  
 By dainty things undo me.

He bade me then that Neck-lace use ;  
 And told me too, he maketh  
 A glorious end by such a Noose,  
 His Death for Love that taketh.

'Twas but a dream ; but had I been  
 There really alone ;  
 My desp'rate feares, in love, had seen  
 Mine Execution.

## NO DIFFERENCE I' TH' DARK

NIGHT makes no difference 'twixt the Priest and  
 Clark ;  
 Jone as my Lady is as good i' th' dark.

## TO SAPHO

Thou saist thou lov'st me Sapho ; I say no ;  
 But would to Love I could beleeve 'twas so !  
 Pardon my feares (sweet Sapho) I desire  
 That thou be righteous found ; and I the Lyer.

## OUT OF TIME, OUT OF TUNE

WE blame, nay, we despise her paines  
 That wets her Garden when it raines :

But when the drought has dri'd the knot,  
Then let her use the watring-pot.  
We pray for showers (at our need)  
To drench, but not to drown our seed.

TO HIS BOOKE

TAKE mine advise, and go not neere  
Those faces (sower as Vineger).  
For these, and Nobler numbers can  
Ne'r please the supercillious man.

TO HIS HONOUR'D FRIEND, SIR THOMAS HEALE

STAND by the Magick of my powerfull Rhymes  
'Gainst all the indignation of the Times.  
Age shall not wrong thee ; or one jot abate  
Of thy both Great, and everlasting fate.  
While others perish, here's thy life decreed  
Because begot of my Immortall seed.

THE SACRIFICE, BY WAY OF DISCOURSE BETWIXT  
HIMSELFE AND JULIA

- Herr.* COME and let's in solemn wise  
Both addresse to sacrifice :  
Old Religion first commands  
That we wash our hearts, and hands.  
Is the beast exempt from staine,  
Altar cleane, no fire prophane?  
Are the Garlands? Is the Nard
- Jul.* Ready here?—All well prepar'd,  
With the Wine that must be shed  
('Twixt the hornes) upon the head,  
Of the holy Beast we bring  
For our Trespasse-offering.—
- Herr.* All is well ; now next to these  
Put we on pure Surplices ;

And with Chaplets crown'd, we'l rost  
 With perfumes the Holocaust:  
 And (while we the gods invoke)  
 Reade acceptance by the smoake.

#### TO APOLLO

Thou mighty Lord and master of the Lyre,  
 Unshorn Apollo, come, and re-inspire  
 My fingers so, the Lyrick-strings to move,  
 That I may play, and sing a Hymne to Love.

#### ON LOVE

Love is a kind of warre: Hence those who feare;  
 No cowards must his royall Ensignes beare.

#### ANOTHER

Where love begins, there dead thy first desire:  
*A sparke neglected makes a mighty fire.*

#### AN HYMNE TO CUPID

Thou, thou that bear'st the sway  
 With whom the Sea-Nymphs play;  
 And Venus, every way:  
 When I embrace thy knee;  
 And make short pray'rs to thee:  
 In love, then prosper me.  
 This day I goe to wooe;  
 Instruct me how to doe  
 This worke thou put'st me too.  
 From shame my face keepe free,  
 From scorne I begge of thee,  
 Love to deliver me:  
 So shall I sing thy praise;  
 And to thee Altars raise,  
 Unto the end of daies.

TO ELECTRA

LET not thy Tomb-stone er'e be laid by me :  
Nor let my Herse, be wept upon by thee :  
But let that instant when thou dy'st be known,  
The minute of mine expiration.  
One knell be rung for both ; and let one grave  
To hold us two, an endlesse honour have.

HOW HIS SOULE CAME ENSNARED

MY soule would one day goe and seeke  
For Roses, and in Julia's cheek  
A richness of those sweets she found,  
(As in another Rosamond.)  
But gathering Roses as she was,  
(Not knowing what would come to passe)  
It chanst a ringlet of her haire,  
Caught my poore soule, as in a snare :  
Which ever since has been in thrall ;  
Yet freedome, shee enjoyes withall.

UPON JULIA'S HAIRE, BUNDLED UP IN A GOLDEN NET

TELL me, what needs those rich deceits,  
These golden Toyles, and Trammel-nets,  
To take thine haire when they are knowne  
Already tame, and all thine owne?  
'Tis I am wild, and more then haire  
Deserve these Mash<sup>1</sup>es and those snares.  
Set free thy Tresses, let them flow  
As aires doe breathe, or winds doe blow :  
And let such curious Net-works be  
Lesse set for them, then spred for me.

THE SHOWRE OF BLOSSOMES

LOVE in a showre of Blossomes came  
Down, and halfe drown'd me with the same :

<sup>1</sup> Meshes.

The Blooms that fell were white and red ;  
 But with such sweets comminglèd,  
 As whether (this) I cannot tell  
 My sight was pleas'd more, or my smell :  
 But true it was, as I rowl'd there,  
 Without a thought of hurt, or feare ;  
 Love turn'd himselfe into a Bee,  
 And with his Javelin wounded me :  
 From which mishap this use I make,  
*Where most sweets are, there lyes a Snake :*  
*Kisses and Favours are sweet things ;*  
*But Those have thorns, and These have stings.*

#### A DEFENCE FOR WOMEN

NAUGHT are all Women : I say no,  
 Since for one Bad, one Good I know :  
 For Clytemnestra most unkind,  
 Loving Alcestis there we find :  
 For one Medea that was bad,  
 A good Penelope was had :  
 For wanton Lais, then we have  
 Chaste Lucrece, or a wife as grave :  
 And thus through Woman-kind we see  
 A Good and Bad. *Sirs credit me.*

#### CHARMES

BRING the holy crust of Bread,  
 Lay it underneath the head ;  
 'Tis a certain Charm to keep  
 Hags away while Children sleep.

#### ANOTHER

LET the superstitious wife  
 Neer the child's heart lay a knife :  
 Point be up, and Haft be downe ;  
 (While she gossips in the towne)  
 This 'mongst other mystick charms  
 Keeps the sleeping child from harms.

## ANOTHER CHARME FOR STABLES

HANG up Hooks, and Sheers to scare  
Hence the Hag, that rides the Mare,  
Till they be all over wet,  
With the mire, and the sweat :  
This observ'd, the Maues shall be  
Of your horses, all knot-free.

## CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMASSE EVE

DOWN with the Rosemary and Bayes,  
Down with the Mistleto ;  
Instead of Holly, now up-raise  
The greener Box (for show.)

The Holly hitherto did sway ;  
Let Box now domincere ;  
Untill the dancing Easter-day,  
Or Easters Eve appeare.

Then youthfull Box which now hath grace,  
Your houses to renew ;  
Grown old, surrender must his place,  
Unto the crisped Yew.

When Yew is out, then Birch comes in,  
And many Flowers beside ;  
Both of a fresh and fragrant kinne  
To honour Whitsontide.

Green Rushes then, and sweetest Bents,  
With cooler Oken boughs ;  
Come in for comely ornaments,  
To re-adorn the house.

Thus times do shift ; each thing his turne do's  
hold ;  
*New things succeed, as former things grow old.*



## THE CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMASSE DAY

KINDLE the Christmas Brand and then  
 Till Sunne-set, let it burne;  
 Which quencht, then lay it up agen,  
 Till Christmas next returne.

Part must be kept wherewith to teend  
 The Christmas Log next yeare;  
 And where 'tis safely kept, the Fiend,  
 Can do no mischiefe (there.)

## UPON CANDLEMASSE DAY

END now the White-loafe, & the Pye,  
 And let all sports with Christmas dye.

## TO BIANCHA, TO BLESSE HIM

Wo'd I wooe, and wo'd I winne,  
 Wo'd I well my worke begin?  
 Wo'd I evermore be crown'd  
 With the end that I propound?  
 Wo'd I frustrate, or prevent  
 All Aspects malevolent?  
 Thwart all Wizzards, and with these  
 Dead or black contingencies:  
 Place my words, and all works else  
 In most happy Parallels?  
 All will prosper, if so be  
 I be kist, or blest by thee.

## JULIA'S CHURCHING, OR PURIFICATION

PUR on thy Holy Fillitings, and so  
 To th' Temple with the sober Midwife go.  
 Attended thus (in a most solemn wise)  
 By those who serve the Child-bed misteries.

Burn first thine incense ; next, whenas thou see'st  
The candid Stole thrown ore the Pious Priest ;  
With reverend Curtsies come, and to him bring  
Thy free (and not decurted) offering.  
All Rites well ended, with faire Auspice come  
(As to the breaking of a Bride-Cake) home :  
Where ceremonious Hymen shall for thee  
Provide a second Epithalamie.

*She who keeps chastly to her husbands side  
Is not for one, but every night his Bride :  
And stealing still with love, and feare to Bed,  
Brings him not one, but many a Maiden-head.*

TO HIS BOOK

BEFORE the Press scarce one co'd see  
A little-peeping-part of thee :  
But since th' art Printed, thou dost call  
To shew thy nakedness to all.  
My care for thee is now the less,  
(Having resign'd thy shamefac'tness :)  
Go with thy Faults and Fates ; yet stay  
And take this sentence, then away ;  
Whom one belov'd will not suffice,  
She'l runne to all adulteries.

TEARES

TEARES most prevaile ; with teares too thou mayst  
move  
Rocks to relent, and coyest maids to love.

TO HIS FRIEND TO AVOID CONTENTION OF WORDS

WORDS beget Anger ; Anger brings forth blowes :  
Blowes make of dearest friends immortall Foes.  
For which prevention (Sociate) let there be  
Betwixt us two no more Logomachie.  
Farre better 'twere for either to be mute,  
Then for to murder friendship, by dispute.

## TO A FRIEND

LOOKE in my Book, and herein see,  
 Life endlesse sign'd to thee and me,  
 We o're the tombes, and Fates shall flye ;  
 While other generations dye.

## UPON M. WILLIAM LAWES, THE RARE MUSITIAN

SHO'D I not put on Blacks, when each one here  
 Comes with his Cypresse, and devotes a teare ?  
 SHO'D I not grieve (my Lawes) when every Lute,  
 Violl, and Voice, is (by thy losse) struck mute ?  
 Thy loss, brave man ! whose Numbers have been  
 hurl'd,  
 And no less prais'd, then spread throughout the  
 world.  
 Some have Thee call'd Amphion ; some of us,  
 Nam'd thee Terpander, or sweet Orpheus :  
 Some this, some that, but all in this agree,  
 Musique had both her birth and death with Thee.

## A SONG UPON SILVIA

FROM me my Silvia ranne away,  
 And running therewithall,  
 A Primrose Banke did cross her way,  
 And gave my Love a fall.

But trust me now, I dare not say,  
 What I by chance did see ;  
 But such the Drap'ry did betray  
 That fully ravisht me.

## THE HONY-COMBE

IF thou hast found an honie-combe,  
 Eate thou not all, but taste on some :

For if thou eat'st it to excess ;  
That sweetness turnes to Loathsomness.  
Taste it to Temper ; then 'twill be  
Marrow, and Manna unto thee.

UPON BEN. JOHNSON

HERE lyes Johnson with the rest  
Of the Poets ; but the Best.  
Reader, wo'dst thou more have known ?  
Aske his Story, not this Stone.  
That will speake what this can't tell  
Of his glory. *So farewell.*

AN ODE FOR HIM

AH Ben !  
Say how, or when  
Shall we thy Guests  
Meet at those Lyrick Feasts,  
Made at the Sun,  
The Dog, the triple Tunne ?  
Where we such clusters had,  
As made us nobly wild, not mad ;  
And yet each Verse of thine  
Out-did the meate, out-did the frolick wine.

My Ben !  
Or come agen :  
Or send to us,  
Thy wit's great over-plus ;  
But teach us yet  
Wisely to husband it ;  
Lest we that Tallent spend :  
And having once brought to an end  
That precious stock ; the store  
Of such a wit the world sho'd have no more.

## UPON A VIRGIN

SPEND Harmless shade, thy nightly Houres,  
 Selecting here, both Herbs, and Flowers;  
 Of which make Garlands here, and there,  
 To dress thy silent sepulchre.  
 Nor do thou feare the want of these,  
*In everlasting Properties.*  
 Since we fresh strewings will bring hither,  
 Farre faster then the first can wither.

## A REQUEST TO THE GRACES

PONDER my words, if so that any be  
 Known guilty here of incivility:  
 Let what is graceless, discompos'd, and rude,  
 With sweetness, smoothness, softness, be endu'd.  
 Teach it to blush, to curtsie, lisp, and shew  
 Demure, but yet, full of temptation too.  
*Numbers ne'r tickle, or but lightly please,*  
*Unlesse they have some wanton carriages.*  
 This if ye do, each Piece will here be good,  
 And gracefull made, by your neate Sisterhood.

## UPON HIMSELFE

I LATELY fri'd, but now behold  
 I freeze as fast, and shake for cold.  
 And in good faith I'd thought it strange  
 Tave found in me this sudden change;  
 But that I understood by dreames,  
 These only were but Loves extreames;  
 Who fires with hope the Lovers heart,  
 And starves with cold the self-same part.

## TO M. KELLAM

WHAT! can my Kellam drink his Sack  
 In Goblets to the brim,  
 And see his Robin Herrick lack,  
 Yet send no Boules to him?

For love or pitie to his Muse,  
 (That she may flow in Verse)  
 Contemne to recommend a Cruse,  
 But send to her a Tearce.<sup>1</sup>

HAPPINESSE TO HOSPITALITIE, OR A HEARTY TO GOOD  
 HOUSE-KEEPING

FIRST, may the hand of bounty bring  
 Into the daily offering  
 Of full provision ; such a store,  
 Till that the Cooke cries, Bring no more.  
 Upon your hogsheads never fall  
 A drought of wine, ale, beere (at all;)   
 But, like full clouds, may they from thence  
 Diffuse their mighty influence.  
 Next, let the Lord, and Ladie here  
 Enjoy a Christning yeare by yeare ;  
 And this good blessing back them still,  
 T'ave Boyes, and Gyrls too, as they will.  
 Then from the porch may many a Bride  
 Unto the Holy Temple ride :  
 And thence return, (short prayers seyde)  
 A wife most richly married.  
 Last, may the Bride and Bridegroom be  
 Untoucht by cold sterility ;  
 But in their springing blood so play,  
 As that in Lustres few they may,  
 By laughing too, and lying downe,  
 People a City or a Towne.

REST REFRESHES

LAY by the good a while ; a resting field  
 Will, after ease, a richer harvest yield :  
 Trees this year beare ; next, they their wealth  
 withhold :  
*Continuall reaping makes a land wax old.*

<sup>1</sup> Tearce, a cask of 42 gallons.



## THE BONDMAN

BIND me but to thee with thine haire,  
 And quickly I shall be  
 Made by that fetter or that snare  
 A bondman unto thee.

Or if thou tak'st that bond away,  
 Then bore me through the eare ;  
 And by the Law I ought to stay  
 For ever with thee here.

## TO SILVIA

PARDON my trespasses (Silvia,) I confesse,  
 My kisse out-went the bounds of shamfastnesse :  
 None is discreet at all times ; no, *not Jove*  
*Himselfe, at one time, can be wise and Love.*

## FAIRE SHEWES DECEIVE

SMOOTH was the Sea, and seem'd to call  
 To prettie girles to play withall :  
 Who padling there, the Sea soone frown'd,  
 And on a sudden both were drown'd.  
 What credit can we give to seas,  
 Who, kissing, kill such Saints as these ?

## HIS WISH

FAR be my Hinde ; unlearned be my wife ;  
 Peacefull my night ; my day devoid of strife :  
 To these a comely off-spring I desire,  
 Singing about my everlasting fire.

UPON JULIA'S WASHING HER SELF IN THE RIVER

How fierce was I, when I did see  
My Julia wash her self in thee !  
So Lillies thorough Christall look :  
So purest pebbles in the brook :  
As in the River Julia did,  
Halfe with a Lawne of water hid.  
Into thy streames my self I threw,  
And struggling there, I kist thee too ;  
And more had done (it is confest)  
Had not thy waves forbad the rest.

A MEANE IN OUR MEANES

THOUGH Frankinsense the Deities require,  
*We must not give all to the hallowed fire.*  
Such be our gifts, and such be our expence,  
As for ourselves to leave some frankinsence.

UPON CUPID

Love, like a Beggar, came to me  
With Hose and Doublet torne :  
His Shirt bedangling from his knee,  
With Hat and Shooes out-worne.

He askt an almes ; I gave him bread,  
And meat too, for his need :  
Of which, when he had fully fed,  
He wished me all Good speed.

Away he went, but as he turn'd  
(In faith I know not how)  
He toucht me so, as that I burn[<sup>d</sup>],  
And am tormented now.

Love's silent flames, and fires obscure  
 Then crept into my heart ;  
 And though I saw no Bow, I'm sure  
 His finger was the dart.

## AN HYMNE TO LOVE

I WILL confesse  
 With Cheerfulness,  
 Love is a thing so likes me,  
 That let her lay  
 On me all day,  
 Ile kiss the hand that strikes me.

2. I will not, I  
 Now blubb'ring, cry,  
 It (Ah !) too late repents me,  
 That I did fall  
 To love at all,  
 Since love so much contents me.

3. No, no, Ile be  
 In fetters free :  
 While others they sit wringing  
 Their hands for pain ;  
 Ile entertaine  
 The wounds of love with singing.

4. With Flowers and Wine,  
 And Cakes Divine,  
 To strike me I will tempt thee :  
 Which done ; no more  
 Ile come before  
 Thee and thine Altars emptie.

TO HIS HONOURED AND MOST INGENIOUS FRIEND  
 MR. CHARLES COTTON.

For brave comportment, wit without offence,  
 Words fully flowing, yet of influence :

Thou art that man of men, the man alone,  
 Worthy the Publique Admiration :  
 Who with thine owne eyes read'st what we doe  
     write,  
 And giv'st our Numbers Euphonie, and weight.  
 Tel'st when a Verse springs high, how under-  
     stood  
 To be, or not borne of the Royall-blood.  
 What State above, what Symmetrie below,  
 Lines have, or sho'd have, thou the best canst  
     show.  
 For which (my Charles) it is my pride to be,  
 Not so much knowne, as to be lov'd of thee.  
 Long may I live so, and my wreath of Bayes,  
 Be lesse anothers Laurell, then thy praise.

WOMEN USFLESSE

WHAT need we marry Women, when  
 Without their use we may have men ?  
 And such as will in short time be,  
 For murder fit, or mutinie ;  
 As Cadmus once a new way found,  
 By throwing teeth into the ground ;  
 (From which poore seed, and rudely sown)  
 Sprung up a War-like Nation.  
 So let us Yron, Silver, Gold,  
 Brasse, Leade, or Tinne, throw into th' mould ;  
 And we shall see in little space  
 Rise up of men, a fighting race.  
 If this can be, say then, what need  
 Have we of Women or their seed ?

LOVE IS A SIRRUP

Love is a sirrup ; and who er'e we see  
 Sick and surcharg'd with this sacietie :  
 Shall by this pleasing trespassse quickly prove,  
*Ther's loathsomnesse e'en in the sweets of love.*

## LEVEN

Love is a Leven, and a loving kisse  
The Leven of a loving sweet-heart is.

## ON HIMSELFE

WEEPE for the dead, for they have lost this light:  
And weepe for me, lost in an endlesse night.  
Or mourne, or make a Marble Verse for me,  
Who writ for many. *Benedicite.*

## ON HIMSELFE

Lost to the world ; lost to my selfe ; alone  
Here now I rest under this Marble stone :  
In depth of silence, heard, and seene of none.

## TO M. LEONARD WILLAN HIS PECULIAR FRIEND

I WILL be short, and having quickly hurl'd  
This line about, live Thou throughout the world ;  
Who art a man for all Sceanes ; unto whom  
(What's hard to others) nothing's troublesome.  
Can'st write the Comick, Tragick straine, and fall  
From these to penne the pleasing Pastorall :  
Who fl'i'st at all heights : Prose and Verse run'st  
through ;  
Find'st here a fault, and mend'st the trespassse too :  
For which I might extoll thee, but speake lesse,  
Because thy selfe art comming to the Presse :  
And then sho'd I in praising thee be slow,  
Posterity will pay thee what I owe.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND M. JOHN HALL, STUDENT OF  
GRAYES-INNE

TELL me young man, or did the Muses bring  
Thee lesse to taste, then to drink up their Spring ;

That none hereafter sho'd be thought, or be  
 A Poet, or a Poet-like but Thee?  
 What was thy Birth, thy starre that makes thee  
 knowne,  
 At twice ten yeares, a prime and publike one?  
 Tell us thy Nation, kindred, or the whence  
 Thou had'st, and hast thy mighty influence,  
 That makes thee lov'd, and of the men desir'd,  
 And no lesse prais'd, then of the maides admir'd.  
 Put on thy Laurell then; and in that trimme  
 Be thou Apollo, or the type of him:  
 Or let the Unshorne God lend thee his Lyre,  
 And next to him, be Master of the Quire.

TO JULIA

OFFER thy gift; but first the Law commands  
 Thee, Julia, first, to sanctifie thy hands:  
 Doe that, my Julia which the rites require,  
 Then boldly give thine incense to the fire.

TO THE MOST COMELY AND PROPER M. ELIZABETH  
 FINCH

HANSOME you are, and Proper you will be  
 Despight of all your infortunitie:  
 Live long and lovely, but yet grow no lesse  
 In that your owne prefixed comelinesse:  
 Spend on that stock: and when your life must fall,  
 Leave others Beauty, to set up withall.

TO HIS BOOKE

If hap it must, that I must see thee lye  
 Absyrtus-like, all torne confusedly:  
 With solemne tears, and with much grief of heart,  
 Ile recollect thee (weeping) part by part;  
 And having washt thee, close thee in a chest  
 With spice; that done, Ile leave thee to thy rest.



## TO THE KING

UPON HIS WELCOME TO HAMPTON-COURT.

SET AND SUNG -

WELCOME, Great Cesar, welcome now you are,  
 As dearest Peace, after destructive Warre :  
 Welcome as slumbers ; or as beds of ease  
 After our long, and peevish sicknesses.  
 O Pompe of Glory ! Welcome now, and come  
 To re-possess once more your long'd-for home.  
 A thousand Altars smoake ; a thousand thighes  
 Of Beeves here ready stand for Sacrifice.  
 Enter and prosper ; while our eyes doe waite  
 For an Ascendent throughly Auspicate :  
 Under which signe we may the former stone  
 Lay of our safeties new foundation :  
 That done ; O Cesar ! live, and be to us,  
 Our Fate, our Fortune, and our Genius ;  
 To whose free knees we may our temples tye  
 As to a still protecting Deitie :  
 That sho'd you stirre, we and our Altars too  
 May (Great Augustus) goe along with You.  
*Chor.* Long live the King ; and to accomplish  
 this,  
 We'l from our owne, adde far more years to his.

ULTIMUS HEROU : OR, TO THE MOST LEARNED, AND TO  
 THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, HENRY, MARQUESS OF  
 DORCHESTER

AND as time past when Cato the Severe  
 Entred the circum-spacious Theater ;  
 In reverence of his person, every one  
 Stood as he had been turn'd from flesh to stone :  
 E'ne so my numbers will astonisht be  
 If but lookt on ; struck dead, if scan'd by Thee.

TO HIS MUSE, ANOTHER TO THE SAME

TELL that Brave Man, fain thou wo'dst have access  
To kiss his hands, but that for fearfullness ;  
Or else because th' art like a modest Bride,  
Ready to blush to death, sho'd he but chide.

TO HIS LEARNED FRIEND M. JO. HARNAR, PHISITIAN  
TO THE COLLEDGE OF WESTMINSTER

WHEN first I find those Numbers thou do'st write,  
To be most soft, terce, sweet, and perpolite :  
Next, when I see Thee towring in the skie,  
In an expansion no less large, then high ;  
Then, in that compass, sayling here and there,  
And with Circumgyration every where ;  
Following with love and active heate thy game,  
And then at last to truss the Epigram ;  
I must confess, distinction none I see  
Between Domitian's Martiall then, and Thee.  
But this I know, should Jupiter agen  
Descend from heaven, to re-converse with men ;  
The Romane Language full, and superfine,  
If Jove wo'd speake, he wo'd accept of thine.

UPON HIS SPANIELL TRACIE

Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see,  
For shape and service, Spaniell like to thee.  
This shall my love doe, give thy sad death one  
Teare, that deserves of me a million.

THE DELUGE

DROWNING, drowning, I espie  
Coming from my Julia's eye :  
'Tis some solace in our smart,  
To have friends to beare a part :

I have none ; but must be sure  
 Th' inundation to endure.  
 Shall not times hereafter tell  
 This for no meane miracle ;  
 When the waters by their fall  
 Threatn'd ruine unto all ?  
 Yet the deluge here was known,  
 Of a world to drowne but One.

## CRUTCHES

Thou seest me Lucia this year droope,  
 Three Zodiaks fill'd more I shall stoope ;  
 Let Crutches then provided be  
 To shore up my debilitie. ✓  
 Then while thou laugh'st ; Ile, sighing, crie,  
 A Ruine underpropt am I :  
 Don will I then my Beadsmans gown,  
 And when so feeble I am grown,  
 As my weake shoulders cannot beare  
 The burden of a Grashopper :  
 Yet with the bench of aged sires,  
 When I and they keep tearmly fires ;  
 With my weake voice I'le sing, or say  
 Some Odes I made of Lucia :  
 Then will I heave my wither'd hand  
 To Jove the Mighty, for to stand  
 Thy faithfull friend, and to poure downe  
 Upon thee many a Benizon.

## TO JULIA

HOLY waters hither bring  
 For the sacred sprinkling :  
 Baptize me and thee, and so  
 Let us to the Altar go.  
 And (ere we our rites commence)  
 Wash our hands in innocence.  
 Then I'le be the Rex Sacrorum,  
 Thou the Queen of Peace and Quorum.

TO PERENNA

I A Dirge will pen for thee ;  
 Thou a Trentall make for me :  
 That the Monks and Fryers together,  
 Here may sing the rest of either :  
 Next, I'm sure, the Nuns will have  
 Candlemas to grace the Grave.

TO HIS SISTER IN LAW, M. SUSANNA HERRICK

THE Person crowns the Place ; your lot doth fall  
 Last, yet to be with These a Principall:  
 Howere it fortun'd ; know for Truth, I meant  
 You a fore-leader in this Testament.

UPON THE LADY CREW

THIS Stone can tell the storie of my life,  
 What was my Birth, to whom I was a Wife :  
 In teeming years, how soon my Sun was set,  
 Where now I rest, these may be known by Jet.  
 For other things, my many Children be  
 The best and truest Chronicles of me.

ON TOMASIN PARSONS

GROW up in Beauty, as thou do'st begin,  
 And be of all admired, Tomasin.

CEREMONY UPON CANDLEMAS EVE

DOWN with the Rosemary, and so  
 Down with the Baies & misletoe :  
 Down with the Holly, Ivie, all,  
 Wherewith ye drest the Christmas Hall :

That so the superstitious find  
 No one least Branch there left behind :  
 For look, how many leaves there be  
 Neglected there (maids trust to me)  
 So many Goblins you shall see.

TO HIS KINSMAN, M. THO : HERRICK, WHO DESIRED  
 TO BE IN HIS BOOK

WELCOOME to this my Colledge, and though late  
 Th'ast got a place here (standing candidate)  
 It matters not, since thou art chosen one  
 Here of my great and good foundation.

A BUCOLICK BETWIXT TWO : LACON AND THYRSIS

*Lacon.* For a kiss or two, confesse,  
 What doth cause this pensiveness,  
 Thou most lovely Neat-heardesse?  
 Why so lonely on the hill?  
 Why thy pipe by thee so still,  
 That erewhile was heard so shrill?  
 Tell me, do thy kine now fail  
 To fulfill the milkin-paile?  
 Say, what is 't that thou do'st aile?

*Thyr.* None of these; but out, alas!  
 A mischance is come to pass,  
 And I'll tell thee what it was:  
 See mine eyes are weeping ripe.

*Lacon.* Tell, and I'll lay down my Pipe.

*Thyr.* I have lost my lovely steere,  
 That to me was far more deer  
 Then these kine, which I milke here.  
 Broad of fore-head, large of eye,  
 Party-colour'd like a Pie;  
 Smooth in each limb as a die;

Clear of hoof, and clear of horn ;  
 Sharply pointed as a thorn :  
 With a neck by yoke unworn.  
 From the which hung down by strings,  
 Balls of Cowslips, Daisie rings,  
 Enterplac't with ribbanings.  
 Faultless every way for shape ;  
 Not a straw co'd him escape ;  
 Ever gamesome as an ape :  
 But yet harmless as a sheep.  
 (Pardon, Lacon if I weep)  
*Tears will spring, where woes are deep.*  
 Now (ai me !) (ai me !) Last night  
 Came a mad dog, and did bite,  
 I, and kil'd my dear delight.

*Lacon.* Alack, for grief !

*Thyr.* But I 'le be brief.

Hence I must, for time doth call  
 Me, and my sad Play-mates all,  
 To his Ev'ning Funerall.  
 Live long, Lacon, so adew !

*Lacon.* Mournfull maid, farewell to you ;  
*Earth afford ye flowers to strew.*

UPON SAPHO

Look upon Sapho's lip, and you will swear,  
 There is a love-like leven rising there.

A BACHANALIAN VERSE

1.     DRINKE up  
           Your Cup,  
       But not spill Wine ;  
           For if you  
               Do,  
       'Tis an ill signe ;



2.       That we  
           Foresee,  
 You are cloy'd here,  
           If so, no  
           Hoe,  
 But avoid here.

TO BIANCHA

AH Biancha ! now I see,  
 It is Noone and past with me :  
 In a while it will strike one ;  
 Then, Biancha, I am gone.  
 Some effusions let me have,  
 Offer'd on my holy Grave ;  
 Then, Biancha, let me rest  
 With my face towards the East.

TO THE HANDSOME MISTRESSE GRACE POTTER

As is your name, so is your comely face,  
 Toucht everywhere with such diffusèd grace,  
 As that in all that admirable round,  
 There is not one least solecisme found ;  
 And as that part, so every portion else,  
 Keeps line for line with Beauties Parallels.

ANACREONTIKE

I MUST  
 Not trust  
 Here to any ;  
       Bereav'd,  
       Deceiv'd,  
 By so many ;  
       As one  
       Undone

By my losses ;  
 Comply  
 Will I  
 With my crosses.  
 Yet still  
 I will  
 Not be grieving ;  
 Since thence  
 And hence  
 Comes relieving.  
 But this  
 Sweet is  
 In our mourning ;  
 Times bad  
 And sad  
 Are a turning :  
 And he  
 Whom we  
 See dejected ;  
 Next day  
 Wee may  
 See erected.

ANACREONTICK VERSE

BRISK methinks I am, and fine,  
 When I drinke my capring wine :  
 Then to love I do encline,  
 When I drinke my wanton wine :  
 And I wish all maidens mine,  
 When I drinke my sprightly wine :  
 Well I sup, and well I dine,  
 When I drinke my frolick wine :  
 But I languish, lowre, and Pine,  
 When I want my fragrant wine.

PARCELL-GIL'T-POETRY

LET 's strive to be the best ; the Gods, we know it,  
 Pillars and men, hate an indifferent Poet.

UPON LOVE, BY WAY OF QUESTION AND ANSWER

I BRING ye Love. *Quest.* What will love do?

*Ans.* Like, and dislike ye :

I bring ye love : *Quest.* What will Love do?

*Ans.* Stroake ye to strike ye.

I bring ye love : *Quest.* What will Love do?

*Ans.* Love will be-foole ye :

I bring ye love : *Quest.* What will love do?

*Ans.* Heate ye to coole ye :

I bring ye love : *Quest.* What will love do?

*Ans.* Love gifts will send ye :

I bring ye love : *Quest.* What will love do?

*Ans.* Stock ye to spend ye :

I bring ye love : *Quest.* What will love do?

*Ans.* Love will fulfill ye :

I bring ye love : *Quest.* What will love do?

*Ans.* Kisse ye, to kill ye.

TO THE LORD HOPTON, ON HIS FIGHT IN CORNWALL

Go on, brave Hopton, to effectuate that  
Which wee, and times to come, shall wonder at.  
Lift up thy Sword ; next, suffer it to fall,  
And by that One blow set an end to all.

#### HIS GRANGE

How well contented in this private Grange  
Spend I my life (that's subject unto change :)  
Under whose Roofe with Mosse-worke wrought,  
there I  
Kisse my Brown wife and black Posterity.

#### LEPROSIE IN HOUSES .

WHEN to a House I come, and see  
The Genius wastefull, more then free :  
The servants thumblesse, yet to eat,  
With lawlesse tooth the floure of wheate :

The Sonnes to suck the milke of Kine,  
 More than the teats of Discipline :  
 The Daughters wild and loose in dresse ;  
 Their cheekes unstain'd with shamefac'tnesse :  
 The Husband drunke, the Wife to be  
 A Baud to incivility :  
 I must confesse, I there descrie,  
 A House spread through with Leprosie.

ANTHEA'S RETRACTATION

ANTHEA laught, and fearing lest excesse  
 Might stretch the cords of civill comelinesse :  
 She with a dainty blush rebuk't her face ;  
 And cal'd each line back to his rule and space.

LEPROSIE IN CLOATHES

WHEN flowing garments I behold  
 Enspir'd with Purple, Pearle, and Gold ;  
 I think no other but I see  
 In them a glorious leprosie,  
 That do's infect, and make the rent  
 More mortall in the vestiment.  
*As flowrie vestures doe descrie  
 The wearers' rich immodestie ;  
 So plaine and simple cloathes doe show  
 Where vertue walkes, not those that flow.*

HIS ANSWER TO A FRIEND

You aske me what I doe, and how I live?  
 And (Noble friend) this answer I must give :  
 Drooping, I draw on to the vaults of death,  
 Or'e which you'l walk, when I am laid beneath.

## THE BEGGER

SHALL I a daily Begger be,  
 For love's sake asking almes of thee?  
 Still shall I crave, and never get  
 A hope of my desired bit?  
 Ah cruell maides ! Ile goe my way,  
 Whereas (perchance) my fortunes may  
 Finde out a Threshold or a doore,  
 That may far sooner speed the poore :  
 Where thrice we knock, and none will heare  
 Cold comfort still I'm sure lives there.

## HIS CHANGE

My many cares and much distress,  
 Has made me like a wilderness :  
 Or (discompos'd) I'm like a rude,  
 And all-confused multitude :  
 Out of my comely manners worne ;  
 And as in meanes, in minde all torne.

## THE VISION

ME thought I saw (as I did dreame in bed)  
 A crawling Vine about Anacreon's head :  
 Flusht was his face ; his haire with oyle did shine  
 And as he spake, his mouth ranne ore with wine.  
 Tipl'd he was ; and tipling lispt withall ;  
 And lisp'g reeld, and reeling like to fall.  
 A young Enchantresse close by him did stand  
 Tapping his plump thighes with a mirtle wand :  
 She smil'd ; he kist ; and kissing, cull'd<sup>1</sup> her too ;  
 And being cup-shot, more he co'd not doe.  
 For which (me thought) in prittie anger she  
 Snatcht off his Crown, and gave the wreath to me :  
 Since when (me thinks) my braines about doe swirr  
 And I am wilde and wanton like to him.

<sup>1</sup> 'Colled.'

A VOW TO VENUS

HAPPILY I had a sight  
Of my dearest deare last night ;  
Make her this day smile on me,  
And Ile Roses give to thee.

ON HIS BOOKE

THE bound (almost) now of my book I see,  
But yet no end of those therein or me :  
Here we begin new life ; while thousands quite  
Are lost, and theirs, in everlasting night.

A SONNET OF PERILLA

THEN did I live when I did see  
Perilla smile on none but me.  
But (ah !) by starres malignant crost,  
The life I got I quickly lost :  
But yet a way there doth remaine,  
For me embalm'd to live againe ;  
And that's to love me ; in which state  
Ile live as one Regenerate.

POSTING TO PRINTING

LET others to the Printing Presse run fast,  
Since after death comes glory, Ile not haste.

COMFORT TO A YOUTH THAT HAD LOST HIS LOVE

WHAT needs complaints,  
When she a place  
Has with the race  
Of Saints?



In endlesse mirth,  
 She thinks not on  
 What's said or done

In earth :

She sees no teares,  
 Or any tone  
 Of thy deep grone

She heares :

Nor do's she minde,  
 Or think on't now,  
 That ever thou

Wast kind.

But chang'd above,  
 She likes not there,  
 As she did here,

Thy Love.

Forbeare therefore,  
 And lull asleepe  
 Thy woes, and weep  
 No more.

SAINT DISTAFF'S DAY, OR THE MORROW AFTER  
 TWELTH DAY

PARTLY worke and partly play  
 Ye must on S. Distaff's day :  
 From the Plough soone free your teame ;  
 Then come home and fother them.  
 If the Maides a-spinning goe,  
 Burne the flax, and fire the tow :  
 Scorch their plackets,<sup>1</sup> but beware  
 That ye singe no maiden-haire.  
 Bring in pailles of water then,  
 Let the Maides bewash the men.  
 Give S. Distaffe all the right,  
 Then bid Christmas sport good night ;  
 And next morrow, every one  
 To his owne vocation.

<sup>1</sup> 'Petticoats.'

HIS TEARES TO THAMASIS

I SEND, I send here my supremest kiss  
 To thee, my silver-footed Thamasis.  
 No more shall I reiterate thy Strand,  
 Whereon so many Stately Structures stand :  
 Nor in the summers sweeter evenings go,  
 To bath in thee (as thousand others doe,)  
 No more shall I along thy christall glide,  
 In Barge (with boughes and rushes beautifi'd)  
 With soft-smooth Virgins (for our chast disport)  
 To Richmond, Kingstone, and to Hampton-Court :  
 Never againe shall I with Finnie-Ore  
 Put from, or draw unto the faithfull shore :  
 And Landing here, or safely Landing there,  
 Make way to my Belovèd Westminster :  
 Or to the Golden-cheap-side, where the earth  
 Of Julia Herrick gave to me my Birth.  
 May all clean Nimphs and curious water Dames,  
 With Swan-like-state, flote up & down thy streams :  
 No drought upon thy wanton waters fall  
 To make them Leane, and languishing at all.  
 No ruffling winds come hither to discease  
 Thy pure, and Silver-wristed Naides.  
 Keep up your state, ye streams ; and as ye spring,  
 Never make sick your Banks by surfeiting.  
 Grow young with Tydes, and though I see ye never,  
 Receive this vow, so fare-ye-well for ever.

TWELFE NIGHT, OR KING AND QUEENE

Now, now the mirth comes  
 . With the cake full of plums,  
 Where Beane's the King of the sport here ,  
 Beside we must know,  
 The Pea also  
 Must revell, as Queene, in the Court here.

Begin then to chuse,  
 (This night as ye use)  
 Who shall for the present delight here,  
 Be a King by the lot,  
 And who shall not  
 Be Twelfe-day Queene for the night here.

Which knowne, let us make  
 Joy-sops with the cake ;  
 And let not a man then be seen here,  
 Who unurg'd will not drinke  
 To the base from the brink  
 A health to the King and the Queene here.

Next crowne the bowle full  
 With gentle lamb's wooll ;  
 Adde sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,  
 With store of ale too ;  
 And thus ye must doe  
 To make the wassaile a swinger.

Give then to the King  
 And Queene wassailing :  
 And though with ale ye be whet here ;  
 Yet part ye from hence,  
 As free from offence,  
 As when ye innocent met here.

#### HIS DESIRE

GIVE me a man that is not dull,  
 When all the world with rifts is full :  
 But unamaz'd dares clearely sing,  
 Whenas the roof's a-tottering :  
 And, though it falls, continues still  
 Tickling the Citterne with his quill.

HIS HOPE OR SHEAT-ANCHOR

Among these Tempests great and manifold  
My Ship has here one only Anchor-hold ;  
That is my hope ; which if that slip, I 'm one  
Wildred in this vast watry Region.

COMFORT IN CALAMITY

'Tis no discomfort in the world to fall,  
When the great Crack not Crushes one, but all.

TWILIGHT.

THE Twi-light is no other thing (we say)  
Then Night now gone, and yet not sprung the Day.

THE TINKERS' SONG

Along, come along,  
Let's meet in a throng  
Here of Tinkers ;  
And quaffe up a Bowle  
As big as a Cowle  
To Beer Drinkers.  
The pole of the Hop  
Place in the Ale-shop  
To Bethwack us ;  
If ever we think  
So much as to drink  
Unto Bacchus.  
Who frolick will be,  
For little cost he  
Must not vary,  
From Beer-broth at all,  
So much as to call  
For Canary.

## HIS COMFORT

THE only comfort of my life  
 Is, that I never yet had wife ;  
 Nor will hereafter ; since I know  
 Who Weds, ore-buys his weal with woe.

## SINCERITY

WASH clean the Vessell, lest ye soure  
 Whatever Liquor in ye powre.

## TO ANTHEA

SICK is Anthea, sickly is the spring,  
 The Primrose sick, and sickly every thing :  
 The while my deer Anthea do's but droop,  
 The Tulips, Lillies, Daffadills do stoop ;  
 But when again sh'as got her healthfull houre,  
 Each bending then, will rise a proper flower.

## NOR BUYING OR SELLING

Now, if you love me, tell me,  
 For as I will not sell ye,  
 So not one cross<sup>1</sup> to buy thee  
 Ile give, if thou deny me.

## TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND M. JO: WICKS

SINCE shed or Cottage I have none,  
 I sing the more, that thou hast one ;  
 To whose glad threshold, and free door  
 I may a Poet come, though poor ;

<sup>1</sup> Coin.

And eat with thee a savory bit,  
 Paying but common thanks for it.  
 Yet sho'd I chance, (my Wicks) to see  
 An over-leven-looke in thee,  
 To soure the Bread, and turn the Beer  
 To an exalted vineger ;  
 Or sho'dst thou prize me as a Dish  
 Of thrice-boyl'd-worts, or third daye's fish ;  
 I'de rather hungry go and come,  
 Then to thy house be Burdensome ;  
 Yet, in my depth of grief, I'de be  
 One that sho'd drop his Beads for thee.

AFTER AUTUMNE, WINTER

DIE ere long, I'm sure, I shall ;  
 After leaves, the tree must fall.

ON FORTUNE

THIS is my comfort, when she's most unkind,  
 She can but spoile me of my Meanes, not Mind.

TO SIR GEORGE PARRIE, DOCTOR OF THE CIVILL LAW

I HAVE my Laurel Chaplet on my head,  
 If'mongst these many Numbers to be read,  
 But one by you be hug'd and cherishèd.

Peruse my Measures thoroughly, and where  
 Your judgement finds a guilty Poem, there  
 Be you a Judge ; but not a Judge severe.

The meane passe by, or over, none contemne ;  
 The good applaud : the peccant lesse condemne,  
 Since Absolution you can give to them.

Stand forth Brave Man, here to the publique sight ;  
 And in my Booke now claim a two-fold right :  
 The first as Doctor, and the last as Knight.



## CHARMES

THIS Ile tell ye by the way,  
 Maidens when ye Leavens lay,  
 Crosse your Dow, and your dispatch,  
 Will be better for your Batch.

## ANOTHER

IN the morning when ye rise,  
 Wash your hands and cleanse your eyes.  
 Next be sure ye have a care,  
 To disperse the water farre.  
 For as farre as that doth light,  
 So farre keepe the evill Spright.

## ANOTHER

If ye feare to be affrighted  
 When ye are (by chance) benighted :  
 In your Pocket for a trust,  
 Carrie nothing but a Crust :  
 For that holy piece of Bread  
 Charmes the danger, and the dread.

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT HIMSELFE AND MISTRESSE ELIZA  
 WHEELER, UNDER THE NAME OF AMARILLIS

My dearest Love, since thou wilt go,  
 And leave me here behind thee ;  
 For love or pitie let me know  
 The place where I may find thee.

*Amaril.* In country Meadows pearl'd with Dew,  
 And set about with Lillies ;  
 There filling Maunds<sup>1</sup> with Cowslips, you  
 May find your Amarillis.

<sup>1</sup> Baskets.

*Her.* What have the Meades to do with thee,  
Or with thy youthfull houres?  
Live thou at Court, where thou mayst be  
The Queen of men, not flowers.

Let Country wenches make 'em fine  
With Poesies, since 'tis fitter  
For thee with richest Jemmes to shine,  
And like the Starres to glitter.

*Amaril.* You set too high a rate upon  
A Shepheardess so homely;  
*Her.* Believe it (dearest) ther's not one  
I' th' Court that's halfe so comly.

I prithee stay. (*Am.*) I must away;  
Let's kiss first, then we'l sever.  
*Ambo.* And though we bid adieu to day,  
Wee shall not part for ever.

TO JULIA

HELP me, Julia, for to pray,  
Mattens sing, or Mattens say:  
This I know, the Fiend will fly  
Far away, if thou beest by.  
Bring the Holy-water hither;  
Let us wash, and pray together:  
When our Beads are thus united,  
Then the Foe will fly affrighted.

TO ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOME

ROSES, you can never die,  
Since the place wherein ye lye,  
Heat and moisture mixt are so,  
As to make ye ever grow.

## TO THE HONOURED, MASTER ENDIMION PORTER

WHEN to thy Porch I come, and (ravisht) see  
 The State of Poets there attending Thee :  
 Those Bardes and I, all in a Chorus sing,  
 We are Thy Prophets, Porter ; Thou our King.

## OF LOVE

1. INSTRUCT me now, what love will do ;
2. 'Twill make a tongueless man to wooe.
1. Inform me next, what love will do ;
2. 'Twill strangely make a one of two.
1. Teach me besides, what love wil do ;
2. 'Twill quickly mar, & make ye too.
1. Tell me, now last, what love will do ;
2. 'Twill hurt and heal a heart pierc'd through.

THE SCHOOL OR PERL OF PUTNEY, THE MISTRESS OF  
ALL SINGULAR MANNERS, MISTRESSE PORTMAN.

WHETHER I was my selfe, or else did see  
 Out of my self that Glorious Hierarchie !  
 Or whether those (in orders rare) or these  
 Made up One State of Sixtie Venuses ;  
 Or whether Fairies, Syrens, Nymphes they were  
 Or Muses, on their mountaine sitting there ;  
 Or some enchanted Place, I do not know  
 (Or Sharon, where eternall Roses grow.)  
 This I am sure ; I Ravisht stood, as one  
 Confus'd in utter Admiration.  
 Me thought I saw them stir, and gently move,  
 And look as all were capable of Love :  
 And in their motion smelt much like to flowers  
 Enspir'd by th' Sun-beams after dews & showers.  
 There did I see the Reverend Rectresse stand,  
 Who with her eyes-gleam, or a glance of hand,  
 Those spirits rais'd ; and with like precepts then,  
 (As with a Magick) laid them all agen :

*(A happy Realme! When no compulsive Law,  
Or fear of it, but Love keeps all in awe.)*  
Live you, great Mistresse of your Arts, and be  
A nursing Mother so to Majesty;  
As those your Ladies may in time be seene,  
For Grace and Carriage, every one a Queene.  
One Birth their Parents gave them; but their new,  
And better Being, they receive from You.  
*Man's former Birth is grace-lesse; but the state  
Of life comes in, when he's Regenerate.*

TO PERENNA

THOU say'st I'm dull; if edge-lesse so I be,  
Ile whet my lips, and sharpen Love on thee.

ON HIMSELFE

LET me not live, if I not love,  
Since I as yet did never prove,  
Where Pleasures met: at last, doe find,  
All Pleasures meet in Woman-kind.

ON LOVE

THAT love 'twixt men do's ever longest last  
Where War and Peace the Dice by turns doe cast.

ANOTHER ON LOVE

LOVE's of itself too sweet; the best of all  
Is, when love's hony has a dash of gall.

ON HIMSELF

A WEARIED Pilgrim, I have wandred here  
Twice five and twenty (bate me but one yeer)  
Long I have lasted in this world; ('tis true)  
But yet those yeers that I have liv'd) but few.

Who by his gray Haires, doth his lusters tell,  
 Lives not those yeers, but he that lives them well.  
 One man has reach't his sixty yeers, but he  
 Of all those three-score, has not liv'd halfe three :  
*He lives, who lives to virtue : men who cast  
 Their ends for Pleasure, do not live, but last.*

TO M. LAURENCE SWETNAHAM

READ thou my Lines, my Swetnaham, if there be  
 A fault, 'tis hid, if it be voic't by thee.  
 Thy mouth will make the sourest numbers please ;  
 How will it drop pure hony, speaking these ?

HIS COVENANT OR PROTESTATION TO JULIA

WHY do'st thou wound, & break my heart,  
 As if we sho'd for ever part ?  
 Hast thou not heard an Oath from me,  
 After a day, or two, or three,  
 I wo'd come back and live with thee ?  
 Take, if thou do'st distrust that Vowe ;  
 This second Protestation now.  
 Upon thy cheeke that spangel'd Teare,  
 Which sits as Dew of Roses there :  
 That Teare shall scarce be dri'd before  
 Ile kisse the Threshold of thy dore.  
 Then weepe not, sweet ; but thus much know,  
 I'm halfe return'd before I go.

ON HIMSELFE

I WILL no longer kiss,  
 I can no longer stay ;  
 The way of all Flesh is,  
 That I must go this day :  
 Since longer I can't live,  
 My frolick Youths adieu ;  
 My Lamp to you Ile give,  
 And all my troubles too.

TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHT GENTLEMAN MASTER  
MICHAEL OULSWORTH.

NOR thinke that Thou in this my Booke art worst,  
Because not plac't here with the midst, or first.  
Since Fame that sides with these, or goes before  
Those, that must live with Thee for evermore.  
That Fame, and Fames rear'd Pillar, thou shalt see  
In the next sheet, Brave Man, to follow Thee.  
Fix on that Columne then, and never fall ;  
Held up by Fames eternall Pedestall.

TO HIS GIRLES WHO WOULD HAVE HIM SPORTFULL

ALAS ! I can't, for tell me how  
Can I be gamesome (aged now :)  
Besides, ye see me daily grow  
Here, Winter-like, to Frost and Snow.  
And I ere long, my Girles, shall see,  
Ye quake for cold to looke on me.

HIS LAST REQUEST TO JULIA

I HAVE been wanton, and too bold I feare,  
To chafe o'remuch the Virgin's cheek or eare :  
Beg for my Pardon, Julia ; *He doth winne  
Grace with the Gods, who's sorry for his sinne.*  
That done, my Julia, dearest Julia, come,  
And go with me to choose my Buriall roome :  
My Fates are ended ; when thy Herrick dyes,  
Claspe thou his Book, then close thou up his Eyes.

ON HIMSELFE

ONE Eare tingles ; some there be,  
That are snarling now at me :  
Be they those that Homer bit,  
I will give them thanks for it.



## TO HIS GIRLES

WANTON Wenches doe not bring  
 For my haïres black colouring : .  
 For my Locks (Girles) let 'em be  
 Gray or white, all's one to me.

## TO HIS BROTHER NICOLAS HERRICK

WHAT others have with cheapnesse scene, and ease,  
 In Varnisht Maps ; by'th' helpe of Compasses :  
 Or reade in Volumes, and those Bookes (with all  
 Their large Narrations, Incanonicall)  
 Thou hast beheld those seas, and Countries farre ;  
 And tel'st to us, what once they were, and are.  
 So that with bold truth, thou canst now relate  
 This Kingdome's fortune, and that Empire's fate :  
 Canst talke to us of Sharon ; where a spring  
 Of Roses have an endlesse flourishing.  
 Of Sion, Sinai, Nebo, and with them,  
 Make knowne to us the new Jerusalem.  
 The Mount of Olives ; Calverie, and where  
 Is (and hast scene) thy Saviour's Sepulcher.  
 So that the man that will but lay his eares,  
 As Inapostate, to the thing he heares,  
 Shall by his hearing quickly come to see  
 The truth of Travails lesse in bookes then Thee.

## THE VOICE AND VIOLL

RARE is the voice itselfe ; but when we sing  
 To'th' Lute or Violl, then 'tis ravishing.

## TO CUPID

I HAVE a leaden, thou a shaft of gold ;  
 Thou kil'st with heate, and I strike dead with cold.

Let's trie of us who shall the first expire ;  
Or thou by frost, or I by quenchlesse fire :  
*Extreames are fatall, where they once doe strike,*  
*And bring to'th' heart destruction both alike.*

THE HAGG

IN a dirtie Haire-lace  
She leads on a brace  
Of black-bore-cats to attend her ;  
Who scratch at the Moone,  
And threaten at noone  
Of night from Heaven for to rend her.

A-hunting she goes ;  
A crackt horne she blowes ;  
A which the hounds fall a-bounding ;  
While th' Moone in her sphere  
Peepes trembling for feare,  
And night's afraid of the sounding.

THE MOUNT OF THE MUSES

AFTER thy labour take thine ease,  
Here with the sweet Pierides.  
But if so be that men will not  
Give thee the Laurell Crowne for lot ;  
Be yet assur'd, thou shalt have one  
Not subject to corruption.

ON HIMSELF

IL'E write no more of Love ; but now repent  
Of all those times that I in it have spent.  
Ile write no more of life ; but wish 'twas ended,  
And that my dust was to the earth commended.

## TO HIS BOOKE

GOE thou forth, my booke, though late ;  
Yet be timely fortunate.  
It may chance good-luck may send  
Thee a kinsman, or a friend,  
That may harbour thee, when I,  
With my fates neglected lye.  
If thou know'st not where to dwell,  
See, the fier's by : Farewell.

## THE END OF HIS WORKE

PART of the worke remaines ; one part is past,  
And here my ship rides having Anchor cast.

## TO CROWNE IT

MY wearied Barke, O let it now be Crown'd !  
The Haven reacht to which I first was bound.

## ON HIMSELFE

THE worke is done : young men and maidens, set  
Upon my curles the Mirtle Coronet,  
Washt with sweet ointments ; Thus at last I come  
To suffer in the Muses' Martyrdome :  
But with this comfort, if my blood be shed,  
The Muses will weare blackes, when I am dead.

THE PILLAR OF FAME

FAME's pillar here, at last, we set,  
 Out-during Marble, Brasse, or Jet,  
 Charm'd and enchanted so,  
 As to withstand the blow,  
     Of overthrow,  
 Nor shall the seas,  
     Or outrages  
 Of storms orebear  
 What we up-rear :  
 Tho Kingdoms fal,  
 This pillar never shall  
 Decline or waste at all ;  
 But stand for ever by his owne  
 Firme and well-fixt foundation.

To his Book's end this last line he'd have plac't,  
*Jocond his Muse was ; but his Life was chaste.*



HIS  
NOBLE NUMBERS:  
OR,  
HIS PIOUS PIECES,

Wherein (amongst other things)

He sings the Birth of his CHRIST:  
and sighes for his *Saviours* suffering  
on the *Crosse*.

---

HESIOD.

Ἴδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα.  
Ἴδμεν δ' εὖτ' ἐθέλωμεν ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι.

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## HIS NOBLE NUMBERS:

OR,

## HIS PIOUS PIECES

### HIS CONFESSION

Look how our foule Dayes do exceed our faire ;  
And as our bad, more then our good Works are,  
Ev'n so those Lines, pen'd by my wanton Wit,  
Treble the number of these good I've writ.  
Things precious are least num'rous : Men are prone  
To do ten Bad, for one Good Action.

### HIS PRAYER FOR ABSOLUTION

For Those my unbaptized Rhimes,  
Writ in my wild unhallowed Times ;  
For every sentence, clause, and word,  
That's not inlaid with Thee, (my Lord)  
Forgive me, God, and blot each Line  
Out of my Book, that is not Thine.  
But if, 'mongst all, Thou find'st here one  
Worthy thy Benediction ;  
That One of all the rest, shall be  
The Glory of my Work, and Me.

## TO FINDE GOD

WEIGH me the Fire ; or canst thou find  
 A way to measure out the Wind ;  
 Distinguish all those Floods that are  
 Mixt in the watrie Theater ;  
 And tast thou them as saltlesse there,  
 As in their Channell first they were.  
 Tell me the People that do keep  
 Within the Kingdomes of the Deep ;  
 Or fetch me back that Cloud againe,  
 Beshiver'd into seeds of Raine ;  
 Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and speares  
 Of Corn, when Summer shakes his eares ;  
 Shew me that world of Starres, and whence  
 They noiselesse spill their Influence :  
 This if thou canst ; then shew me Him  
 That rides the glorious Cherubim.

## WHAT GOD IS

God is above the sphere of our esteem,  
 And is the best known, not defining him.

## UPON GOD

God is not onely said to be  
 An Ens, but Supraentitie

## MERCY AND LOVE

God hath two wings, which He doth ever move,  
 The one is Mercy, and the next is Love :  
 Under the first the Sinners ever trust ;  
 And with the last he still directs the Just.

## GODS ANGER WITHOUT AFFECTION

God when He's angry here with any one,  
His wrath is free from perturbation ;  
And when we think His looks are sowre and grim,  
The alteration is in us, not Him.

## GOD NOT TO BE COMPREHENDED

'Tis hard to finde God, but to comprehend  
Him, as He is, is labour without end.

## GOD'S PART

PRAYERS and Praises are those spotlesse two  
Lambs, by the Law, which God requires as due.

## AFFLICTION

God n'ere afflicts us more than our desert,  
Though He may seem to over-act His part :  
Sometimes He strikes us more then flesh can beare ;  
But yet still lesse then Grace can suffer here.

## THREE FATAL SISTERS

THREE fatal Sisters wait upon each sin ;  
First, Fear and Shame without, then Guilt within.

## SILENCE

SUFFER thy legs, but not thy tongue to walk :  
God, the most Wise, is sparing of His talk.

## MIRTH

TRUE mirth resides not in the smiling skin :  
The sweetest solace is to act no sin.

## LOADING AND UNLOADING

God loads, and unloads, (thus His work begins)  
To load with blessings, and unload from sins.

## GODS MERCY

Gods boundlesse mercy is (to sinfull man)  
Like to the ever-wealthy Ocean :  
Which though it sends forth thousand streams, 't  
ne're  
Known, or els seen to be the emptier ;  
And though it takes all in, 'tis yet no more  
Full, and fild-full, then when full-fild before.

## PRAYERS MUST HAVE POISE

God He rejects all Prayers that are sleight,  
And want their Poise: words ought to have thei  
weight.

TO GOD: AN ANTHEM, SUNG IN THE CHAPPELL A  
WHITE-HALL, BEFORE THE KING.

*Verse.* MY God, I'm wounded by my sin,  
And sore without, and sick within :  
*Ver. Chor.* I come to Thee, in hope to find  
Salve for my body, and my mind.  
*Verse.* In Gilead though no Balme be found,  
To ease this smart, or cure this wound ;  
*Ver. Chor.* Yet, Lord, I know there is with Thee  
All saving health, and help for me.  
*Verse.* Then reach Thou forth that hand of Thine  
That powres in oyle, as well as wine.  
*Ver. Chor.* And let it work, for I'll endure  
The utmost smart, so Thou wilt cure.

## UPON GOD

God is all fore-part : for, we never see  
Any part backward in the Deitie.

## CALLING, AND CORRECTING

God is not onely mercifull, to call,  
Men to repent, but when He strikes withall.

## NO ESCAPING THE SCOURGING

God scourgeth some severely, some He spares  
But all in smart have lesse, or greater shares.

## THE ROD

God's Rod doth watch while men do sleep, & then  
The Rod doth sleep, while vigilant are men.

## GOD HAS A TWOFOLD PART

God when for sin He makes His Children smart,  
His own He acts not, but another's part :  
But when by stripes He saves them, then 'tis  
known,  
He comes to play the part that is His own.

## GOD IS ONE

God, as He is most Holy knowne ;  
So He is said to be most One.

## PERSECUTIONS PROFITABLE

AFFLICTIONS they most profitable are  
To the beholder, and the sufferer :  
Bettering them both, but by a double straine,  
The first by patience, and the last by paine.



## To God

Do with me, God ! as Thou didst deal with Iohn  
 (Who writ that heavenly Revelation);  
 Let me (like him) first cracks of thunder heare;  
 Then let the Harp's enchantments strike mine eare,  
 Here give me thornes; there, in thy Kingdome, set  
 Upon my head the golden coronet;  
 There give me day; but here my dreadfull night:  
 My sackcloth here; but there my Stole of white.

## WHIPS

God has His whips here to a twofold end,  
 The bad to punish, and the good t'amend.

## GODS PROVIDENCE

If all transgressions here should have their pay,  
 What need there then be of a reck'ning day?  
 If God should punish no sin, here, of men,  
 His Providence who would not question then?

## TEMPTATION

Those Saints, which God loves best,  
 The Devill tempts not least.

## HIS EJACULATION TO GOD

My God ! looke on me with Thine eye  
 Of pittie, not of scrutinie;  
 For if Thou dost, Thou then shalt see  
 Nothing but loathsome sores in mee.  
 O then ! for mercie's sake, behold  
 These my eruptions manifold;  
 And heale me with Thy looke, or touch:  
 But if Thou wilt not deigne so much,  
 Because I'm odious in Thy sight,  
 Speak but the word, and cure me quite.

## GODS GIFTS NOT SOONE GRANTED

God heares us when we pray, but yet defers  
His gifts, to exercise Petitioners :  
And though a while He makes Requesters stay,  
With Princely hand He'l recompence delay.

## PERSECUTIONS PURIFIE

God strikes His Church, but 'tis to this intent,  
To make, not marre her, by this punishment :  
So where He gives the bitter Pills, be sure,  
'Tis not to poyson, but to make thee pure.

## PARDON

God pardons those, who do through frailty sin ;  
But never those that persevere therein.

## AN ODE OF THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR

1. IN Numbers, and but these few,  
I sing Thy Birth, Oh JESU !  
Thou prettie Babie, borne here,  
With sup'rabundant scorn here :  
Who for Thy Princely Port here,  
Hadst for Thy place  
Of Birth, a base  
Out-stable for thy Court here.
2. Instead of neat Inclosures  
Of inter-woven Osiers ;  
Instead of fragrant Posies  
Of Daffadills, and Roses ;  
Thy cradle, Kingly Stranger,  
As Gospell tells,  
Was nothing els,  
But, here, a homely manger.

3. But we with Silks, (not Crewels,)
 With sundry precious Jewells,  
 And Lilly-work will dresse Thee;  
 And as we dispossesse Thee  
 Of clouts, wee'l make a chamber,  
     . Sweet Babe, for Thee,  
     Of Ivorie,  
 And plaister'd round with Amber.
4. The Jewes they did disdaine Thee,  
 But we will entertaine Thee  
 With Glories to await here  
 Upon Thy Princely State here,  
 And more for love, then pittie.  
     From yeere to yeere  
     Wee'l make Thee, here,  
 A Free-born of our Citie.

## LIP-LABOUR

In the old Scripture I have often read,  
 The calfe without meale n'ere was offered;  
 To figure to us, nothing more then this,  
 Without the heart, lip-labour nothing is.

## THE HEART

In Prayer the Lips nee'r act the winning part,  
 Without the sweet concurrence of the Heart.

## EARE-RINGS

Why wore th' Egyptians Jewells in the Eare?  
 But for to teach us, all the grace is there,  
 When we obey, by acting what we heare.

## SIN SEEN

When once the sin has fully acted been,  
 Then is the horror of the trespasse seen.

## UPON TIME

TIME was upon  
The wing, to flie away ;  
    And I cal'd on  
Him but awhile to stay ;  
    But he 'd be gone,  
For ought that I could say.

He held out then,  
A Writing, as he went ;  
    And askt me, when  
False man would be content  
    ' To pay agen,  
What God and Nature lent.

    An houre-glasse,  
In which were sands but few,  
    As he did passe,  
He shew'd and told me too,  
    Mine end near was,  
And so away he flew.

## HIS PETITION

If warre, or want shall make me grow so poore,  
As for to beg my bread from doore to doore ;  
Lord ! let me never act that beggar's part,  
Who hath Thee in his mouth, not in his heart.  
He who asks almes in that so sacred Name,  
Without due reverence, playes the cheater's game.

## To GOD

THOU hast promis'd Lord, to be  
With me in my miserie ;  
Suffer me to be so bold,  
As to speak, Lord, say and hold.

## HIS LETANIE, TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

1. IN the houre of my distresse,  
When temptations me oppresse,  
And when I my sins confesse,  
Sweet Spirit comfort me !
2. When I lie within my bed,  
Sick in heart and sick in head,  
And with doubts discomforted,  
Sweet Spirit comfort me !
3. When the house doth sigh and weep,  
And the world is drown'd in sleep,  
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep ;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me !
4. When the artlesse Doctor sees  
No one hope, but of his Fees,  
And his skill runs on the lees ;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me !
5. When his Potion and his Pill,  
Has, or none, or little skill,  
Meet for nothing, but to kill ;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me !
6. When the passing-bell doth tole,  
And the Furies in a shole  
Come to fright a parting soule ;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me !
7. When the tapers now burne blew,  
And the comforters are few,  
And that number more then true ;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me !
8. When the Priest his last hath praid,  
And I nod to what is said,  
'Cause my speech is now decaid ;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me !

9. When (God knowes) I'm tost about,  
Either with despaire, or doubt;  
Yet before the glasse be out,  
Sweet Spirit comfort me !
10. When the Tempter me pursu'th  
With the sins of all my youth,  
And halfe damns me with untruth;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me !
11. When the flames and hellish cries  
Fright mine eares, and fright mine eyes,  
And all terrors me surprise;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me !
12. When the Judgment is reveal'd,  
And that open'd which was seal'd,  
When to Thee I have appeal'd;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me !

## THANKSGIVING

THANKSGIVING for a former, doth invite  
God to bestow a second benefit.

## . COCK-CROW

BELL-MAN of Night, if I about shall go  
For to denie my Master, do thou crow.  
Thou stop'st S. Peter in the midst of sin  
Stay me, by crowing, ere I do begin;  
Better it is, premonish'd, for to shun  
A sin, then fall to weeping when 'tis done.

## ALL THINGS RUN WELL FOR THE RIGHTEOUS

ADVERSE and prosperous Fortunes both work on  
Here, for the righteous man's salvation:  
Be he oppos'd, or be he not withstood,  
All serve to th' Augmentation of his good.



## PAIN ENDS IN PLEASURE

AFFLICTIONS bring us joy in times to come,  
When sins, by stripes, to us grow wearisome.

## To God

I'LE come, I'le creep, (though Thou dost threat,)  
Humbly unto Thy Mercy-seat :  
When I am there, this then I'le do,  
Give Thee a Dart, and Dagger too ;  
Next, when I have my faults confest  
Naked I'le shew a sighing breast ;  
Which if that can't Thy pittie wooe,  
Then let Thy Justice do the rest,  
And strike it through.

## A THANKSGIVING TO GOD, FOR HIS HOUSE

LORD, thou hast given me a cell  
Wherein to dwell ;  
A little house, whose humble Roof  
Is weather-proof ;  
Under the sparres of which I lie  
Both soft, and drie ;  
Where Thou my chamber for to ward  
Hast set a Guard  
Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep  
Me, while I sleep.  
Low is my porch, as is my Fate,  
Both void of state ;  
And yet the threshold of my doore  
Is worn by th' poore,  
Who thither come and freely get  
Good words, or meat :  
Likeas my Parlour, so my Hall  
And Kitchin's small :

A little Butterie, and therein  
    A little Byn,  
Which keeps my little loafe of Bread  
    Unchipt, unblead :  
Some brittle sticks of Thorne or Briar  
    Make me a fire,  
Close by whose living coale I sit,  
    And glow like it.  
Lord, I confesse too, when I dine,  
    The Pulse is Thine,  
And all those other Bits, that bee  
    There plac'd by Thee ;  
The Worts, the Purslain, and the Messe  
    Of water-cresse,  
Which of Thy kindnesse Thou hast sent ;  
    And my content  
Makes those and my belovèd Beet,  
    To be more sweet.  
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering Hearth  
    With guiltlesse mirth ;  
And giv'st me Wassaile Bowles to drink,  
    Spic'd to the brink.  
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand,  
    That soiles my land ;  
And giv'st me, for my Bushel sowne,  
    Twice ten for one :  
Thou mak'st my teeming Hen to lay  
    Her egg each day :  
Besides my healthfull Ewes to beare  
    Me twins each yeare :  
The while the conduits of my Kine  
    Run Creame, (for Wine.)  
All these, and better Thou dost send  
    Me, to this end,  
That I should render, for my part,  
    A thankful heart ;  
Which, fir'd with incense, I resigne  
    As wholly Thine ;  
But the acceptance, that must be,  
    My Christ, by Thee.

## To God

MAKE, make me Thine, my gracious God,  
 Or with Thy staffe, or with Thy rod ;  
 And be the blow too what it will,  
 Lord, I will kisse it, though it kill :  
 Beat me, bruise me, rack me, rend me,  
 Yet, in torments, I'll commend Thee :  
 Examine me with fire, and prove me  
 To the full, yet I will love Thee :  
 Nor shalt Thou give so deep a wound,  
 But I as patient will be found.

## ANOTHER, TO GOD

LORD, do not beat me,  
 Since I do sob and crie,  
 And swowne away to die,  
 Ere Thou dost threat me.  
 Lord, do not scourge me,  
 If I by lies and oaths  
 Have soil'd my selfe, or cloaths,  
 But rather purge me.

## NONE TRULY HAPPY HERE

HAPPY's that man, to whom God gives  
 A stock of Goods, whereby he lives  
 Neer to the wishes of his heart :  
 No man is blest through ev'ry part.

## TO HIS EVER-LOVING GOD

CAN I not come to Thee, my God, for these  
 So very-many-meeting hindrances,  
 That slack my pace ; but yet not make me stay ?  
 Who slowly goes, rids (in the end) his way.  
 Cleere Thou my paths, or shorten Thou my miles,  
 Remove the barrs, or lift me o're the stiles :

Since rough the way is, help me when I call,  
 And take me up ; or els prevent the fall.  
 I kenn my home ; and it affords some ease,  
 To see far off the smoaking Villages.  
 Fain would I rest ; yet covet not to die,  
 For feare of future-biting penurie :  
 No, no, (my God) Thou know'st my wishes be  
 To leave this life, not loving it, but Thee.

## ANOTHER

THOU bidst me come : I cannot come ; for why,  
 Thou dwel'st aloft, and I want wings to flie.  
 To mount my Soule, she must have pineons given ;  
 For, 'tis no easie way from Earth to Heaven.

## TO DEATH

THOU bidst me come away,  
 And I 'le no longer stay,  
 Then for to shed some teares  
 For faults of former yeares ;  
 And to repent some crimes,  
 Done in the present times :  
 And next, to take a bit  
 Of Bread, and Wine with it :  
 To don my robes of love,  
 Fit for the place above ;  
 To gird my loynes about  
 With charity throughout ;  
 And so to travaile hence  
 With feet of innocence :  
 These done, I 'le onely crie  
*God mercy ;* and so die.

## NEUTRALITY LOATHSOME

GOD will have all, or none ; serve Him, or fall  
 Down before Baal, Bel, or Belial :  
 Either be hot, or cold : God doth despise,  
 Abhorre, and spew out all Neutralities.

## WELCOME WHAT COMES

WHATEVER comes, let's be content withall :  
Among God's Blessings, there is no one small.

## TO HIS ANGRIE GOD

THROUGH all the night  
Thou dost me fright,  
And hold'st mine eyes from sleeping ;  
And day, by day,  
My Cup can say,  
My wine is mixt with weeping.

Thou dost my bread  
With ashes knead,  
Each evening and each morrow :  
Mine eye and care  
Do see, and heare  
The coming in of sorrow.

Thy scourge of steele,  
(Ay me ! ) I feele,  
Upon me beating ever :  
While my sick heart  
With dismall smart  
Is disacquainted never.

Long, long, I'm sure,  
This can't endure ;  
But in short time 'twill please Thee,  
My gentle God,  
To burn the rod,  
Or strike so as to ease me.

## PATIENCE, OR COMFORTS IN CROSSES

ABUNDANT plagues I late have had,  
Yet none of these have made me sad :  
For why, my Saviour, with the sense  
Of sufferings gives me patience.

## ETERNITIE

1. O YEARES ! and Age ! Farewell :  
Behold I go,  
Where I do know  
Infinitie to dwell.
2. And these mine eyes shall see  
All times, how they  
Are lost i' th' Sea  
Of vast Eternitie.
3. Where never Moone shall sway  
The Starres ; but she,  
And Night, shall be  
Drown'd in one endlesse Day.

## TO HIS SAVIOUR, A CHILD ; A PRESENT, BY A CHILD

Go prettie child, and beare this Flower  
Unto thy little Saviour ;  
And tell Him, by that Bud now blown,  
He is the Rose of Sharon known :  
When thou hast said so, stick it there  
Upon His Bibb, or Stomacher :  
And tell Him, (for good handsell too)  
That thou hast brought a Whistle new,  
Made of a clean straight oaten reed,  
To charme His cries, (at time of need :)  
Tell Him, for Corall, thou hast none ;  
But if thou hadst, He sho'd have one ;  
But poore thou art, and knowne to be  
Even as monillesse, as He.  
Lastly, if thou canst win a kisse  
From those mellifuous lips of His ;  
Then never take a second on,  
To spoile the first impression.



## THE NEW-YEERES GIFT

LET others looke for Pearle and Gold,  
 Tissues, or Tabbies manifold :  
 One onely lock of that sweet Hay  
 Whereon the blessed Babie lay,  
 Or one poore Swadling-clout, shall be  
 The richest New-yeere's Gift to me.

## To God

IF any thing delight me for to print  
 My Book, 'tis this: that *Thou, my God, art in't.*

## GOD, AND THE KING

How am I bound to Two ! God who doth give  
 The mind ; the King, the meanes whereby I live.

## GODS MIRTH, MANS MOURNING

WHERE God is merry, there write down thy fears :  
 What He with laughter speaks, heare thou with tears.

## HONOURS ARE HINDRANCES

GIVE me Honours ! what are these,  
 But the pleasing hindrances ?  
 Stiles, and stops, and stayes, that come  
 In the way 'twixt me, and home :  
 Cleer the walk, and then shall I  
 To my heaven lesse run, then flie.

## THE PARASCEVE, OR PREPARATION

To a Love-Feast we both invited are :  
 The figur'd Damask, or pure Diaper,  
 Over the Golden Altar now is spread,  
 With Bread, and Wine, and Vessells furnishèd ;

The sacred Towell, and the holy Eure  
Are ready by, to make the Guests all pure :  
Let's go (my Alma) yet, e're we receive,  
Fit, fit it is, we have our Parasceve.  
Who to that sweet Bread unprepar'd doth come,  
Better he starv'd, then but to taste one crumme.

## TO GOD

GOD gives not onely corne, for need,  
But likewise sup'rabundant seed ;  
Bread for our service, bread for shew ;  
Meat for our meales, and fragments too :  
He gives not poorly, taking some  
Between the finger, and the thumb ;  
But, for our glut, and for our store, ,  
Fine flowre prest down, and running o're.

## A WILL TO BE WORKING

ALTHOUGH we cannot turne the fervent fit  
Of sin, we must strive 'gainst the streame of it :  
And howsoe're we have the conquest mist ;  
'Tis for our glory, that we did resist.

## CHRISTS PART

CHRIST, He requires still, wheresoere He comes,  
To feed, or lodge, to have the best of Roomes :  
Give Him the choice ; grant Him the nobler part  
Of all the House : the best of all's the Heart.

## RICHES AND POVERTY

GOD co'd have made all rich, or all men poore ;  
But why He did not, let me tell wherefore :  
Had all been rich, where then had Patience been ?  
Had all been poore, who had His Bounty seen ?

## SOBRIETY IN SEARCH

To seek of God more then we well can find,  
Argues a strong distemper of the mind.

## ALMES

GIVE, if thou canst, an Almes : if not, afford,  
Instead of that, a sweet and gentle word :  
*God crowns our goodnesse, wheresoere He sees,*  
*On our part, wanting all abilities.*

## TO HIS CONSCIENCE

CAN I not sin, but thou wilt be  
My private Protonotarie?  
Can I not wooe thee to passe by  
A short and sweet iniquity?  
I'le cast a mist and cloud, upon  
My delicate transgression,  
So utter dark, as that no eye  
Shall see the hug'd impietie :  
*Gifts blind the wise,* and bribes do please,  
And winde all other witnesses :  
And wilt not thou, with gold, be ti'd  
To lay thy pen and ink aside?  
That in the mirk and tonguelesse night,  
Wanton I may, and thou not write?  
It will not be : And, therefore, now,  
For times to come, I'le make this Vow,  
From aberrations to live free ;  
So I'le not feare the Judge, or thee.

## TO HIS SAVIOUR

LORD, I confesse, that Thou alone art able  
To purify this my Augean stable :  
Be the Seas water, and the Land all Sope,  
Yet if Thy Bloud not wash me, there's no hope

## To God

God is all-suffrance here ; here He doth show  
No Arrow nockt, onely a stringlesse Bow :  
His Arrowes flie, and all his stones are hurl'd  
Against the wicked, in another world.

## HIS DREAME

I DREAMT, last night, Thou didst transfuse  
Oyle from Thy Jarre, into my creuze ;  
And powring still Thy wealthy store,  
The vessell full, did then run ore :  
Me thought, I did Thy bounty chide,  
To see the waste ; but 'twas repli'd  
By Thee, Deare God, God gives man seed  
Oft-times for wast, as for his need.  
Then I co'd say, that house is bare,  
That has not bread, and some to spare.

## GODS BOUNTY

GODS Bounty, that ebbs lesse and lesse,  
As men do wane in thankfulnessse.

## To HIS SWEET SAVIOUR

NIGHT hath no wings, to him that cannot sleep ;  
And Time seems then, not for to flie, but creep ;  
Slowly her chariot drives, as if that she  
Had broke her wheele, or crackt her axeltree.  
Just so it is with me, who list'ning, pray  
The winds, to blow the tedious night away ;  
That I might see the cheerful peeping day.  
Sick is my heart ! O Saviour ! do Thou please  
To make my bed soft in my sicknesses :  
Lighten my candle, so that I beneath  
Sleep not for ever in the vaults of death :

Let me Thy voice betimes i' th' morning heare;  
 Call, and I'le come; say Thou, the when, and where  
 Draw me but first, and after Thee I'le run,  
 And make no one stop, till my race be done.

#### HIS CREED

I do believe, that die I must,  
 And be return'd from out my dust:  
 I do believe, that when I rise,  
 Christ I shall see, with these same eyes:  
 I do believe, that I must come,  
 With others, to the dreadfull Doome:  
 I do believe, the bad must goe  
 From thence, to everlasting woe:  
 I do believe, the good, and I,  
 Shall live with Him eternally:  
 I do believe, I shall inherit  
 Heaven, by Christs mercies, not my merit:  
 I do believe, the One in Three,  
 And Three in perfect Unitie:  
 Lastly, that Jesus is a Deed  
 Of Gift from God: *And here's my Creed.*

#### TEMPTATIONS

TEMPTATIONS hurt not, though they have accesse:  
 Satan o'ercomes none, but by willingnesse.

#### THE LAMP

WHEN a man's Faith is frozen up, as dead;  
 Then is the Lamp and oyle extinguishèd.

#### SORROWES

SORROWES our portion are: Ere hence we goe,  
 Crosses we must have; or, hereafter woe.

## PENITENCIE

A MANS transgression God do's then remit,  
When man he makes a Penitent for it.

THE DIRGE OF JEPHTHAHS DAUGHTER : SUNG BY THE  
VIRGINS

1. O THOU, the wonder of all dayes !  
O Paragon, and Pearle of praise !  
O Virgin-martyr, ever blest  
Above the rest  
Of all the Maiden-Trainee ! We come,  
And bring fresh strewings to thy Tombe.
2. Thus, thus, and thus we compasse round  
Thy harmlesse and unhaunted Ground ;  
And as we sing thy Dirge, we will  
The Daffadill,  
And other flowers, lay upon  
(The Altar of our love) thy Stone.
3. Thou wonder of all Maids, li'st here,  
Of Daughters all, the Deereſt Deere ;  
The eye of Virgins ; nay, the Queen,  
Of this ſmooth Green,  
And all ſweet Meades ; from whence we get  
The Primroſe, and the Violet.
4. Too ſoon, too deere did Jephthah buy,  
By thy ſad loſſe, our liberty :  
His was the Bond and Cov'nant, yet  
Thou paid'ſt the debt :  
Lamented Maid ! he won the day,  
But for the conqueſt thou didſt pay.
5. Thy Father brought with him along  
The Olive branch, and Victor's Song :  
He ſlew the Ammonites, we know,  
But to thy woe ;





Let Balme and Cassia send their scent  
From out thy Maiden-Monument.

12. May no Wolfe howle, or Screech-Owle stir  
A wing about thy Sepulcher !  
No boysterous winds, or stormes, come hither,  
To starve, or wither  
Thy soft sweet Earth ! but (like a spring)  
Love keep it ever flourishing.
13. May all shie Maids, at wonted hours,  
Come forth, to strew thy Tombe with flow'rs :  
May Virgins, when they come to mourn,  
Male-Incense burn  
Upon thine Altar ! then return,  
And leave thee sleeping in thy Urn.

#### TO GOD, ON HIS SICKNESSE

WHAT though my Harp, and Violl be  
Both hung upon the Willow-tree?  
What though my bed be now my grave,  
And for my house I darknesse have?  
What though my healthfull dayes are fled,  
And I lie numbred with the dead?  
Yet I have hope, by Thy great power,  
To spring ; though now a wither'd flower.

#### SINS LOATH'D, AND YET LOV'D

*SHAME checks our first attempts ; but then 'tis prov'd,  
Sins first dislik'd, are after that belov'd.*

#### SIN

SIN leads the way, but as it goes, it feels  
The following plague still treading on his heels.

## UPON GOD

GOD when He takes my goods and chattels hence,  
 Gives me a portion, giving patience :  
 What is in God is God ; if so it be,  
 He patience gives ; He gives himselfe to me.

## FAITH

WHAT here we hope for, we shall once inherit :  
 By Faith we all walk here, not by the Spirit.

## HUMILITY

HUMBLE we must be, if to Heaven we go :  
 High is the roof there ; but the gate is low :  
 When e're thou speak'st, look with a lowly eye :  
 Grace is increased by humility.

## TEARES

OUR present Teares here (not our present laughter)  
 Are but the handsells of our joyes hereafter.

## SIN AND STRIFE

AFTER true sorrow for our sinnes, our strife  
 Must last with Satan, to the end of life.

## AN ODE, OR PSALME, TO GOD

DEER God,  
 If thy smart Rod  
 Here did not make me sorrie,  
 I sho'd not be  
 With Thine, or Thee,  
 In Thy eternall Glorie.

But since  
 Thou didst convince  
 My sinnes, by gently striking ;  
 Add still to those  
 First stripes, new blowes,  
 According to 'Thy liking.

Feare me,  
 Or scourging teare me ;  
 That thus from vices driven,  
 I may from Hell  
 Flie up, to dwell  
 With Thee, and Thine in Heaven.

GRACES FOR CHILDREN

WHAT God gives, and what we take,  
 'Tis a gift for Christ His sake :  
 Be the meale of Beanes and Pease,  
 God be thank'd for those, and these :  
 Have we flesh, or have we fish,  
 All are Fragments from His dish.  
 He His Church save, and the King,  
 And our Peace here, like a Spring,  
 Make it ever flourishing.

GOD TO BE FIRST SERV'D

HONOUR thy Parents ; but good manners call  
 Thee to adore thy God, the first of all.

ANOTHER GRACE FOR A CHILD

HERE a little child I stand,  
 Heaving up my either hand ;  
 Cold as Paddocks<sup>1</sup> though they be,  
 Here I lift them up to Thee,  
 For a Benizon to fall  
 On our meat, and on us all. *Amen.*

<sup>1</sup> Frogs.

A CHRISTMAS CAROLL, SUNG TO THE KING IN THE  
PRESENCE AT WHITE-HALL

*Chor.* WHAT sweeter musick can we bring,  
Then a Caroll, for to sing  
The Birth of this our heavenly King?  
Awake the Voice! awake the String!  
Heart, Eare, and Eye, and every thing  
Awake! the while the active Finger  
Runs division with the Singer.

*From the Flourish they came to the Song.*

1. Dark and dull night, flie hence away,  
And give the honour to this Day,  
That sees December turn'd to May.
2. If we may ask the reason, say;  
The why, and wherefore all things here  
Seem like the Spring-time of the yeere?
3. Why do's the chilling Winters morne  
Smile, like a field beset with corne?  
Or smell, like to a Meade new-shorne,  
Thus, on the sudden? 4. Come and see

The cause, why things thus fragrant be:  
'Tis He is borne, whose quickning Birth  
Gives life and luster, publike mirth,  
To Heaven, and the under-Earth.

*Chor.* We see Him come, and know him ours,  
Who, with His Sun-shine, and His showers,  
Turnes all the patient ground to flowers.

1. The Darling of the world is come,  
And fit it is, we finde a roome  
To welcome Him. 2. The nobler part  
Of all the house here, is the heart,

*Chor.* Which we will give Him ; and bequeath  
This Hollie, and this Ivie Wreath,  
To do Him honour ; who's our King,  
And Lord of all this Revelling.

*The Musicall Part was composed by*  
M. Henry Lawes.

THE NEW-YEERES GIFT, OR CIRCUMCISIONS SONG, SUNG  
TO THE KING IN THE PRESENCE AT WHITE-HALL

1. PREPARE for Songs ; He's come, He's come ;  
And be it sin here to be dumb,  
And not with Lutes to fill the roome.
2. Cast Holy Water all about,  
And have a care no fire gos out,  
But 'cense the porch and place, throughout.
3. The Altars all on fier be ;  
The Storax fries ; and ye may see,  
How heart and hand do all agree,  
To make things sweet. *Chor.* Yet all less sweet  
then He.
4. Bring Him along, most pious Priest,  
And tell us then, whenas thou seest  
His gently-gliding, Dove-like eyes,  
And hear'st His whim'pring, and His cries ;  
How canst thou this Babe circumcise ?
5. Ye must not be more pitifull then wise ;  
For, now unlesse ye see Him bleed,  
Which makes the Bapti'me ; 'tis decreed,  
The Birth is fruitlesse : *Chor.* Then the work  
God speed.
1. Touch gently, gently touch ; and here  
Spring Tulips up through all the yeere ;  
And from His sacred Bloud, here shed,  
May Roses grow, to crown His own deare Head.



*Chor.* Back, back again ; each thing is done  
 With zeale alike, as 'twas begun ;  
 Now singing, homeward let us carrie  
 The Babe unto His Mother Marie ;  
 And when we have the Child commended  
 To her warm bosome, then our Rites are ended.

*Composed by M. Henry Lawes.*

ANOTHER NEW-YEERES GIFT, OR SONG FOR THE  
 CIRCUMCISION

1. HENCE, hence prophane, and none appeare  
 With any thing unhallowed, here :  
 No jot of Leven must be found  
 Conceal'd in this most holy Ground :
2. What is corrupt, or sowr'd with sin,  
 Leave that without, then enter in ;

*Chor.* But let no Christmas mirth begin  
 Before ye purge, and circumcise  
 Your hearts, and hands, lips, eares, and eyes.

3. Then, like a perfum'd Altar, see  
 That all things sweet and clean may be :  
 For, here's a Babe, that (like a Bride)  
 Will blush to death, if ought be spi'd  
 Ill-scenting, or unpurifi'd.

*Chor.* The room is cens'd : help, help t' invoke  
 Heaven to come down, the while we choke  
 The Temple, with a cloud of smoke.

4. Come then, and gently touch the Birth  
 Of Him, Who's Lord of Heav'n and Earth ;
5. And softly handle Him : y'ad need,  
 Because the prettie Babe do's bleed.  
 Poore-pittied Child ! Who from Thy Stall  
 Bring'st, in Thy Blood, a Balm, that shall  
 Be the best New-yeares Gift to all.

1. Let's blesse the Babe : And, as we sing  
His praise ; so let us blesse the King :

*Chor.* Long may He live, till He hath told  
His New-yeeres trebled to His old :  
And, when that's done, to re-aspire  
A new-borne Phoenix from His own chaste fire.

## GOD'S PARDON

WHEN I shall sin, pardon my trespasses here ;  
For, once in hell, none knowes Remission there.

## SIN

SIN once reacht up to God's eternall Sphere,  
And was committed, not remitted there.

## EVILL

EVILL no Nature hath ; the losse of good  
Is that which gives to sin a livelihood.

THE STAR-SONG : A CAROLL TO THE KING ; SUNG AT  
WHITE-HALL

*The flourish of Musick : then followed the Song.*

1. TELL us, thou cleere and heavenly Tongue,  
Where is the Babe but lately sprung ?  
Lies He the Lillie-banks among ?
2. Or say, if this new Birth of ours  
Sleeps, laid within some Ark of Flowers,  
Spangled with deaw-light ; thou canst cleere  
All doubts, and manifest the where.

3. Declare to us, bright Star, if we shall seek  
Him in the Morning's blushing cheek,  
Or search the beds of Spices through,  
To find him out?

*Star.* No, this ye need not do ;  
But only come, and see Him rest  
A Princely Babe in's Mother's Brest.

*Chor.* He's seen, he's seen, why then a Round,  
Let's kisse the sweet and holy ground ;  
And all rejoyce, that we have found  
*A King, before conception crown'd.*

4. Come then, come then, and let us bring  
Unto our prettie Twelfth-Tide King,  
Each one his severall offering ;

*Chor.* And when night comes, wee'l give Him  
wassailing ;  
And that His treble Honours may be seen,  
Wee'l chuse Him King, and make His Mother  
Queen.

#### To God

With golden Censers, and with Incense, here,  
Before Thy Virgin-Altar I appeare,  
To pay Thee that I owe, since what I see  
In, or without ; all, all belongs to Thee :  
Where shall I now begin to make, for one  
Least loane of Thine, half Restitution ?  
Alas ! I cannot pay a jot ; therefore  
I'll kisse the Tally, and confesse the score.  
Ten thousand Talents lent me, Thou dost write :  
*'Tis true, my God ; but I can't pay one mite.*

#### TO HIS DEERE GOD

I'LE hope no more,  
For things that will not come :  
And, if they do, they prove but cumbersome ;

Wealth brings much woe :  
And, since it fortunes so ;  
'Tis better to be poore,  
Than so t' abound,  
As to be drown'd,  
Or overwhelm'd with store.

Pale care, avant,  
I'll learn to be content  
With that small stock, Thy Bounty gave or lent.  
What may conduce  
To my most healthfull use,  
Almighty God me grant ;  
But that, or this,  
That hurtfull is,  
Denie thy suppliant.

#### TO GOD, HIS GOOD WILL

GOLD I have none, but I present my need,  
O Thou, that crown'st the will, where wants the deed.  
Where Rams are wanting, or large Bullocks' thighs,  
There a poor Lamb's a plenteous sacrifice.  
Take then his Vowes, who, if he had it, would  
Devote to Thee, both incense, myrrhe, and gold,  
Upon an Altar rear'd by Him, and crown'd  
Both with the Rubie, Pearle, and Diamond.

#### ON HEAVEN

PERMIT mine eyes to see  
Part, or the whole of Thee,  
O happy place !  
Where all have Grace,  
And Garlands shar'd,  
For their reward ;  
Where each chast Soule  
In long white stole,

And Palmes in hand,  
 Do ravisht stand ;  
 So in a ring,  
 The praises sing  
 Of Three in One,  
 That fill the Throne ;  
 While Harps, and Violls then  
 To Voices, say, *Amen*.

#### THE SUMME, AND THE SATISFACTION

LAST night I drew up mine Account,  
 And found my Debits to amount  
 To such a height, as for to tell  
 How I sho'd pay, 's impossible :  
 Well, this I'le do ; my mighty score  
 Thy mercy-seat I'le lay before ;  
 But therewithall I'le bring the Band,  
 Which, in full force, did daring stand,  
 Till my Redeemer (on the Tree)  
 Made void for millions, as for me.  
 Then, if Thou bidst me pay, or go  
 Unto the prison, I'le say, no ;  
 Christ having paid, I nothing owe :  
 For, this is sure, the Debt is dead  
 By Law, the Bond once cancellèd.

#### GOOD MEN AFFLICTED MOST

God makes not good men wantons, but doth bring  
 Them to the field, and, there, to skirmishing ;  
 With trialls those, with terrors these He proves,  
 And hazards those most, whom the most He loves ;  
 For Sceva, darts ; for Cocles, dangers ; thus  
 He finds a fire for mighty Mutius ;  
 Death for stout Cato ; and besides all these,  
 A poyson too He has for Socrates ;

Torments for high Attilius ; and, with want,  
Brings in Fabricius for a Combatant :  
But, bastard-slips, and such as He dislikes,  
He never brings them once to th' push of Pikes.

## GOOD CHRISTIANS

PLAY their offensive and defensive parts,  
Till they be hid o're with a wood of darts.

## THE WILL THE CAUSE OF WOE

WHEN man is punisht, he is plaguèd still,  
Not for the fault of Nature, but of will.

## TO HEAVEN

OPEN thy gates  
To him, who weeping waits,  
And might come in,  
But that held back by sin.  
Let mercy be  
So kind, to set me free,  
And I will strait  
Come in, or force the gate.

## THE RECOMPENCE

ALL I have lost, that co'd be rapt from me ;  
And fare it well : yet Herrick, if so be  
Thy Dearest Saviour renders thee but one  
Smile, that one smile's full restitution.

## TO GOD

PARDON me God, (once more I Thee intreat)  
That I have plac'd Thee in so meane a seat,  
Where round about Thou seest but all things vaine,  
Uncircumcis'd, unseason'd, and prophane.



But as Heaven's publike and immortall Eye  
 Looks on the filth, but is not soil'd thereby;  
 So Thou, my God, may'st on this impure look,  
 But take no tincture from my sinfull Book :  
 Let but one beame of Glory on it shine,  
 And that will make me, and my Work divine.

#### To God

LORD, I am like to Mistletoe,  
 Which has no root, and cannot grow,  
 Or prosper, but by that same tree  
 It clings about ; so I by Thee.  
 What need I then to feare at all,  
 So long as I about Thee craule ?  
 But if that Tree sho'd fall, and die,  
 Tumble shall heav'n, and down will I.

#### HIS WISH TO GOD

I would to God, that mine old age might have  
 Before my last, but here a living grave,  
 Some one poore Almes-house ; there to lie, or stir,  
 Ghost-like, as in my meaner sepulcher ;  
 A little piggin, and a pipkin by,  
 To hold things fitting my necessity ;  
 Which, rightly us'd, both in their time and place,  
 Might me excite to fore and after-grace.  
 Thy Crosse, my Christ, fixt 'fore mine eyes sho'd be,  
 Not to adore that, but to worship Thee.  
 So, here the remnant of my dayes I'd spend,  
 Reading Thy Bible, and my Book ; so end.

#### SATAN

WHEN we 'gainst Satan stoutly fight, the more  
 He teares and tugs us, then he did before ;  
 Neglecting once to cast a frown on those  
 Whom ease makes his, without the help of blowes.

## HELL

HELL is no other, but a soundlesse pit,  
Where no one beame of comfort peeps in it.

## THE WAY

WHEN I a ship see on the Seas,  
Cuft with those watrie savages,  
And therewithall, behold, it hath  
In all that way no beaten path ;  
Then, with a wonder, I confesse,  
Thou art our way i' th' wilderness :  
And while we blunder in the dark,  
Thou art our candle there, or spark.

## GREAT GRIEF, GREAT GLORY

THE lesse our sorrowes here and suffrings cease,  
The more our Crownes of Glory there increase.

## HELL

HELL is the place where whipping-cheer abounds,  
But no one Jailor there to wash the wounds.

## THE BELL-MAN

ALONG the dark, and silent night,  
With my Lantern, and my Light  
And the tinkling of my Bell,  
Thus I walk, and this I tell :  
Death and dreadfulness call on,  
To the gen'ral Session ;  
To whose dismall Barre, we there  
All accompts must come to cleere :  
Scores of sins w'ave made here many,  
Wip't out few, (God knowes) if any.

Rise, ye Debtors, then, and fall  
 To make paiment, while I call.  
 Ponder this, when I am gone ;  
 By the clock 'tis almost One.

THE GOODNESSE OF HIS GOD

WHEN Winds and Seas do rage,  
 And threaten to undo me,  
 Thou dost their wrath asswage,  
 If I but call unto Thee.

A mighty storm last night  
 Did seek my soule to swallow,  
 But by the peep of light  
 A gentle calme did follow.

What need I then despaire,  
 Though ills stand round about me ;  
 Since mischiefs neither dare  
 To bark, or bite, without Thee?

THE WIDDOWES TEARES : OR, DIRGE OF DORCAS

1. COME pitie us, all ye, who see  
 Our Harps hung on the Willow-tree :  
 Come pitie us, ye Passers by,  
 Who see, or heare poor Widdowes crie :  
 Come pitie us ; and bring your eares,  
 And eyes, to pitie Widdowes teares.  
*Chor.* And when you are come hither ;  
                     Then we will keep  
                     A Fast, and weep  
                     Our eyes out all together.
2. For Tabitha, who dead lies here,  
 Clean washt, and laid out for the Beere ;  
 O modest Matrons, weep and waile !  
 For now the Corne and Wine must faile :  
 The Basket and the Bynn of Bread,  
 Wherewith so many soules were fed,

*Chor.* Stand empty here for ever :  
 And ah ! the Poore,  
 At thy worne Doore,  
 Shall be releevèd never.

3. Woe worth the Time, woe worth the day,  
 That reav'd us of thee Tabitha !  
 For we have lost, with thee, the Meale,  
 The Bits, the Morsells, and the deale  
 Of gentle Paste, and yeelding Dow,  
 That thou on Widdowes did bestow.

*Chor.* All's gone, and Death hath taken  
 Away from us  
 Our Maundie ; thus,  
 Thy Widdowes stand forsaken.

4. Ah Dorcas, Dorcas ! now adieu  
 We bid the Creuse and Pannier too ;  
 I and the flesh, for and the fish,  
 Dol'd to us in That Lordly dish.  
 We take our leaves now of the Looome,  
 From whence the house-wives' cloth did come :

*Chor.* The web affords now nothing ;  
 Thou being dead,  
 The woosted thred  
 Is cut, that made us clothing.

5. Farewell the Flax and Reaming wooll,  
 With which thy house was plentiful.  
 Farewell the Coats, the Garments, and  
 The Sheets, the Rugs, made by thy hand.  
 Farewell thy Fier and thy Light,  
 That ne're went out by Day or Night :

*Chor.* No, or thy zeale so speedy,  
 That found a way  
 By peep of day,  
 To feed and cloth the Needy.

6. But, ah, alas ! the Almond Bough,  
 And Olive Branch is wither'd now.  
 The Wine Presse now is ta'ne from us,  
 The Saffron and the Calamus.

The Spice and Spiknard hence is gone,  
The Storax and the Cynamon,

*Chor.* The Caroll of our gladnesse  
Ha's taken wing,  
And our late spring  
Of mirth is turn'd to sadnesse.

7. How wise wast thou in all thy waies !  
How worthy of respect and praise !  
How Matron-like didst thou go drest !  
How soberly above the rest  
Of those that prank it with their Plumes ;  
And jet<sup>1</sup> it with their choice perfumes.  
*Chor.* Thy vestures were not flowing :  
Nor did the street  
Accuse thy feet  
Of mincing in their going.

8. And though thou here li'st dead, we see  
A deale of beauty yet in thee.  
How sweetly shewes thy smiling face,  
Thy lips with all diffused grace !  
Thy hands (though cold) yet spotlesse, white,  
And comely as the Chrysolite.  
*Chor.* Thy belly like a hill is,  
Or as a neat  
Cleane heap of wheat  
All set about with Lillies.

9. Sleep with thy beauties here, while we  
Will shew these garments made by thee ;  
These were the Coats, in these are read  
The monuments of Dorcas dead.  
These were thy Acts, and thou shalt have  
These hung, as honours o're thy Grave :  
*Chor.* And after us (distressèd)  
Sho'd fame be dumb ;  
Thy very Tomb  
Would cry out *Thou art blessed.*

<sup>1</sup> 'Strut.'

## TO GOD, IN TIME OF PLUNDERING

RAPINE has yet tooke nought from me ;  
But if it please my God, I be  
Brought at the last to th' utmost bit,  
God make me thankfull still for it.  
I have been gratefull for my store :  
Let me say grace when there's no more.

## TO HIS SAVIOUR. THE NEW-YEERS GIFT

THAT little prettie bleeding part  
Of Foreskin send to me ;  
And Ile returne a bleeding Heart,  
For New-yeer's gift to Thee.

Rich is the Jemme that thou did'st send,  
Mine's faulty too, and small :  
But yet this Gift Thou wilt commend,  
Because I send Thee all.

## DOOMES-DAY

LET not that Day God's Friends and Servants scare :  
The Bench is then their place ; and not the Barre.

## THE POORES PORTION

THE sup'rabundance of my store,  
That is the portion of the poore :  
Wheat, Barley, Rie, or Oats ; what is't  
But he takes tole of? all the Griest.  
Two raiments have I : Christ then makes  
This Law ; that He and I part stakes.  
Or have I two loaves ; then I use  
The poore to cut, and I to chuse.



## THE WHITE ISLAND : OR PLACE OF THE BLEST

In this world (the Isle of Dreames)  
 While we sit by sorrowes streames,  
 Teares and terrors are our theames  
 Reciting :

But when once from hence we flie,  
 More and more approaching nigh  
 Unto young Eternitie  
 Uniting :

In that whiter Island, where  
 Things are evermore sincere ;  
 Candor here, and lustre there  
 Delighting :

There no monstrous fancies shall  
 Out of hell an horror call,  
 To create (or cause at all)  
 Affrighting.

There in calm and cooling sleep  
 We our eyes shall never steep ;  
 But eternall watch shall keep,  
 Attending

Pleasures, such as shall pursue  
 Me immortaliz'd, and you ;  
 And fresh joyes, as never to  
 Have ending.

## TO CHRIST

I CRAWLE, I creep : my Christ, I come  
 To Thee, for curing Balsamum :  
 Thou hast, nay more, Thou art the Tree,  
 Affording salve of Soveraigntie.

My mouth I'le lay unto Thy wound  
Bleeding, that no Blood touch the ground :  
For, rather then one drop shall fall  
To wast, my JESU, I'le take all.

## TO GOD

God ! to my little meale and oyle,  
Add but a bit of flesh, to boyle :  
And Thou my Pipkinnet shalt see,  
Give a wave-offring unto Thee.

## FREE WELCOME

God He refuseth no man ; but makes way  
For All that now come, or hereafter may.

## GODS GRACE

Gods Grace deserves here to be daily fed,  
That, thus increast, it might be perfected.

## COMING TO CHRIST

To him, who longs unto his CHRIST to go,  
Celerity even it self is slow.

## CORRECTION

God had but one Son free from sin ; but none  
Of all His sonnes free from correction.

## GODS BOUNTY

God, as He's potent, so He's likewise known,  
To give us more then Hope can fix upon.

## KNOWLEDGE

SCIENCE in God, is known to be  
A Substance, not a Qualitie.

## SALUTATION

CHRIST, I have read, did to His Chaplains say  
Sending them forth, *Salute no man by th' way* :  
Not, that He taught His Ministers to be  
Unsmooth, or sowre, to all civilitie ;  
But to instruct them, to avoid all snares  
Of tardidation<sup>1</sup> in the Lords Affaires.  
Manners are good : but till his errand ends,  
Salute we must, nor Strangers, Kin, or Friends.

## LASCIVIOUSNESSE

LASCIVIOUSNESSE is known to be  
The sister to saturitie.

## TEARES

God from our eyes all teares hereafter wipes,  
And gives His Children kisses then, not stripes

## GODS BLESSING

In vain our labours are, whatsoe're they be,  
Unlesse God gives the *Benedicite*.

## GOD, AND LORD

God, is His Name of Nature ; but that word  
Implies His Power, *when He's cal'd the LORD*

<sup>1</sup> Delay.

## THE JUDGMENT-DAY

GOD hides from man the reck'ning Day, that He  
May feare it ever for uncertaintie :  
That being ignorant of that one, he may  
Expect the coming of it ev'ry day.

## ANGELLS

ANGELLS are callèd Gods ; yet of them, none  
Are Gods, but by participation :  
As just Men are intitl'd Gods, yet none  
Are Gods, of them, but by Adoption.

## LONG LIFE

THE longer thread of life we spin,  
The more occasion still to sin.

## TEARES

THE teares of Saints more sweet by farre,  
Then all the songs of sinners are.

## MANNA

THAT Manna, which God on His people cast,  
Fitted it self to ev'ry Feeders tast.

## REVERENCE

TRUE rev'rence is (as Cassiodore doth prove)  
The feare of God, commixt with cleanly love.

## MERCY

MERCY, the wise Athenians held to be  
Not an affection, but a Deitie.

## WAGES

AFTER this life, the wages shall  
Not shar'd alike be unto all.

## TEMPTATION

God tempteth no one (as S. Aug'stine saith)  
For any ill ; but, for the proof of Faith :  
Unto temptation God exposeth some ;  
But none, of purpose, to be overcome.

## GODS HANDS

Gods hands are round, & smooth, that gifts may fall  
Freely from them, and hold none back at all.

## LABOUR

LABOUR we must, and labour hard  
I' th' Forum here, or Vineyard.

## MORA SPONSI, THE STAY OF THE BRIDEGROOM

THE time the Bridegroom stayes from hence,  
Is but the time of penitence.

## ROARING

ROARING is nothing but a weeping part  
Forc'd from the mighty dolour of the heart.

## THE EUCHARIST

*HE that is hurt seeks help : sin is the wound ;*  
The salve for this i' th' Eucharist is found.

## SIN SEVERELY PUNISHT

God in His own Day will be then severe  
To punish great sins, who small faults whipt here.

MONTES SCRIPTURARUM, THE MOUNTS OF THE  
SCRIPTURES

THE Mountains of the Scriptures are (some say)  
Moses, and Iesus, callèd Joshua :  
The Prophets, Mountains of the Old are meant ;  
The Apostles, Mounts of the New Testament.

## PRAYER

A PRAYER, that is said alone,  
Starves, having no companion. .  
Great things ask for, when thou dost pray,  
And those great are, which ne're decay.  
Pray not for silver, rust eats this ;  
Ask not for gold, which metall is :  
Nor yet for houses, which are here  
But earth : *such vows nere reach God's eare.*

## CHRISTS SADNESSE

CHRIST was not sad, i' th' garden, for His own  
Passion, but for His sheep's dispersion.

## GOD HEARES US

God, who's in Heav'n, will hear from thence ;  
If not to'th' sound, yet, to the sense.

## GOD

God (as the learnèd Damascen doth write)  
A Sea of Substance is, Indefinite.



## CLOUDS

HE that ascended in a cloud, shall come  
In clouds, descending to the publike Doome.

## COMFORTS IN CONTENTIONS

THE same, who crownes the Conquerour, will be  
A Coadjutor in the Agonie.

## HEAVEN

HEAV'N is most faire ; but fairer He  
That made that fairest Canopie.

## GOD

IN God there's nothing, but 'tis known to be  
Ev'n God Himself, in perfect Entitie.

## HIS POWER

GOD can do all things, save but what are known  
For to imply a contradiction.

## CHRIST'S WORDS ON THE CROSSE, MY GOD, MY GOD

CHRIST, when He hung the dreadfull Crosse upon,  
Had (as it were) a Dereliction ;  
In this regard, in those great terrors He  
Had no one Beame from God's sweet Majestie.

## JEHOVAH

JEHOVAH, as Boëtius saith,  
No number of the Plurall hath.

## CONFUSION OF FACE

GOD then confounds man's face, when he not hears  
The Vowes of those, who are Petitioners.

## ANOTHER

THE shame of man's face is no more  
Then prayers repel'd, (sayes Cassiodore.)

## BEGGARS

JACOB God's Beggar was ; and so we wait  
(Though ne're so rich) all beggars at His Gate.

## GOOD, AND BAD

THE Bad among the Good are here mixt ever :  
The Good without the Bad are here plac'd never.

## SIN

*SIN no existence ; Nature none it hath,  
Or Good at all, (as learn'd Aquinas saith.)*

## MARTHA, MARTHA

THE repetition of the name made known  
No other, then Christ's full Affection.

## YOUTH, AND AGE

GOD on our Youth bestowes but little ease ;  
But on our Age most sweet Indulgences.

## GODS POWER

God is so potent, as His Power can  
Draw out of bad a soveraigne good to man.

## PARADISE

PARADISE is (as from the Learn'd I gather)  
*A quire of blest Soules circling in the Father.*

## OBSERVATION

THE Jewes, when they built Houses (I have read)  
One part thereof left still unfinished :  
To make them, thereby, mindfull of their own  
Citie's most sad and dire destruction.

## THE ASSE

God did forbid the Israelites, to bring  
An Asse unto Him, for an offering :  
Onely, by this dull creature, to expresse  
His detestation to all slothfulnesse.

## OBSERVATION

THE Virgin-Mother stood at distance (there)  
From her Sonnes Crosse, not shedding once a teare :  
Because the Law forbad to sit and crie  
For those, who did as malefactors die.  
So she, to keep her mighty woes in awe,  
Tortur'd her love, not to transgresse the Law.  
Observe we may, how Mary Joses then,  
And th' other Mary (Mary Magdalen)  
Sate by the Grave ; and sadly sitting there,  
Shed for their Master many a bitter teare :  
But 'twas not till their dearest Lord was dead ;  
And then to weep they both were licens'd.

## TAPERS

THOSE Tapers, which we set upon the grave,  
In fun'rall pomp, but this importance have ;  
That soules departed are not put out quite ;  
But, as they walk't here in their vestures white,  
So live in Heaven, in everlasting light.

## CHRISTS BIRTH

ONE Birth our Saviour had ; the like none yet  
Was, or will be a second like to it.

## THE VIRGIN MARY

To work a wonder, God would have her shown,  
At once, a Bud, and yet a Rose full-blowne.

## ANOTHER

As sun-beames pierce the glasse, and streaming in,  
No crack or Schisme leave i' th' subtill skin :  
So the Divine Hand work't, and brake no thred,  
But, in a Mother, kept a maiden-head.

## God

Gob, in the holy Tongue, they call  
The Place that filleth All in all.

## ANOTHER OF GOD

God's said to leave this place, and for to come  
Nearer to that place, then to other some :  
Of locall motion, in no least respect,  
But only by impression of effect.

## ANOTHER

God is Jehovah cal'd ; which name of His  
Implies or Essence, or the He that Is.

## GODS PRESENCE

God's evident, and may be said to be  
Present with just men, to the veritie :  
But with the wicked if He doth comply,  
'Tis (as S. Bernard saith) but seemingly.

## GODS DWELLING

God's said to dwell there, wheresoever He  
Put down some prints of His high Majestie :  
And when to man He comes, and there doth place  
His holy Spirit, or doth plant His Grace.

## THE VIRGIN MARY

The Virgin Marie was (as I have read)  
The House of God, by Christ inhabited ;  
Into the which He enter'd : but, the Doore  
Once shut, was never to be open'd more.

## To God

God's undivided, One in Persons Three ;  
And Three in Inconfused Unity :  
Originall of Essence there is none,  
'Twixt God the Father, Holy Ghost, and Sonne :  
And though the Father be the first of Three,  
'Tis but by Order, not by Entitie.

## UPON WOMAN AND MARY

So long (it seem'd) as Maries Faith was small,  
Christ did her Woman, not her Mary call :  
But no more Woman, being strong in Faith ;  
But Mary cal'd then (as S. Ambrose saith).

## NORTH AND SOUTH

THE Jewes their beds, and offices of ease,  
Plac'd North and South, for these clean purposes ;  
That man's uncomely froth might not molest  
Gods wayes and walks, which lie still East and West.

## SABBATHS

SABBATHS are threefold, (as S. Austine sayes :)  
The first of Time, or Sabbath here of Dayes ;  
The second is a Conscience trespass-free ;  
The last the Sabbath of Eternitie.

## THE FAST, OR LENT

NOAH the first was (as Tradition sayes)  
That did ordaine the Fast of forty Dayes.

## SIN

THERE is no evill that we do commit,  
But hath th' extraction of some good from it :  
As when we sin ; God, the great Chymist thence  
Drawes out th' Elixar of true penitence.

## God

God is more here, then in another place,  
Not by his Essence, but com merce of Grae.



## THIS, AND THE NEXT WORLD

GOD hath this world for many made ; 'tis true :  
But He hath made the world to come for few.

## EASE

GOD gives to none so absolute an Ease,  
As not to know, or feel some Grievances.

## BEGINNINGS AND ENDINGS

PAUL, he began ill, but he ended well ;  
Judas began well, but he foulely fell :  
In godlinesse, not the beginnings, so  
Much as the ends are to be lookt unto.

## TEMPORALL GOODS

THESE temp'rall goods God (the most Wise) commends  
To th' good and bad, in common, for two ends :  
First, that these goods none here may o're esteem,  
Because the wicked do partake of them :  
Next, that these ills none cowardly may shun ;  
Being, oft here, the just mans portion.

## HELL FIRE

THE fire of Hell this strange condition hath,  
To burn, not shine (as learned Basil saith).

## ABELS BLOOD

SPEAK, did the Bloud of Abel cry  
To God for vengeance ; yes, say I ;  
Ev'n as the sprinkled bloud cal'd on  
God, for an expiation.

## ANOTHER

THE bloud of Abel was a thing  
Of such a rev'rend reckoning,  
As that the old World thought it fit,  
Especially to sweare by it.

## A POSITION IN THE HEBREW DIVINITY

ONE man repentant is of more esteem  
With God, then one, that never sin'd 'gainst Him

## PENITENCE

THE Doctors, in the Talmud, say,  
That in this world, one onely day  
In true repentance spent, will be  
More worth, then Heav'ns Eternitie.

## GOD'S PRESENCE

GOD's present ev'ry where ; but most of all  
Present by Union Hypostaticall :  
God, He is there, where 's nothing else (Schooles say)  
And nothing else is there, where He's away.

## THE RESURRECTION POSSIBLE, AND PROBABLE

FOR each one Body, that i' th' earth is sowne,  
There's an up-rising but of one for one :  
But for each Graine, that in the ground is thrown,  
Threescore or fourescore spring up thence for one :  
So that the wonder is not halfe so great,  
Of ours, as is the rising of the wheat.

## CHRISTS SUFFERING

JUSTLY our dearest Saviour may abhorre us,  
Who hath more suffer'd by us farre, then for us.

## SINNERS

SINNERS confounded are a twofold way,  
Either as when (the learnèd Schoolemen say)  
Mens sins destroyed are, when they repent;  
Or when, for sins, men suffer punishment.

## TEMPTATIONS

No man is tempted so, but may o'recome,  
If that he has a will to Masterdome.

## PITTIE, AND PUNISHMENT

God doth embrace the good with love; and gaines  
The good by mercy, as the bad by paines.

## GODS PRICE, AND MANS PRICE

God bought man here with his heart's blood expence;  
And man sold God here for base thirty pence.

## CHRISTS ACTION

CHRIST never did so great a work, but there  
His human Nature did, in part, appeare:  
Or, ne're so meane a peece, but men might see  
Therein some beames of His Divinitie:  
So that, in all He did, there did combine  
His Human Nature, and His Part Divine.

## PREDESTINATION

PREDESTINATION is the Cause alone  
Of many standing, but of fall to none.

## ANOTHER

ART thou not destin'd ? then, with hast, go on  
To make thy faire Predestination :  
If thou canst change thy life, God then will please  
To change, or call back, His past Sentences.

## SIN

SIN never slew a soule, unlesse there went  
Along with it some tempting blandishment.

## ANOTHER

SIN is an act so free, that if we shall  
Say, 'tis not free, 'tis then no sin at all.

## ANOTHER

SIN is the cause of death ; and sin 's alone  
The cause of God's Predestination :  
And from God's Prescience of man's sin doth flow  
Our Destination to eternall woe.

## PRESCIENCE

God's Prescience makes none sinfull ; but th' offence  
Of man's the chief cause of God's Prescience.

## CHRIST

To all our wounds, here, whatsoe're they be,  
Christ is the one sufficient Remedie.

## CHRISTS INCARNATION

CHRIST took our Nature on Him, not that He  
'Bove all things lov'd it, for the puritie :  
No, but He drest Him with our humane Trim,  
Because our flesh stood most in need of Him.

## HEAVEN

HEAVEN is not given for our good works here :  
Yet is it given to the Labourer.

## GODS KEYES

God has foure keyes, which He reserves alone ;  
The first of Raine, the key of Hell next known :  
With the third key He opes and shuts the wombe ;  
And with the fourth key He unlocks the tombe.

## SIN

THERE's no constraint to do amisse,  
Whereas but one enforcement is.

## ALMES

GIVE unto all, lest he, whom thou deni'st,  
May chance to be no other man, but Christ.

## HELL FIRE

ONE onely fire has Hell ; but yet it shall  
Not after one sort, there excruciate all :  
But look, how each transgressor onward went  
Boldly in sin, shall feel more punishment.

## TO KEEP A TRUE LENT

1. Is this a Fast, to keep  
The Larder leane?  
And cleane  
From fat of Veales, and Sheep?

2. Is it to quit the dish  
     Of Flesh, yet still  
     To fill  
     The platter high with Fish?
3. Is it to faste an houre,  
     Or rag'd to go,  
     Or show  
     A down-cast look, and sowre?
4. No: 'tis a Fast, to dole  
     Thy sheaf of wheat,  
     And meat,  
     Unto the hungry Soule.
5. It is to fast from strife,  
     From old debate,  
     And hate;  
     To circumcise thy life.
6. To shew a heart grief-rent;  
     To sterve thy sin,  
     Not Bin;  
     And that's to keep thy Lent.

## NO TIME IN ETERNITIE

By houres we all live here, in Heaven is known  
 No spring of Time, or Times succession.

## HIS MEDITATION UPON DEATH

BE those few hours, which I have yet to spend,  
 Blest with the Meditation of my end:  
 Though they be few in number, I'm content;  
 If otherwise, I stand indifferent:  
 Nor makes it matter, Nestors yeers to tell,



If man lives long, and if he live not well.  
 A multitude of dayes still heaped on,  
 Seldome brings order, but confusion.  
 Might I make choice, long life sho'd be withstood ;  
 Nor wo'd I care how short it were, if good :  
 Which to effect, let ev'ry passing Bell  
 Possesse my thoughts, next comes my doleful knell  
 And when the night perswades me to my bed,  
 I 'le thinke I'm going to be buried :  
 So shall the Blankets which come over me,  
 Present those Turfs, which once must cover me :  
 And with as firme behaviour I will meet  
 The sheet I sleep in, as my Winding-sheet.  
 When sleep shall bath his body in mine eyes,  
 I will believe, that then my body dies :  
 And if I chance to wake, and rise thereon,  
 I 'le have in mind my Resurrection,  
 Which must produce me to that Gen'ral Doome,  
 To which the Pesant, so the Prince must come,  
 To heare the Judge give sentence on the Throne,  
 Without the least hope of affection.  
 Teares, at that day, shall make but weake defence ;  
 When Hell and Horrour fright the Conscience.  
 Let me, though late, yet at the last, begin  
 To shun the least Temptation to a sin ;  
 Though to be tempted be no sin, untill  
 Man to th' alluring object gives his will.  
 Such let my life assure me, when my breath  
 Goes theeving from me, I am safe in death ;  
 Which is the height of comfort, when I fall,  
 I rise triumphant in my Funerall.

#### CLOATHS FOR CONTINUANCE

THOSE Garments lasting evermore,  
 Are works of mercy to the poore,  
 Which neither Tettar,<sup>1</sup> Time, or Moth  
 Shall fray that silke, or fret this cloth.

<sup>1</sup> A cutaneous disease.

## To God

COME to me God ; but do not come  
To me, as to the gen'rall Doome,  
In power ; or come Thou in that state,  
When Thou Thy Lawes didst promulgate,  
Whenas the Mountains quak'd for dread,  
And sullen clouds bound up his head.  
No, lay thy stately terrours by,  
To talke with me familiarly ;  
For if Thy thunder-claps I heare,  
I shall lesse swoone, then die for feare.  
Speake Thou of love, and I'll reply  
By way of Epithalamie,  
Or sing of mercy, and I'll suit  
To it my Violl and my Lute :  
Thus let Thy lips but love distill,  
Then come my God, and hap what will.

## THE SOULE

WHEN once the Soule has lost her way,  
O then, how restlesse do's she stray !  
And having not her God for light,  
How do's she erre in endlesse night !

## THE JUDGEMENT-DAY

IN doing justice, God shall then be known,  
Who shewing mercy here, few priz'd, or none.

## SUFFERINGS

WE merit all we suffer, and by far  
More stripes, then God layes on the sufferer.

## PAIN AND PLEASURE

God suffers not His Saints, and Servants deere,  
To have continuall paine, or pleasure here :  
But look how night succeeds the day, so He  
Gives them by turnes their grief and jollitie.

## GODS PRESENCE

God is all-present to whate're we do,  
And as all-present, so all-filling too.

## ANOTHER

That there's a God, we all do know,  
But what God is, we cannot show.

## THE POORE MANS PART

TELL me rich man, for what intent  
Thou load'st with gold thy vestiment?  
Whenas the poore crie out, to us  
Belongs all gold superfluous.

## THE RIGHT HAND

God has a Right Hand, but is quite bereft  
Of that, which we do nominate the Left.

## THE STAFFE AND ROD

Two instruments belong unto our God ;  
The one a Staffe is, and the next a Rod :  
That if the twig sho'd chance too much to smart,  
The staffe might come to play the friendly part.

## GOD SPARING IN SCOURGING

God still rewards us more then our desert :  
But when he strikes, He quarter-acts His part.

## CONFESSION

CONFESSION twofold is (as Austine says)  
The first of sin is, and the next of praise :  
If ill it goes with thee, thy faults confesse :  
If well, then chant Gods praise with cheerfulness.

## GODS DESCENT

God is then said for to descend, when He  
Doth, here on earth, some thing of novitie ;  
As when, in humane nature He works more  
Then ever, yet, the like was done before.

## NO COMING TO GOD WITHOUT CHRIST

Good and great God ! how sho'd I feare  
To come to Thee, if Christ not there !  
Co'd I but think, He would not be  
Present, to plead my cause for me ;  
To Hell I'd rather run, then I  
Wo'd see Thy Face, and He not by.

## ANOTHER, TO GOD

THOUGH Thou beest all that Active Love,  
Which heats those ravisht Soules above ;  
And though all joyes spring from the glance  
Of Thy most winning countenance ;

Yet sowre and grim Thou 'dst seem to me;  
If through my Christ I saw not Thee.

#### THE RESURRECTION

THAT Christ did die, the Pagan saith;  
But that He rose, that's Christians' Faith.

#### COHEIRES

WE are Coheires with Christ; nor shall His own  
Heire-ship be lesse, by our adoption:  
The number here of Heires, shall from the state  
Of His great Birth-right nothing derogate.

#### THE NUMBER OF TWO

God hates the Duall Number; being known  
The lucklesse number of division:  
And when He blest each sev'rall Day, whereon  
He did His curious operation;  
'Tis never read there (as the Fathers say)  
God blest His work done on the second day:  
Wherefore two prayers ought not to be said,  
Or by our selves, or from the Pu'pit read.

#### HARDNING OF HEARTS

God's said our hearts to harden then,  
Whenas His grace not supples men.

#### THE ROSE

BEFORE Man's fall, the Rose was born,  
(S. Ambrose says) without the Thorn:

But, for Man's fault, then was the Thorn,  
Without the fragrant Rose-bud, born ;  
But ne're the Rose without the Thorn.

## GODS TIME MUST END OUR TROUBLE

God doth not promise here to man, that He  
Will free him quickly from his miserie ;  
But in His own time, and when He thinks fit,  
Then He will give a happy end to it.

## BAPTISME

The strength of Baptisme, that's within ;  
It saves the soule, by drowning sin.

## GOLD AND FRANKINCENSE

GOLD serves for Tribute to the King ;  
The Frankincense for Gods Offring.

## To God

God, who me gives a will for to repent ;  
Will add a power, to keep me innocent ;  
That I shall ne're that trespassse recommit,  
When I have done true Penance here for it.

## THE CHEWING THE CUD

WHEN well we speak, & nothing do that's good,  
We not divide the Hoof, but chew the Cud :  
But when good words, by good works, have their  
proof,  
We then both chew the Cud, and cleave the Hoof.



## CHRISTS TWOFOLD COMING

Thy former coming was to cure  
 My soule's most desp'rate Calenture ;  
 Thy second Advent, that must be  
 To heale my Earth's infirmitie.

## TO GOD, HIS GIFT

As my little Pot doth boyle,  
 We will keep this Levell-Coyle ;  
 That a Wave, and I will bring  
 To my God, a Heave-offering.

## GODS ANGER

God can't be wrathfull ; but we may conclude,  
 Wrathfull He may be, by similitude :  
 God's wrathfull said to be, when He doth do  
 That without wrath, which wrath doth force us to.

## GODS COMMANDS

In God's commands, ne're ask the reason why ;  
 Let thy obedience be the best Reply.

## TO GOD

If I have plaid the Truant, or have here  
 Fail'd in my part ; Oh ! Thou that art my deare,  
 My mild, my loving Tutor, Lord and God !  
 Correct my errors gently with Thy Rod.  
 I know, that faults will many here be found,  
 But where sin swells, there let Thy grace abound.

## To God

THE work is done ; now let my Lawrell be  
Given by none, but by Thy selfe, to me :  
That done, with Honour Thou dost me create  
Thy Poet, and Thy Prophet Lawreat.

GOOD FRIDAY : REX TRAGICUS, OR CHRIST GOING TO  
HIS CROSSE

Put off Thy Robe of Purple, then go on  
To the sad place of execution :  
Thine houre is come ; and the Tormentor stands  
Ready, to pierce Thy tender Feet, and Hands.  
Long before this, the base, the dull, the rude,  
Th' inconstant, and unpurgèd Multitude  
Yawne for Thy coming ; some e're this time crie,  
How He deferres, how loath He is to die !  
Amongst this scumme, the Souldier with his speare,  
And that sowre Fellow, with his vinegar,  
His sponge, and stick, do ask why Thou dost stay ?  
So do the Skurfe and Bran too : Go Thy way,  
Thy way, Thou guiltlesse man, and satisfie  
By Thine approach, each their beholding eye.  
Not as a Thief, shalt Thou ascend the mount,  
But like a Person of some high account :  
The Crosse shall be Thy Stage ; and Thou shalt there  
The spacious field have for Thy Theater.  
Thou art that Roscius, and that markt-out man,  
That must this day act the Tragedian,  
To wonder and affrightment ; Thou art He,  
Whom all the flux of Nations comes to see ;  
Not those poor Theeves that act their parts with Thee :  
Those act without regard, when once a King,  
And God, as Thou art, comes to suffering.  
No, No, this Scene from Thee takes life and sense,  
And soule and spirit, plot and excellence.

Why then begin, great King ! ascend Thy Throne,  
 And thence proceed to act Thy Passion  
 To such an height, to such a period rais'd,  
 As Hell, and Earth, and Heav'n may stand amaz'd.  
 God, and good Angells guide Thee ; and so blesse  
 Thee in Thy severall parts of bitterness :  
 That those, who see Thee nail'd unto the Tree,  
 May (though they scorn Thee) praise and pitie Thee.  
 And we (Thy Lovers) while we see Thee keep  
 The Lawes of Action, will both sigh, and weep ;  
 And bring our Spices, to embalm Thee dead ;  
 That done, wee'l see Thee sweetly buried.

HIS WORDS TO CHRIST, GOING TO THE CROSSE

WHEN Thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have read,  
 All Thy Disciples Thee forsook, and fled.  
 Let their example not a pattern be  
 For me to flie, but now to follow Thee.

ANOTHER, TO HIS SAVIOUR

If Thou beest taken, God forbid,  
 I flie from Thee, as others did :  
 But if Thou wilt so honour me,  
 As to accept my companie,  
 I'le follow Thee, hap hap what shall,  
 Both to the Judge, and Judgment-Hall :  
 And, if I see Thee posted there,  
 To be all-flayd with whipping-cheere,  
 I'le take my share ; or els, my God,  
 Thy stripes I'le kisse, or burn the Rod.

HIS SAVIOURS WORDS, GOING TO THE CROSSE

HAVE, have ye no regard, all ye  
 Who passe this way, to pitie me,  
 Who am a man of miserie !

A man both bruis'd, and broke, and one  
Who suffers not here for mine own,  
But for my friends transgression !

Ah ! Sion's Daughters, do not feare  
The Crosse, the Cords, the Naailes, the Speare,  
The Myrrhe, the Gall, the Vineger,

For Christ, your loving Saviour, hath  
Drunk up the wine of Gods fierce wrath ;  
Onely, there's left a little froth,

Lesse for to tast, then for to shew,  
What bitter cups had been your due,  
Had He not drank them up for you.

#### HIS ANTHEM, TO CHRIST ON THE CROSSE

WHEN I behold Thee, almost slain,  
With one, and all parts, full of pain :  
When I Thy gentle heart do see  
Pierc'd through, and dropping bloud, for  
me,  
I'le call, and cry out, Thanks to Thee.

*Vers.* But yet it wounds my soule, to think,  
That for my sin, Thou, Thou must drink,  
Even Thou alone, the bitter cup  
Of furie, and of vengeance up.

*Chor.* Lord, I'le not see Thee to drink all  
The Vineger, the Myrrhe, the Gall :

*Ver. Chor.* But I will sip a little wine ;  
Which done, Lord say, *The rest is mine.*

*This Crosse-Tree here  
Doth JESUS beare,  
Who sweet'ned first,  
The Death accurs't.*

HERE all things ready are, make hast, make hast away;  
For long this work wil be, & very short this Day.  
Why then, go on to act : Here's wonders to be done,  
Before the last least sand of Thy ninth houre be run;  
Or e're dark Clouds do dull, or dead the Mid-dayes Sun.

Act when Thou wilt,  
Bloud will be spilt;  
Pure Balm, that shall  
Bring Health to All.  
Why then, Begin  
To powre first in  
Some Drops of Wine,  
In stead of Brine,  
To search the Wound,  
So long unsound:  
And, when that's done,  
Let Oyle, next, run,  
To cure the Sore  
Sinne made before.  
And O ! Deare Christ,  
E'en as Thou di'st,  
Look down, and see  
Us weepe for Thee.  
And tho (Love knows)  
Thy dreadfull Woes  
Wee cannot ease;  
Yet doe Thou please,  
Who Mercie art,  
T'accept each Heart,  
That gladly would  
Helpe, if it could.  
Meane while, let mee,  
Beneath this Tree  
This Honour have,  
To make my grave.

## TO HIS SAVIOURS SEPULCHER : HIS DEVOTION

HAILE holy, and all-honour'd Tomb,  
By no ill haunted ; here I come,  
With shoes put off, to tread thy Roome.  
I'le not prophane, by soile of sin,  
Thy Doore, as I do enter in :  
For I have washt both hand and heart,  
This, that, and ev'ry other part ;  
So that I dare, with farre lesse feare,  
Then full affection, enter here.  
Thus, thus I come to kisse Thy Stone  
With a warm lip, and solemne one :  
And as I kisse, I'le here and there  
Dresse Thee with flowrie Diaper.  
How sweet this place is ! as from hence  
Flow'd all Panchaia's Frankincense ;  
Or rich Arabia did commix,  
Here, all her rare Aromaticks.  
Let me live ever here, and stir  
No one step from this Sepulcher.  
Ravisht I am ! and down I lie,  
Confus'd, in this brave Extasie.  
Here let me rest ; and let me have  
This for my Heaven, that was Thy Grave :  
And, coveting no higher sphere,  
I'le my Eternitie spend here.

## HIS OFFERING, WITH THE REST, AT THE SEPULCHER

To joyn with them who here confer  
Gifts to my Saviour's Sepulcher ;  
Devotion bids me hither bring  
Somewhat for my Thank-Offering.  
Loe ! thus I bring a Virgin-Flower,  
To dresse my Maiden-Saviour.



## HIS COMING TO THE SEPULCHER

HENCE they have born my Lord; Behold! the Stone  
Is rowl'd away, and my sweet Saviour's gone.  
Tell me, white Angell, what is now become  
Of Him we lately seal'd up in this Tombe?  
Is He, from hence, gone to the shades beneath,  
To vanquish Hell, as here he conquer'd Death?  
If so, I'll thither follow, without feare,  
And live in Hell, if that my Christ stayes there.

Of all the good things whatsoe're we do,  
God is the APXH, and the TEAOZ too.

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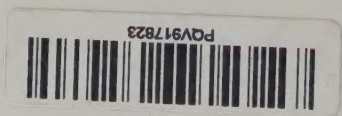
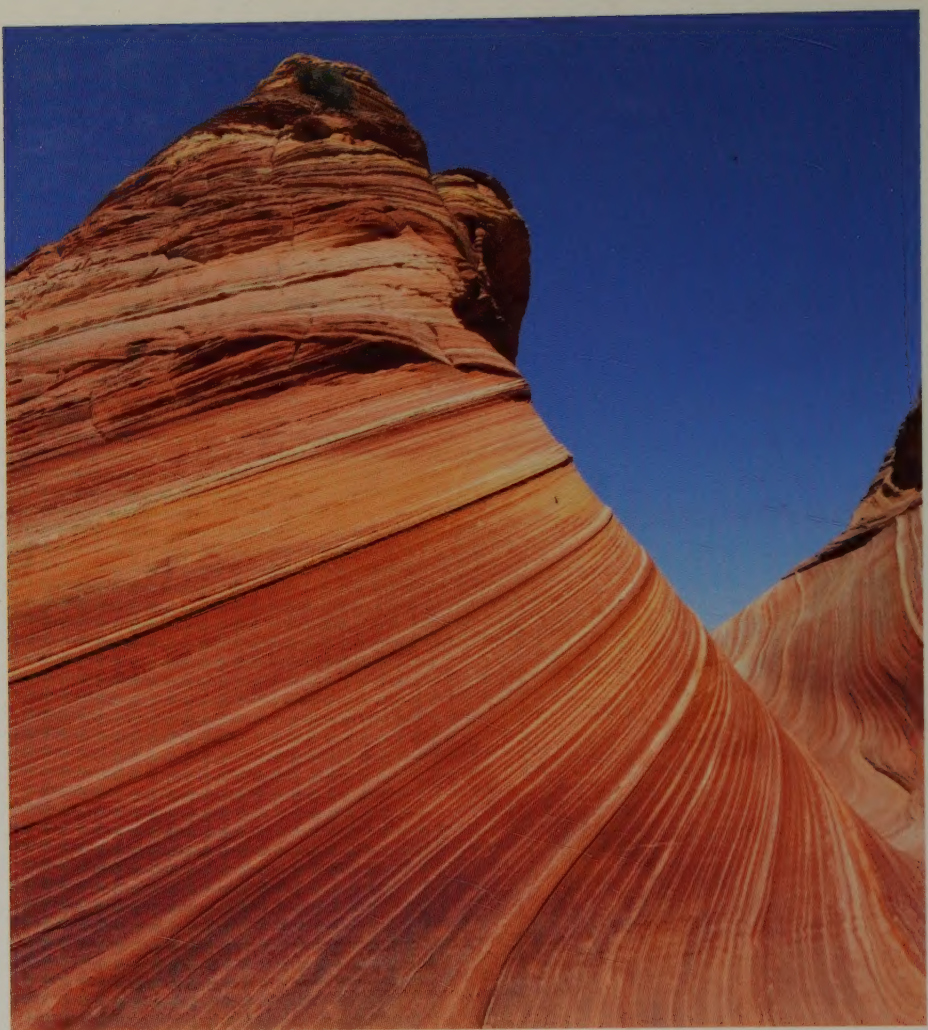












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